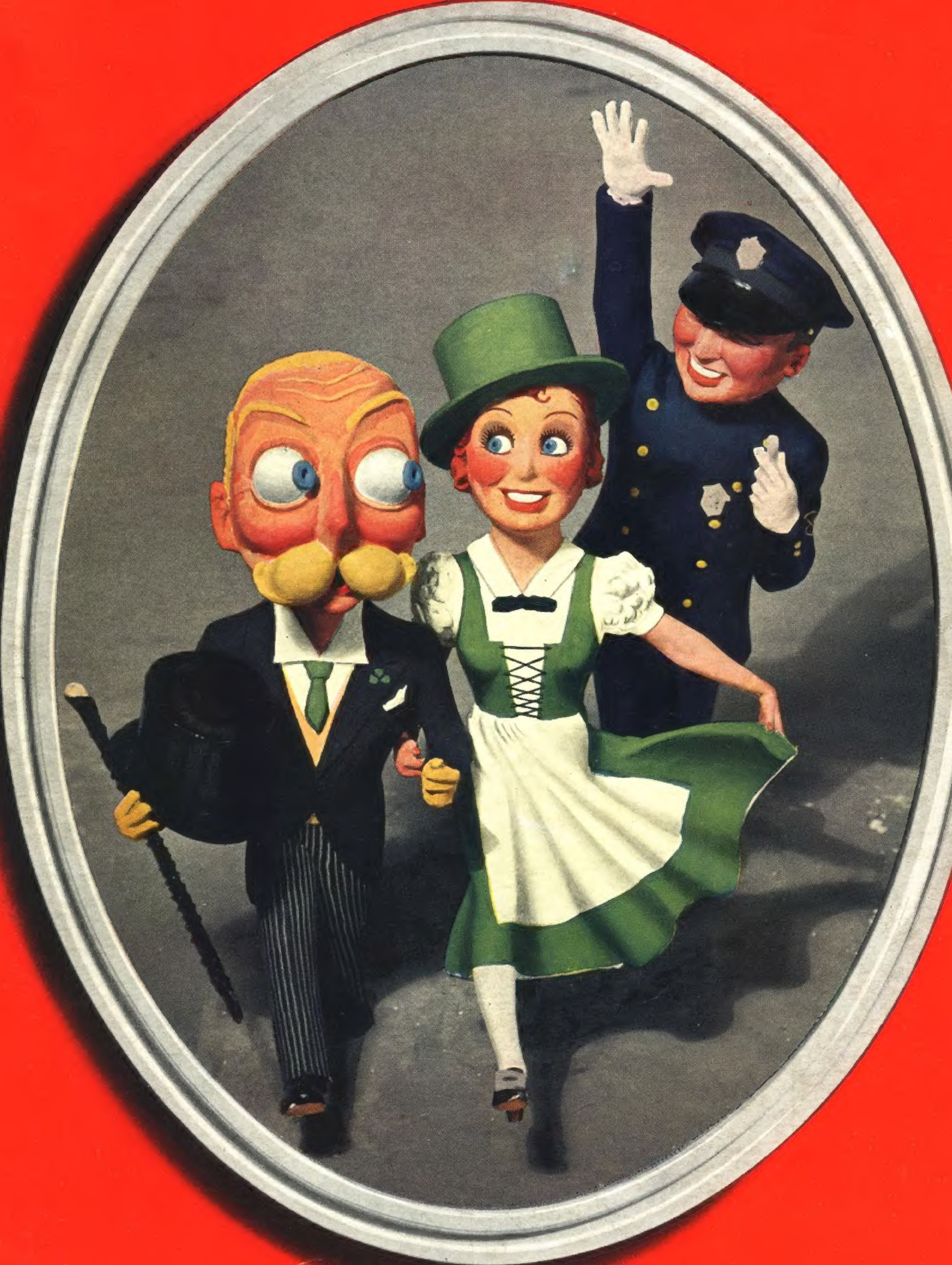
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH
1937



ARTICLES
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JESSE STUART
FREDERICK WIGHT
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JOSEPH FELDMAN
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BERNARD KARFIOL

SATIRE
PARKE CUMMINGS
ELDON ROARK
CREIGHTON PEET
ROBERT D. ABRAHAMS
IRVING D. TRESSLER

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
ROBERT S. DOWST
JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN
JACK TOOKER

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(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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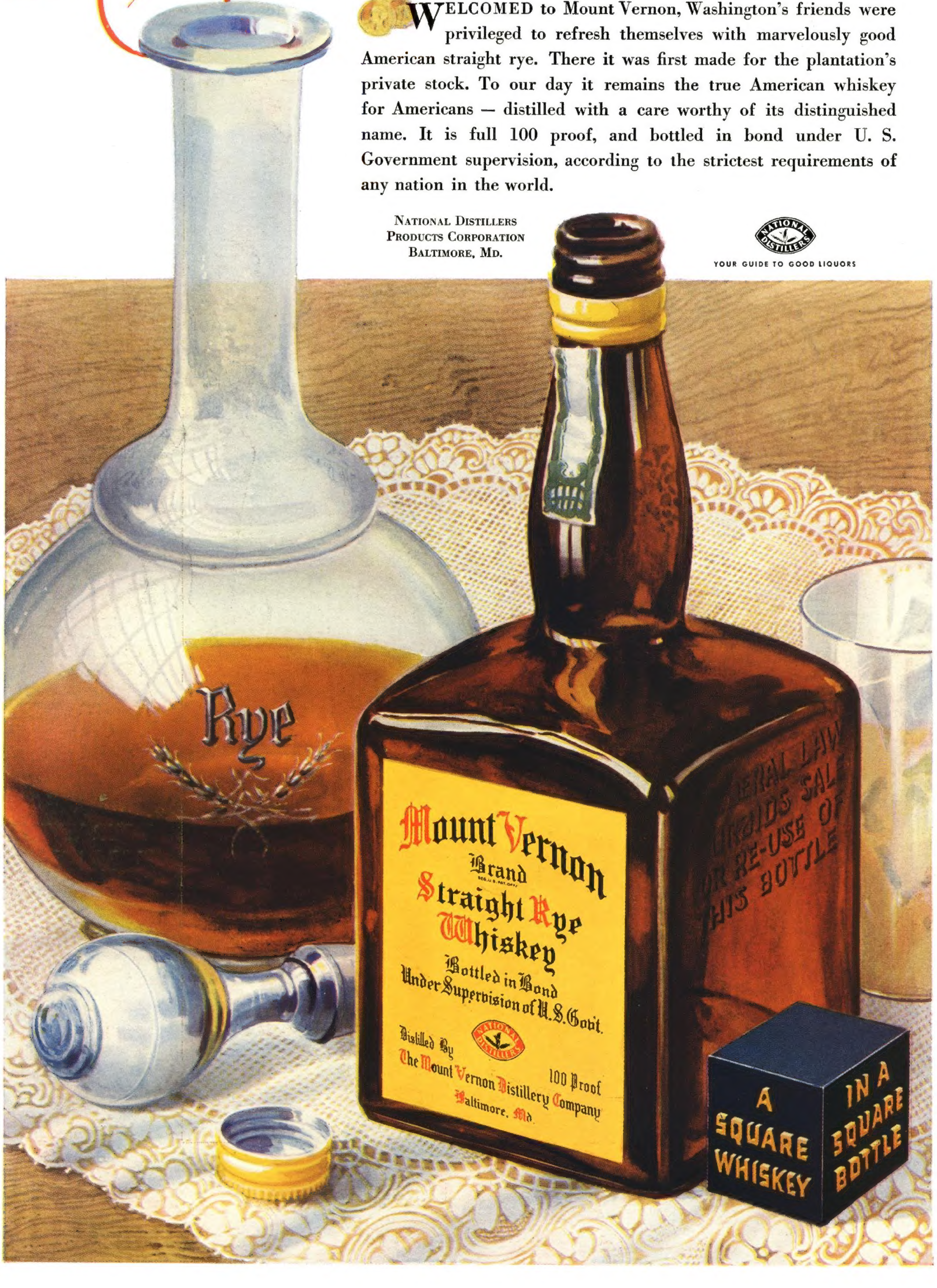
YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS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Bottled in Bond
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The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
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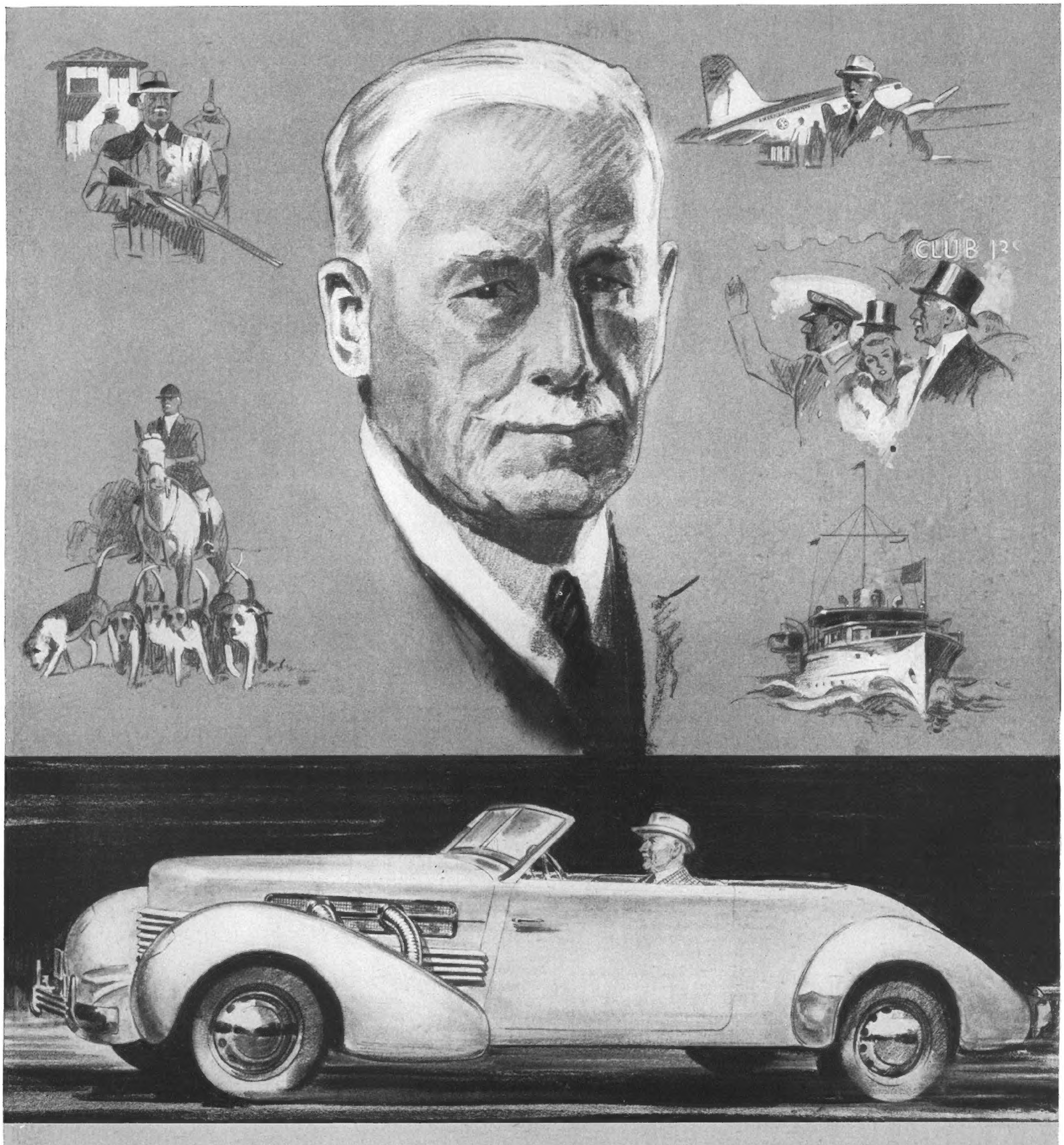
OR RE-USE OF
THIS BOTTLE
A SQUARE WHISKEY
IN A SQUARE BOTTLE



Of course, I own a Cord, and naturally it's Super-Charged. As someone said, a man counts his years only when he has nothing else to count. I like to go places and do things. My daughter says she likes to dance with me at the night clubs. There is a thrill to the feel of a good gun on a frosty morning, and I can still take a fence behind the hounds. I like to navigate my own boat! When traveling, give me the airlines every time. So you see it is not years but viewpoint that's important. Since I dislike the commonplace, it is only natural that I want my motor car to give me pleasure in addition to transportation. While I get a kick out of driving the Cord, it's gratifying to know that its very power and efficiency make it the safest of cars to drive.

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IN TOMATO SAUCE
WITH CHEESE
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AMATEUR HOUR

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Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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by Saalburg, Stewart-Heidgerd, Peters and O'Neill beginning on page 124

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

"A terrific fuss over a story"

On page 40 of this issue we shriek Eureka louder than we have yelled it at any time in the last three years. Every month we've shouted "Discovery," and sometimes twice in the same month, and every time we've meant it. We've meant, that is to say, that we have discovered, among the month's five hundred or so of manuscripts from unpublished authors, one that we considered publishable both as a performance and as a promise. But this month, with no disrespect to all our Discoveries of these past three years, we find ourselves wishing for a stronger word with which to introduce the first published writing of Pietro di Donato, an almost incredibly talented young Italian bricklayer lately turned author.

As we say in a prefatory note to the story itself, not once in the last three years have we felt the spine-tingling thrill of "discovery" so strongly as in reading *Christ in Concrete*, not once since the night three years ago when we came across a story called *No More Trouble for Jedwick*. On that occasion we wrote the then utterly unknown Louis Paul an excited letter in which we said among other things that we were confident he was going places. And go places he did. *Jedwick* won the O. Henry Memorial Award as the best short story of that year. Within a few months Louis Paul's stories were appearing in the big-money "slicks," and within the year his first novel was a Literary Guild selection.

This time, just back from a month out of the country, we were tunneling our way through the mountains of accumulated manuscripts and, a little after four in the morning, had reached that point where the going was a bit tough. We had caught ourselves nodding two or three times in the course of reading one script, and were weighing the wisdom of taking time out for black coffee before tackling the next one, which happened to be *Christ in Concrete*. The title had turned into an exclamation before we had finished the first page, and no coffee was needed to keep us awake.

Finishing the story, which left us limp, we looked to see if the author had appended any word about himself. And came across the following: "What can I say, other than—I am twenty-five—been a bricklayer since thirteen—support a large family—I am alive—and yet dead—have died a thousand times in the guts of great *Job*, who has weighted my life and rises everywhere before me—he's not human—my soul scene is a maelstrom of bricks, mortar, goading foremen, leering suckers, whore-faced bosses, shouts, sweat, madness and mute death on *Job*."

This was tantalizing and not altogether reassuring. It seemed to us to have a slightly phony ring, a note of arty self-dramatization that had not sounded once in the story itself. We were skeptical, too, of all this prodigious bricklaying. Meyer Levin, who had read the story before we had and who happened to be New York-bound the next day, offered his expert services as reporter and investigator on the case. He would look up, and over, Mr. di Donato and confirm or deny our cynical suspicion that all this breast-beating about bricklaying and bosses was just a Union Square or Greenwich Village gag.

The dossier on Donato has just come back to us, over the teletype from our New York office, where Mr. Levin led the newly-discovered author so that they might dictate, in duet form, the details demanded for this space. And thus we learn that di Donato is indeed a bricklayer, and apparently a very good one, and that he does, contrary to all our doubts on reading his first letter, talk think live and dream exactly as he writes.

It will save your time and our space to pass this information on to you exactly as received, only changing the teletype's jerky unpunctuated all-caps style to the easier reading of upper and lower case letters:

"Donato is 25. Has been supporting family of 7 brothers and sisters since he was 13 when his father, a master mason, was buried under the collapse of a 6-story building on which he was working. Pietro then went to work as a bricklayer and helped build half the Bronx. His father's friends assisted in keeping him out of trouble dodging truant officers. Family often moved for this cause. Was earning $5 a day and laying face brick at 14 and at 18 became master mason earning $80 a week. No schooling except grammar school and scattered night school courses in engineering. Mother died of cancer in 1932, upsetting him emotionally. He then bought ticket for Soviet Russia intending to work there but changed ticket for automobile and drove entire family to Florida where he tried to make fortune, lost everything, and came back broke to Long Island. Now lives in Northport and has W. P. A. job teaching dramatics. He has stage fever, wants to write plays. Attempted to run summer theatre in Northport summer before last. *Christ in Concrete* was his first written story and Esquire his first submission. Friend in Long Island read story and encouraged him to submit. Wants to write novel on bricklayer background. Do U want more."

To which we answered yes and Meyer continued: "He is right here. Looks like young Dante. That seems to stop us both." After a long pause the teletype tapped on with, "When 13 first job was for contractors his father had aided, but they

Continued on page 32

ESQUIRE
March, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VII, No. 3
Whole No. 40
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ESQ., M. D.

My husband accidentally acquired one of the earlier issues of your magazine by buying a new suit—ESQUIRE being a bribe, I imagine. At least, I think he got more pleasure out of the magazine than the suit.

Somehow or other we just never did get around to buying another, until your issue containing *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. My husband was very ill and I wanted something to cheer him up—and I could think of nothing better than ESQUIRE. I repaid him for each dose of medicine he took like a good boy, by reading an article or story—eventually stumbling on to *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. Honestly, that was when he passed the crisis. Today he is a well man—thanks to "Esky." Now if you are feeling low over all the Cuban (or should I say Latin?) subscriptions you lost because of the article in question—just console yourself with the thought that it perhaps saved a life. And—after all—what do a bunch of Lousy Latin Subscriptions amount to, compared to one good Irish-American Life?

There is nothing I dislike about your magazine, except some of the letters in the *S. and F.* Especially those nice letters from those nice people who have had their efforts rejected by the Editor. The idea of writing and saying how "lousy" your magazine is, after having submitted material to it! It is really surprising how many poor sports there are in this world (and Cuba).

Perhaps I should write and tell you I can draw just as bad as some of your cartoonists—but I guess I won't.

I can't express my appreciation of *This Is The Place*. The only tribute I can give Jesse Stuart is this:—If I were asked to choose one piece of modern literature worthy of going down in history for coming generations to read, my choice would be *This Is The Place*. It is a masterpiece of theme and rhythm—one should read it aloud to fully appreciate it.

Very sincerely yours,
ROSE DARLEY GOSS
West Stayton, Ore.

COME UNTO HEM.

I like ESQUIRE, its fiction, articles, and sometimes, even the Sultan cartoons. But what I can't quite appreciate is such stories as *Land Beyond The River*, by J. Stuart. After reading through half of it (a super-human task in itself), I suspect the editor placed it for the dubious purpose of tweaking the reader's sense of the ridiculous.

I don't believe I am unreasonable: this story is another example of Hemingway's corrupting influence on otherwise promising writers. The fact that your Hem. has hundreds of cheap imitators is well-known. But why do such writers appear in a magazine which may have Hem. himself?

And what kind of damn nonsense is this Stuart style? A cross between Hem., champagne party and machine gun fire—with "first Reader" thrown in for effect.

I could go on, as you well know if you've read the story (and by the way, have you?), but I think you see my point. Let's have more of Hemingway and less of his would-be imitators.

No living human being can successfully copy his style. It requires a special type of mind. A mind as elementary as the rain, positive as the Alps, and as subtle as a June zephyr, combined with a perfected knowledge of human nature and the rare genius of recording natural dialogue.

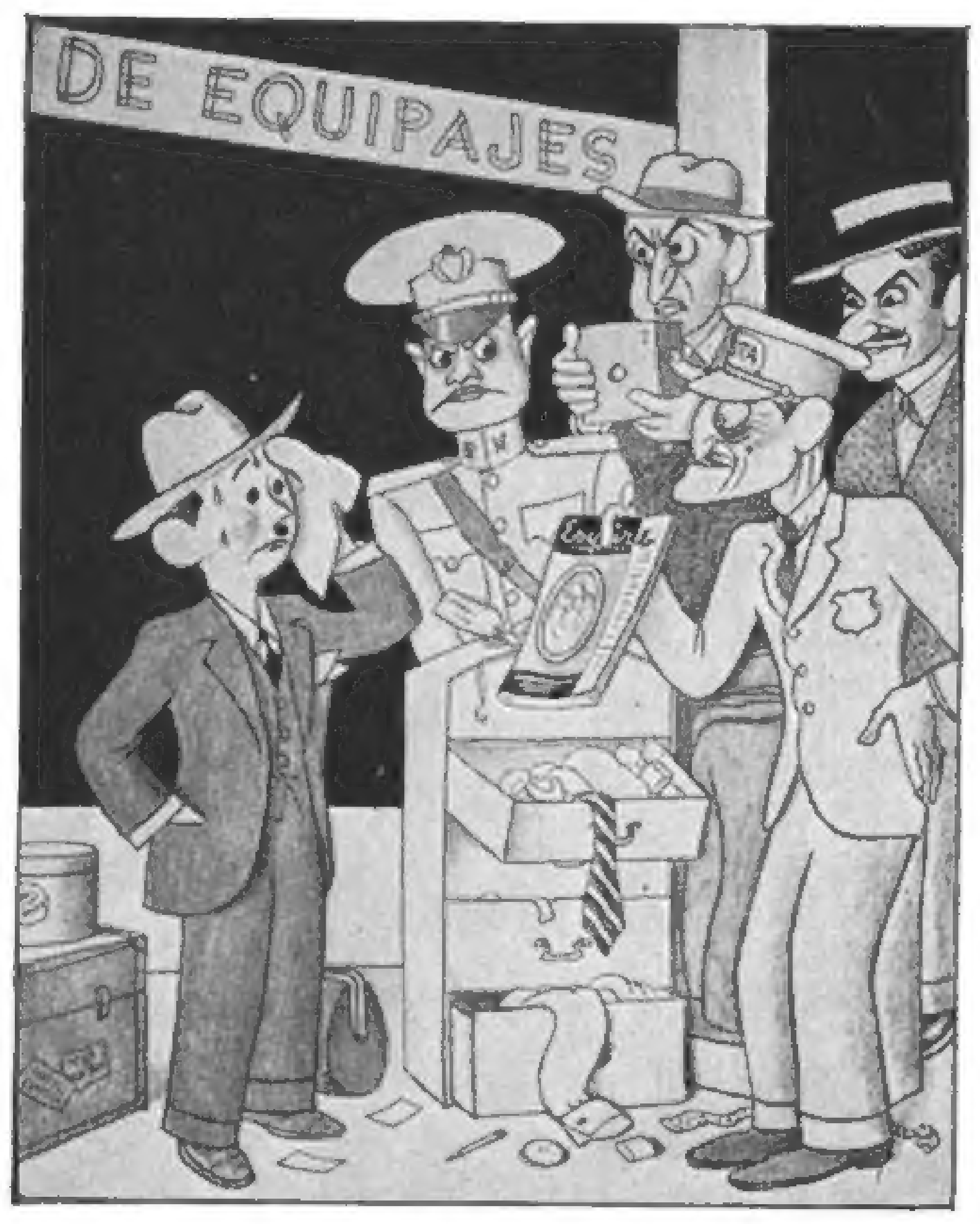
No one else has it. Hemingway stands alone. To enjoy his imitators one must be a masochist.

Here's more power to ESQUIRE with lots more of inimitable Mr. Hemingway.

Yours truly,
Detroit, Mich. BUD BAYER

FOUND: A CUBAN SENSE OF HUMOR

In view of the furor which the article appearing in a recent issue of ESQUIRE, entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*, created in Cuba, I thought you might be interested in the attached cartoon taken from the November issue of the Cuban magazine, *Social*, which has just come to my attention. As near as I can determine, this magazine approximates in Cuba the type of publication represented here by *Vogue*.



Yours very truly,
South Bend, Ind. O. C. DAHLMAN

TEARFUL TRIBUTE

I can truthfully say, with tears in my eyes, that the last story by Jesse Stuart, *This Is The Place*, is the finest story that has ever graced your pages, and it is one of the finest pieces of literature that I have ever read. Oh, the depth, the profound appeal, the simplicity—everything about it tugs at the heart strings. This one grand story will bring you a thousand friends, wherever the *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* lost you one. These pitiful words with which I try to express myself are flat. I cannot tell you, or begin to tell you how much I loved that story. All I can do is sit here with tears hitting on the typewriter keys, and grope for self expression.

Jesse Stuart has given us something new. He has created a new style, one of simplicity, that is of close kinship to the style of our beloved Will Rogers. It is something that we can all enjoy and appreciate; the same old words linked together in a new way.

You cannot give us enough of Jesse Stuart.

Very sincerely,
Riverside, Calif. MABEL HUTCHINSON

THE RHYTHM OF G. J. NATHAN

I take my stuffed spear in hand to write that:

On reading George Jean Nathan's outbursts in your theatre section I noticed so many new, long words, so many windy sentences that I got into the habit of reading him aloud. If others are commenting on a similar line, then I merely made my own discovery of a universal fact: namely, that he is good to listen to.

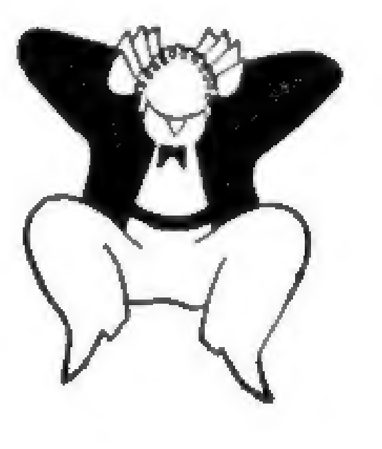
I say this statement despite my not knowing what he's raving about and without understanding all his new words. So, as far as I'm concerned, give me more Nathan; he's smart, clever, windy and etc.

Catawba, Pa. OTTO LEMMEL

THE MILLS OF ESQ GRIND SLOWLY

I've just finished reading your *Sound & Fury* for December and I am worked up into such a frenzy that I cannot resist the temptation to take the proverbial pen in hand and express my humble views on *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*.

What's the matter with you men anyway. Just because a gal writes her opinion and is furthermore lucky enough to get it published is no reason for your hasty harsh condemnation.



Did she hurt your little prides? Deflate your little egos? And the very thought of wanting to cancel subscriptions is about the height of all narrowmindedness.

But if you men aren't big enough to read an article that you may happen to personally dislike and forget about it I think I'll write a story called *Latins Are Lousy Sports* and my entire research will consist of Esky's *Sound & Fury* for December.

Respectfully,
Brooklyn, N. Y. S. CHOIRGIRL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *You could save yourself all that work by reading page 5 of November Esq.*

GUYS, DOLLS & GONOPHS

I am standing in front of Mindy's restaurant one night wondering who I can put the bite on for two and a half bobs, two of which I wish to place on a very sure thing in the nature of a wager, the other half a bob to buy a copy of ESQUIRE which shows what all the swell guys are wearing to the races and incidentally has some pictures of no means bad looking dolls, in fact some of the dolls being prettier than somewhat, when who do I see but Hot Horse Herbie with a copy of the December ESQUIRE under his arm. I give Hot Horse Herbie a large hello as I am no means adverse to rubbing up against people who carry ESQUIRES around under their arms, especially if they look as if perhaps they could stand the bite being put on them for a small scratch.

Hot Horse Herbie is so called because every time you see him he has a horse which is so hot they have to keep him on ice until the race. However most of Hot Horse Herbie's hot horses are very cooled off indeed after being exposed to the cooling breeze of passing horses.

"Hello, Hot Horse Herbie," I say, "Have you not a copy of the December ESQUIRE beneath your arm?"

"I have indeed," says Hot Horse Herbie, "I just borrow it from Big Nig, the crapshooter, who makes a killing recently. I am going over just now to Good Time Charley Bernstein's to enjoy it over a glass of rock candy and rye whiskey, as I feel a touch of the grippe coming on and there is nothing better for the grippe than rock candy and rye whiskey. I am bringing my own rye whiskey as Good Time Charley warns me repeatedly about drinking his liquor which is meant only for customers and not personal friends, although his rock candy isn't bad. Would you care to join me?"

I accept with pleasure and soon we are looking over the dolls in ESQUIRE and sipping rock candy and rye whiskey.

Soon we run out of pictures to look at and begin to read the printed matter. All of a sudden Waldo Winchester, the newspaper scribe, who drops in during the fourth rock candy and rye whiskey which is now rock candy and rye whiskey without the rock candy as it gives out some time ago, lets out a scream. Now I am not one who likes to hear a man scream. I even dislike hearing a doll scream, and I tell Waldo Winchester so. However he pays no attention to me. He screams again.

"It's a steal!" he yells, "It's a direct steal! The dirty so and so. He is nothing but a gonoph."

After we quiet Waldo Winchester down he says, "Read that!"

What we read is a story called *It's a Helluva Note*.

I do not recall reading this story before and I tell Waldo Winchester so.

"Not the story," he says, "the style. It is a bum imitation of Damon Runyon."

I do not recall the name and ask Waldo Winchester what is the angle. After he explains to me immediately there is some talk among the cruder citizens of putting this Michael Fessier who writes this story in a sack but this is now considered more than somewhat indelicate and we compromise on writing to ESQUIRE to say "it's a helluva note."

Minneapolis, Minn. FORST LOWERY

ATTAWAY DON

Far be it from me to descend to criticising the adept and sincere George Jean Nathan. Likewise I must bow my head in acknowledgement to his first hand authority on strip-teasers, however I am leading with my chin to take issue accordingly concerning the lineage of the much plugged Miss Gypsy Rose Lee.

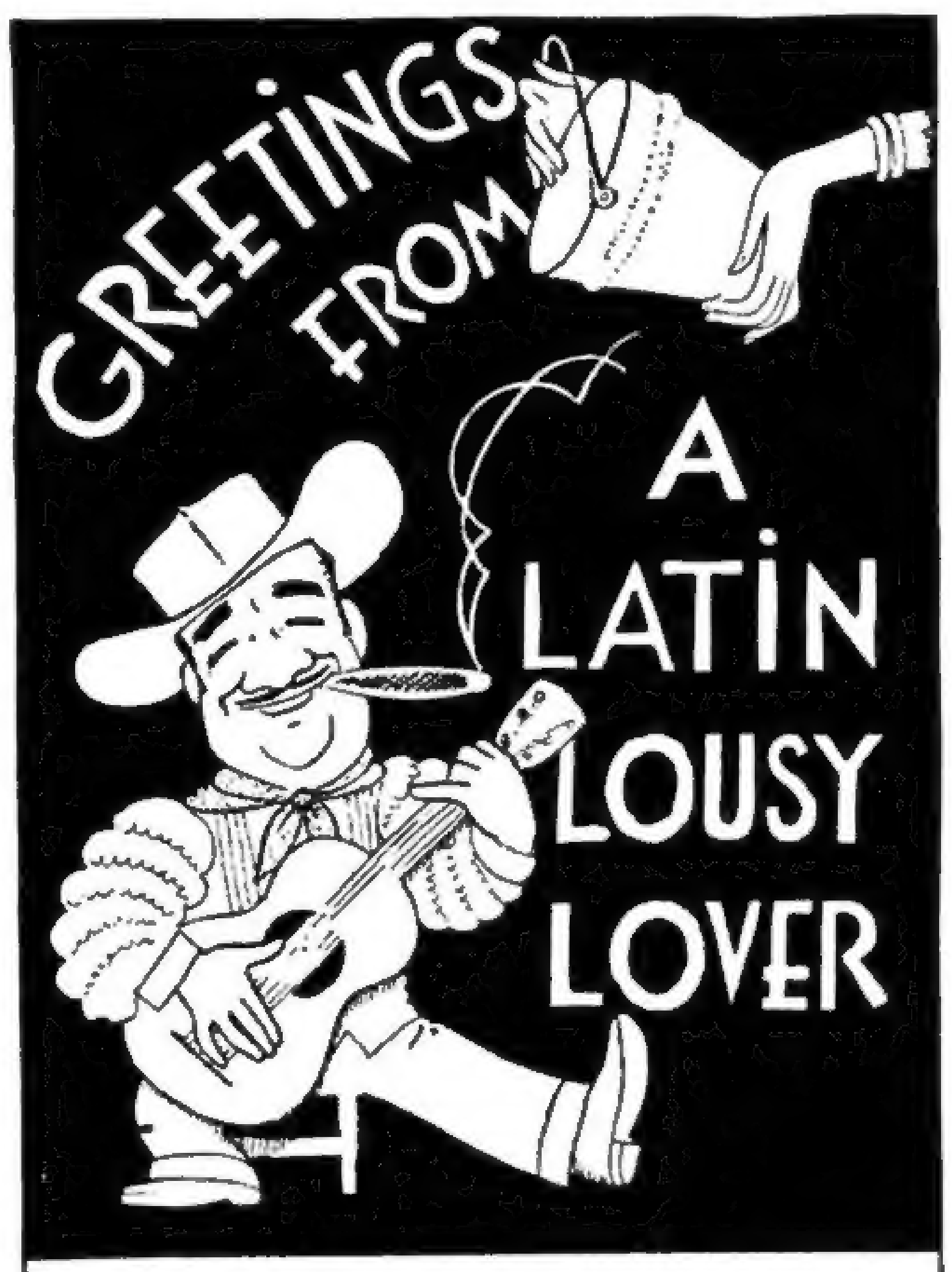
Mr. Nathan states in direct terms that Miss Lee is "a granddaughter of General Robt. E. Lee." For this alone I feel prone to smack his sassy face, but Mr. Nathan goes further and states that she is "a niece of Lee Shubert, a cousin of Billy Rose and a member of the Lee & Perrin family of England." The last statement may or may not be true. I have my fingers crossed.

The truth is Miss Lee was born in Seattle and christened Rose Louise Hovick. She first toured vaudeville with her sister and the sister eventually married. Gypsy continued alone and descended to low burlesque. However some situation or other has changed her status now and she resides at Witchwood Manor on the Hudson near Newburgh, New York, with her mother.

Do you stand corrected? Or is your department conducted as a test tube for would be humorists?

Sincerely,
Haughton, La. DON ATTAWAY

ALL ARE NOT HOT-HEADED IN HAVANA



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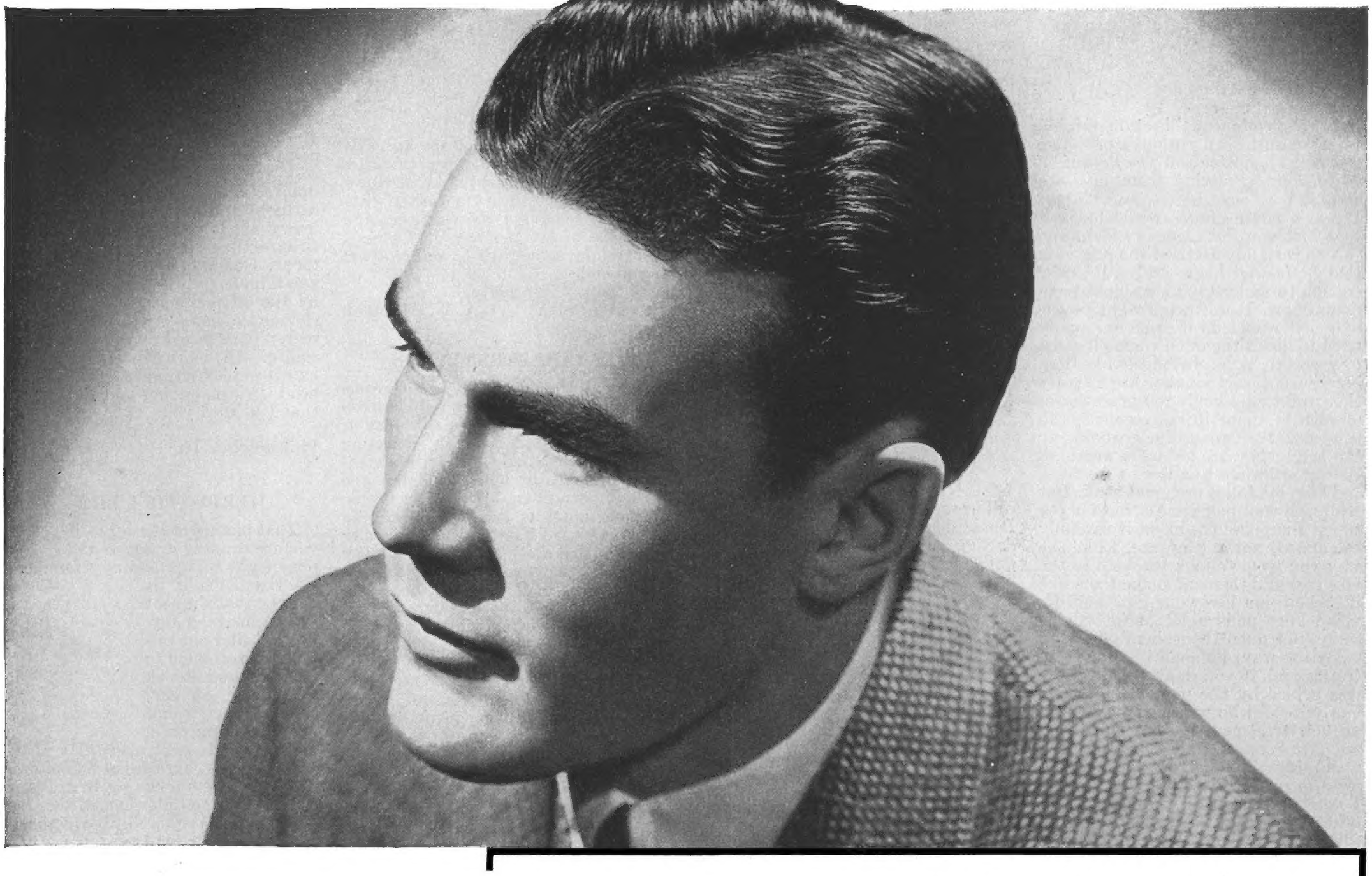
Good-looking hair is worth "60 seconds" of your time!



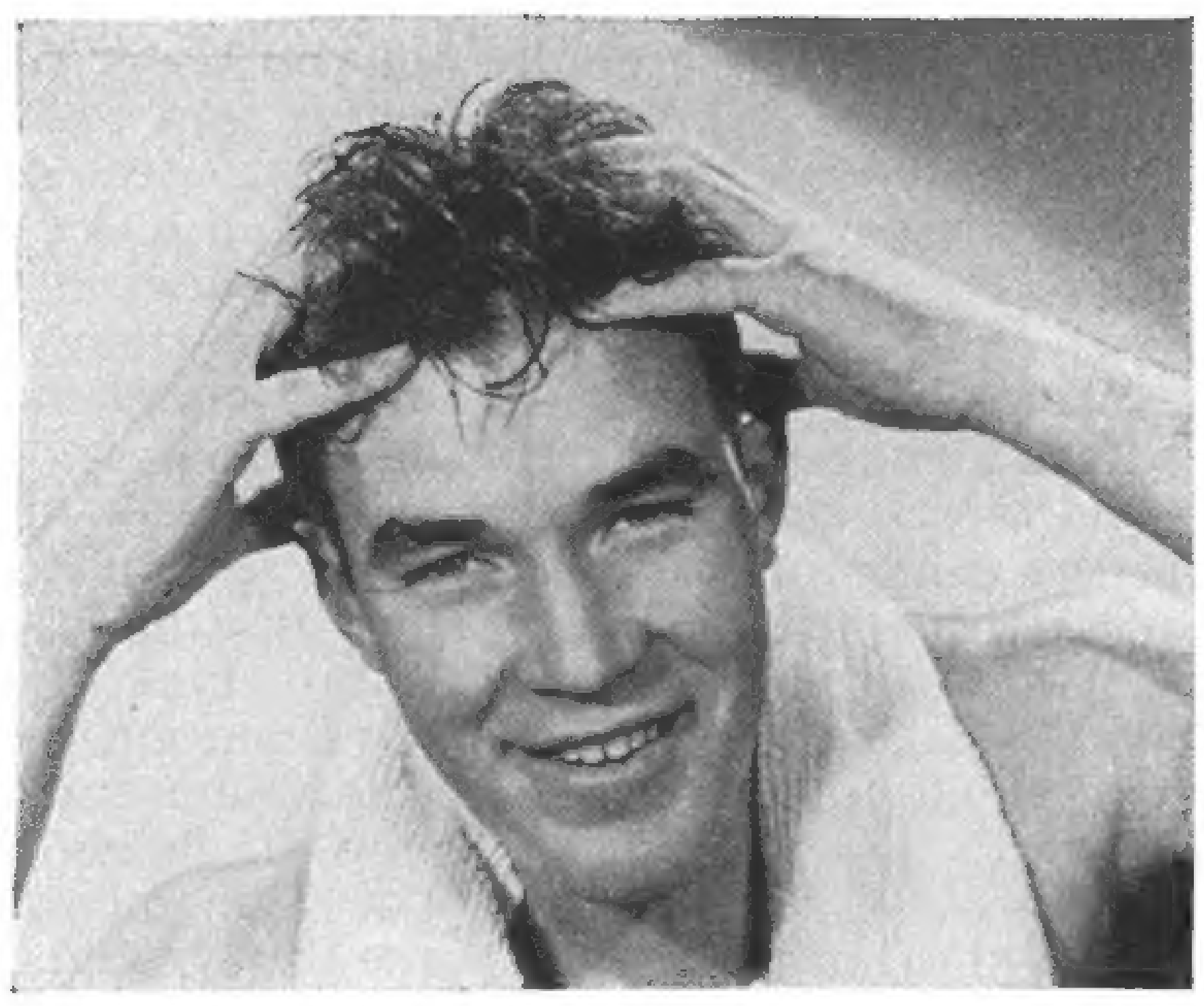
Use VITALIS and – the "60-Second Workout!"

WHEREVER you go—whatever you do—you're judged, first of all, by your appearance. That's why well-groomed hair is so important. For it wins the admiration and respect of everyone you meet, whether in social or business life. It is an outward mark of honest pride in your appearance.

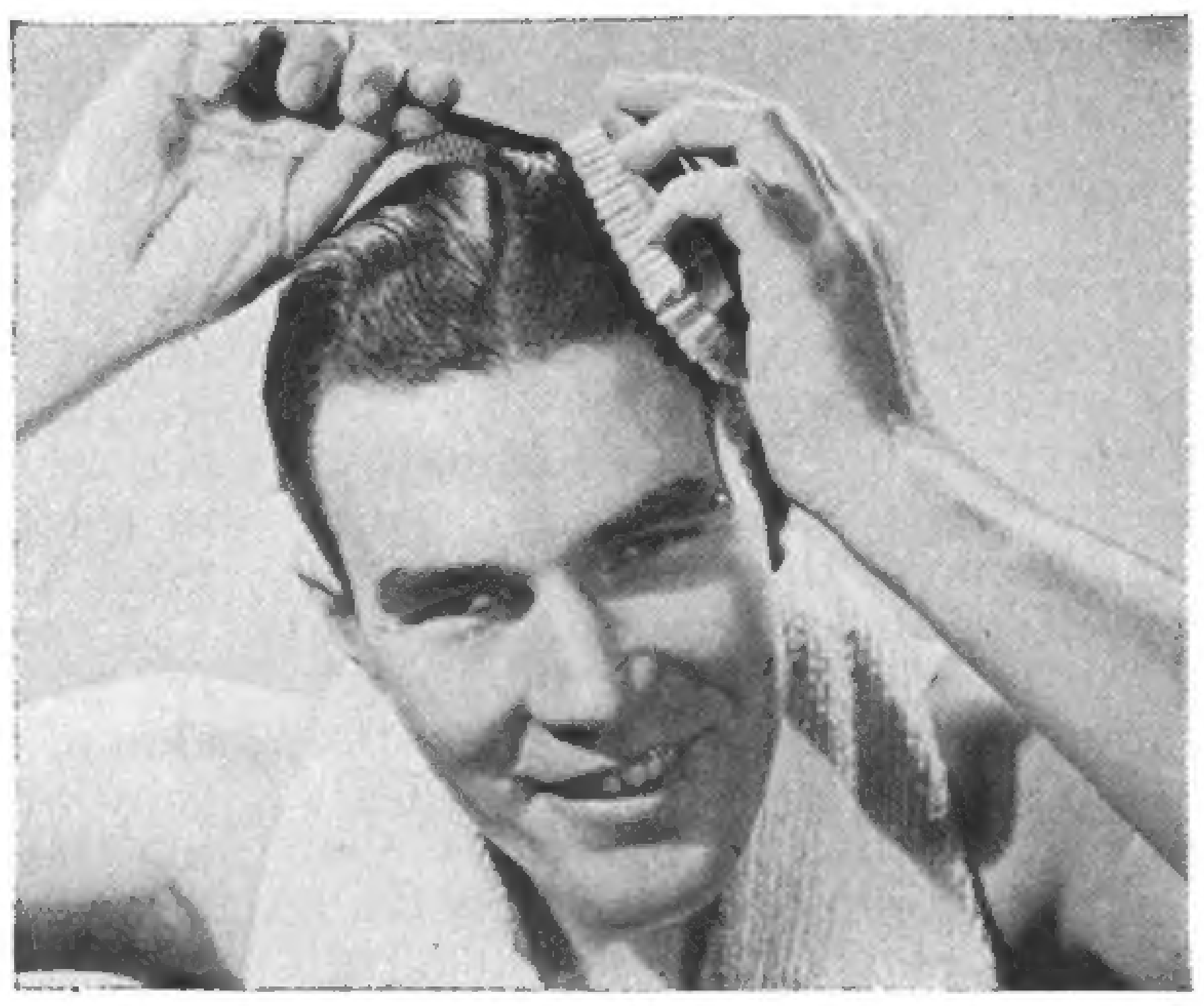
You can easily give your hair the proper care—keep it looking lustrous and handsome – with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Just apply Vitalis, rub it briskly into your scalp, right down to the hair roots. Feel the pleasant, tingling sensation as strong, new circulation responds to this vigorous massage. The tight dry skin of the scalp relaxes... the pure vegetable oil of Vitalis helps replenish the vital natural oils of the scalp.

Your hair benefits by the healthy condition of your scalp. It takes on new life, new "lustre." Loose dandruff soon goes... and with it one threat of falling hair. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" gives you a handsome head of hair without that objectionable "patent leather look!"

Keep your scalp healthy and your hair good-looking with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." Get a bottle of Vitalis at any drug store. Start your "60-Second Workouts" today!



1 **50 SECONDS** to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.



2 **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

ASK YOUR BARBER

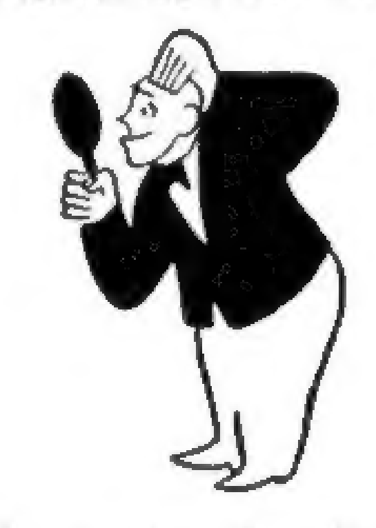
Your barber is an expert on the care of the scalp and hair. Where you see this seal displayed you are guranteed that the barber is using genuine Vitalis from single-application "Sealtubes." Beware of substitutes.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CURLY TOP MAKES GOOD

I understand you detest the appellation, Esky, but if you will excuse me, it is quite like you. In a day when too many people take themselves with unpleasant seriousness, you should be proud of the qualities which arouse the quite respectful (and admiring) attitude inferred by this nickname. Some people say you haven't any intelligence, and I can set myself up as no judge, but I do insist that there certainly is a commendable state of mind when an outfit can put out stories like *The Mind of a Mob* and *The Portrait of Mrs. Morton,* mixing them up with *Latins Are Lousy Lovers,* and Gilbert Bundy's noble efforts with the *sans gene* that you folks seem to maintain.



You certainly aroused the dog with that *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* It's easy enough to understand the shambles in Spain, now. You can tell what people like that would do if some one really tried to insult them. Of course it must be grand to have sensibilities like that, but I've noticed that they are a luxury that eventually lands the possessor in one sort of an institution or another in this country. Personally, I would say the laugh they are giving is worth all the subscriptions you lose.

Those art folios are great stuff. But really, all your magazine is, most of the time. I suppose the effect is carefully calculated, but at any rate, I like the way you seem to kick the herd in the face now and then and make them like it. When you lose your guts and develop knee pads a lot of us will be sorry, but until then—here's to you!

By the way, I should like to give a testimonial, if you don't mind. There was a bird by the name (?) of "Old Curly Top" who wrote about an idea on hair treatment for the Hair Conscious in *Sound and Fury,* last spring—about March, I believe. Well, *I just want to say that his idea really works.* I was losing hair to the extent that other people were beginning to be tactful about it, when I tried his remedy. What? No, I haven't quite as much hair as I ever had, but I can tell for sure, it's coming back. In case you choose to print this, and he reads it, I want to express my thanks to him.

Very truly yours,
Siloam Springs, Ark. KENNETH LYNCH

TO MEYER WITH LOVE

Nice article all the way around on movies as an anodyne. Being well up in the amateur ranks of movie-goers I might add a word or two to the literature on the subject.

I think one of the factors in general movie attendance is an effort to avoid social intercourse. You don't have to sit around and listen to your best friend explain how he knocked off Mr. Nussbaum with a big order of soup ladles. Social intercourse, like writing novels, is a tedious business which pays only the very talented commensurate dividends. City folk are the movie patrons, you know; living in urban coops compels better recreation than tales of sales prowess. "Let's get out of this damn place or I'll go nuts." Onion growers and wheat sackers fall asleep at eight o'clock, but bookkeepers and typists who sit on their, er, chairs all day crave some sort of escape into a world of action. To say pictures are an escape is to say that red is a color. This, obviously, would be negative and have nothing to do with the merit of pictures one way or another.

But I think the merit of pictures has a great deal to do with movie attendance. Some pictures are very good. Indeed, if some statistically talented hero could compare novel to movie as they come from camera and printing press he might discover that, by and large, the average movie was "better" than the average novel—unless he started worrying too much about comparisons of different media. Movie technicians are better craftsmen than novel writers all the way around. The rottenest horse opera will have magnificent mountains.

Whether movies are actually an anodyne to creators and typists and housewives with the pip is, in one large sense, beside the point. As art movies are backward, unless you are not yet convinced that they are a proper medium for art. I do know that people go to movies because they provide, simply, a fairly consistent chance of good entertainment.

If you would like to have my own clinical record to add to your others, I might append the postscript that I try very hard to pick the best ones; but if there are no good ones playing I'll take a bad one in preference to nothing. Movies like *Winterset,* which pretend to be a good play when they aren't, infuriate me. The nearest pictures get to their genius, in my opinion, are in such pieces as *Bombshell,* and, say, the early Astaires. All photographed plays stink.

Yours,
Woodhaven, N. Y. LOUIS PAUL

INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

Three-month review. October—*Lousy Lovers:* hundred per cent. But, darling, what can you expect from guys who live in hot countries? Irish-American should be alright. Being a male I can't say. But listen. Ever look up the Scandinavians? If not, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Midnight sun —Viking virility — good for twenty-four hours a day and they never heard of the Sabbath. Perfect gentlemen and they know all the tricks. I haven't even heard of the drugs you mention. How many Latins would you swap for one of our kind? Say, c'mere a minute —Those poor Latin dearies—wish I had the dough to make the trip. All fat and bald guys are alike. You want to concentrate on us tall slim fellows.

November—Alan MacDonald did a good job for a 33-year-old. *You Can't Sleep With Women* will likely kick a few covers off but we will rally round. By the time he's my age—fifty—he should have written a couple of books on the subject. They might stir legislators to pass laws. For Alan has only told a small part of it. There are the whistlers, the arm-wavers, the figure eights, those infernal gadgets they put in their hair and which scratch your face. And a host of others.

A good many darlings will probably try to raise a row. But get the other side of it, dearies—look at all the fun they were having while Alan was finding these things out.

One thing puzzles me. The Pillow Lookers. Why did he let them stay that way long enough to justify such a classification?

December—Swell advertising alright but why make a catalog out of Esky? Been hunting all day for the reading matter, especially *S. & F.* in the rear.

General—First class all around and please don't moderate it. It's the kind of magazine we have been wanting for five hundred years. You've got guts. And that's more than can be said for most of them.

Naturally, such a review calls for a phony signature. You see I get along swell with my permanent ("Brides of Frankenstein" group) so why the hell start a war after 23 years? And she reads Esky from fur coat to pink undies.

So I am, simply,
Edmonton, Alta. VIKING DESCENDANT

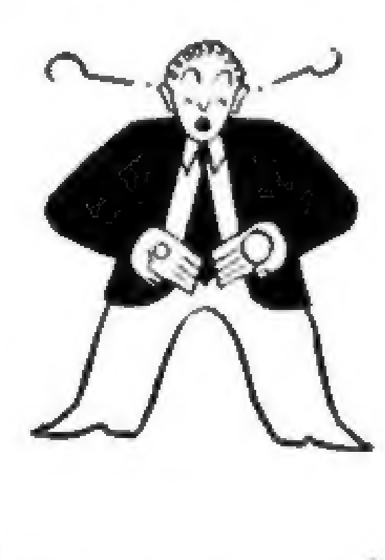
SAD PLAINT OF A 50c MALE

How did I like December ESQUIRE? This way:

1—As a publication job—Superb! But I dislike superb publication jobs.

2—As an advertising project it was better than a mail-order catalogue. But the paper was so stiff.

3—For reading matter and laughs, which is what the fifty-cent male customer wants, it was just as good as the *Saturday Evening Post.* Which leaves me minus 45c.



Moreover, if I do not see an early return of the two ESQUIRE favorites (names not necessary) I shall throw all future copies into the corner without even removing the wrapper. And at a cost of 50c per month! Unless I can reclaim something by selling them per pound.

Sincerely,
Brooklyn, N. Y. A. W. MADISON

IT (APPARENTLY) IS

Why all the pother re the amourous qualities of Latins. The notable article cast no aspersions on their probity or business capability, merely reflecting on a feature shared by the brute creation, and really not considered the most important trait by which a people is judged. Or is it so considered in Cuba? Dec. *S&F* letters should seem to indicate that Latins also have a lousy sense of humor, with the striking exception of "M.P." of Havana—who has doubtless been excommunicated by this time, if his identity has been discovered. Loud salvos for Dec. Esq., with special salutes to Jim Tully, Jesse Stuart (better than Whitman!), A. D. Ficke, Manuel Komroff, Roark Bradford—and 16 p. print section. But why didn't we get Speicher's Katherine Cornell? (This is carping).
Altamont, N. Y. O. A. WILLIAMSON

END TO INCOME TAX TROUBLES

My first letter to you may have been written with the idea of paying you a compliment but damn it, I take it all back.

What the hell kind of a mag do you think you are selling? And who the hell do you think you're selling 'em to? You ought to feel damn good and lucky that I don't live in Chicago or there sure would be plenty of hell raised.

The whole damn thing reminds me of a publication put out by a high school. I hope you can try to think back to your high school days and get what I mean. (The way this mag is run I don't think you ever saw the inside of a High School.) Do you remember the time when you spent days and maybe weeks on a four line poem which would just fit in with the coming issue and when you submitted it they wouldn't take it? Do you know why? Well I'll tell you, because you wouldn't help the editor-in-chief during a French exam. That's exactly what your mag reminds me of.

A few months ago my brother sent you some cartoons and what the hell do you do but send them back advising him to "try smaller publications first." After seeing the cartoons in your January issue by Jaro Fabry I can tell you you've got a helluva nerve telling my brother to "try smaller publications first." What you ought to do is tell this Jaro Fabry to go to art school and learn how to draw.

I can understand you taking his "Masterpieces" if he was wished on you by your wife or if he happens to be your brother or if that's one of your methods of paying off a gambling debt, but God, if it's in your power to get rid of him whyinthehell don't you. He's a helluva substitute for Petty.

All you have to do is just keep on dishing out junk like that to the public and you won't have to worry about filing your income tax return but you'll start worrying about your relief checks. And if you think it's a joke just keep it up. The public's no fool and they'll get on to you sooner or later so take my advice and keep the mag the way it was and just don't try to pull any fast ones.

At one time you had page after page full of fashion plates and what have you got now? All you give us now is one or two pages of fashions and the rest you leave to advertisers. Once upon a time you had page after page of cartoons and now what do you have? You don't have to have cartoons now because the advertisers supply the cartoons. God damn it, the next thing you'll have will be stories and articles by the advertisers and then you can change the name of your, much to my regret, hard paged mag to the "Adversquire." All you're doing is cutting that hair that's holding that knife over your head. I close, hoping you won't forget that I warned you.

Yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. PAUL FISHER

HEREWITH 1 BREAK

That picture of Ruth Bradbury that you are running in *Sound and Fury* on page eight of the January number is one that I made. It may be that she sent you an unsigned copy but if I find out different I'm coming to Chicago and knock your head off and throw it in your face for not giving me a credit line. It isn't every day that a photographer outside of Chicago or New York gets a chance to appear in your magazine but when it does happen it would be swell of you to give him the opportunity to point with pride. Gowan gimme a break.

Sincerely yours,
Cleveland, O. HARRY A. COLE

8 TO 5 CHOICE

Even a college art teacher succumbs to the yen to add his ululations to your noise and irritations column.

In your rag I would put the official ok on these: (1) most of the articles, (2) the advertisements, (3) the photographs, (4) the departments, (5) the format, (6) Webb's and Campbell's gags, (7) Abner Dean's color work, (8) the attention given to contemporary artists.

The following would be marked by my red pencil: (1) your abominable habit of catering to the undoubtedly vile taste of your public to the extent that you give a whole page to a cartoon whose only point lies in its filthiness, while you compress six paintings by a worth-while artist into one page and reproduce them badly: (2) the fiction section, whose morbid, gruesome, and lecherous "tone" is ably complemented by George Grosz's drawings: (3) the supposedly satirical department, whose only claim to be called satire lies in its claim to be called satire: (4) the fact you haven't influenced more magazines into using those tremendously additive little illustrations scattered through the text: (5) your depressing tendency to put pictures on the backs of other pictures so I can't mat both.

But that's only five boos against eight huzzahs, and I might add a cheer or two for your typography and the *Sound and Fury* Department.

Finickly yours,
Parkville, Mo. EDWIN TODD

Continued on page 176

"Si, Señor . . . any coffee planter would understand *that* about whiskey"

"So this is the plantation where my favorite coffee comes from."

"*Si, Señor—and yet, no.*"

"That's a funny answer. What do you mean?"

"*You see, Señor—that coffee of which you are so fond does not come from this one plantation alone. And there is a very good reason why this is so. Every coffee has its own particular claim to distinction. Each excels in some special quality—and only by blending the finest of these coffees is it possible to achieve one coffee that is truly glorious.*"

"Now I get it—and how right you are! The same thing is true of this whiskey you get from the United States. For Four Roses isn't just *one* fine whiskey. You see, they take *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some particular virtue: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* of *flavor*. Then they skilfully blend these fine whiskies together so as to combine *all* their virtues in *one* noble whiskey. That's Four Roses—and you'd search the wide world over to find a whiskey that can match it for smoothness and flavor!

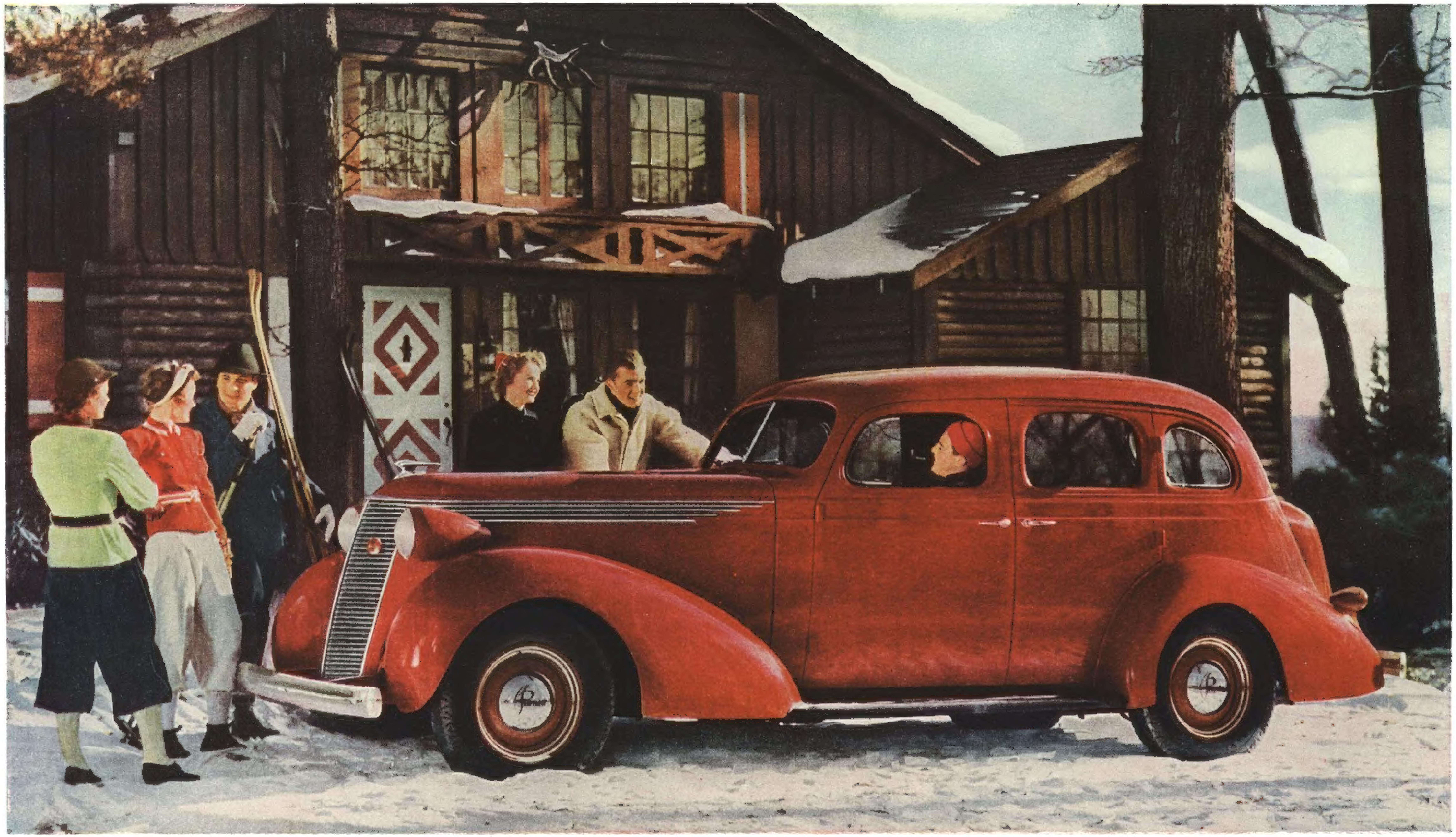
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Four Roses
A blend of straight whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's Finest Whiskey, regardless of age or price



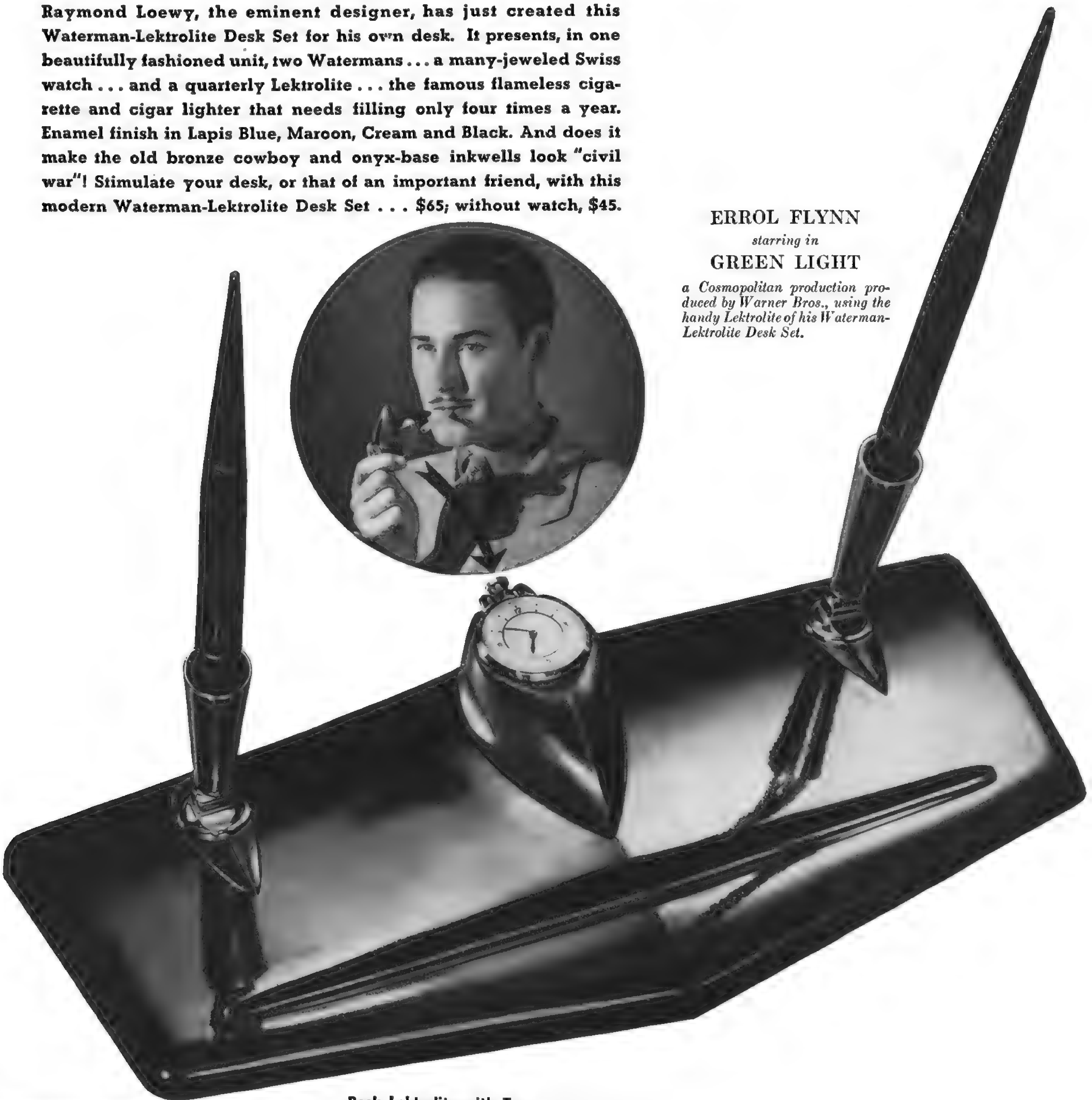
FEBRUARY IN THE ADIRONDACKS

COLOR PHOTO BY PAUL HESSE

The car is the exciting new 1937 Studebaker President Eight, of course. Exterior, refreshingly simple and smart . . . interior, inimitably styled by Helen Dryden . . . entire car teeming with thrilling innovations other 1937 cars do not have. It's the first car with the dual economy insurance of the sensational Fram oil cleaner and the gas-saving automatic overdrive. Has doors that never need slamming because of revolutionary and exclusive rattle-proof rotary latches. Doesn't roll back when you stop on upgrades, thanks to built-in automatic hill holder. Priced easily within the reach of most motorists, and its companion Studebaker, the 1937 Dictator Six, costs even less—almost as little as lowest priced cars. Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan assures low cost time payments.

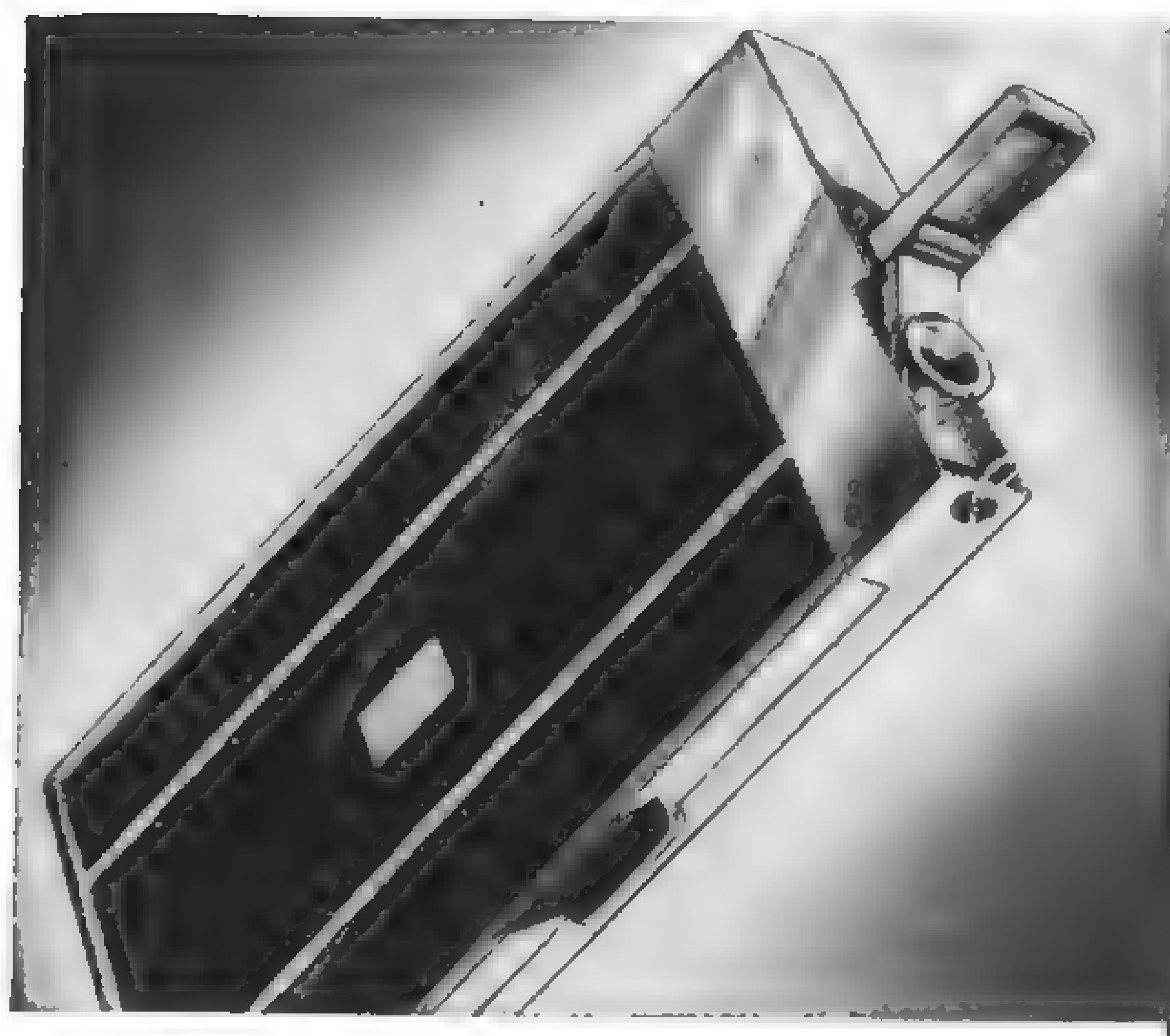
WATERMAN LEKTROLITE DESK SET

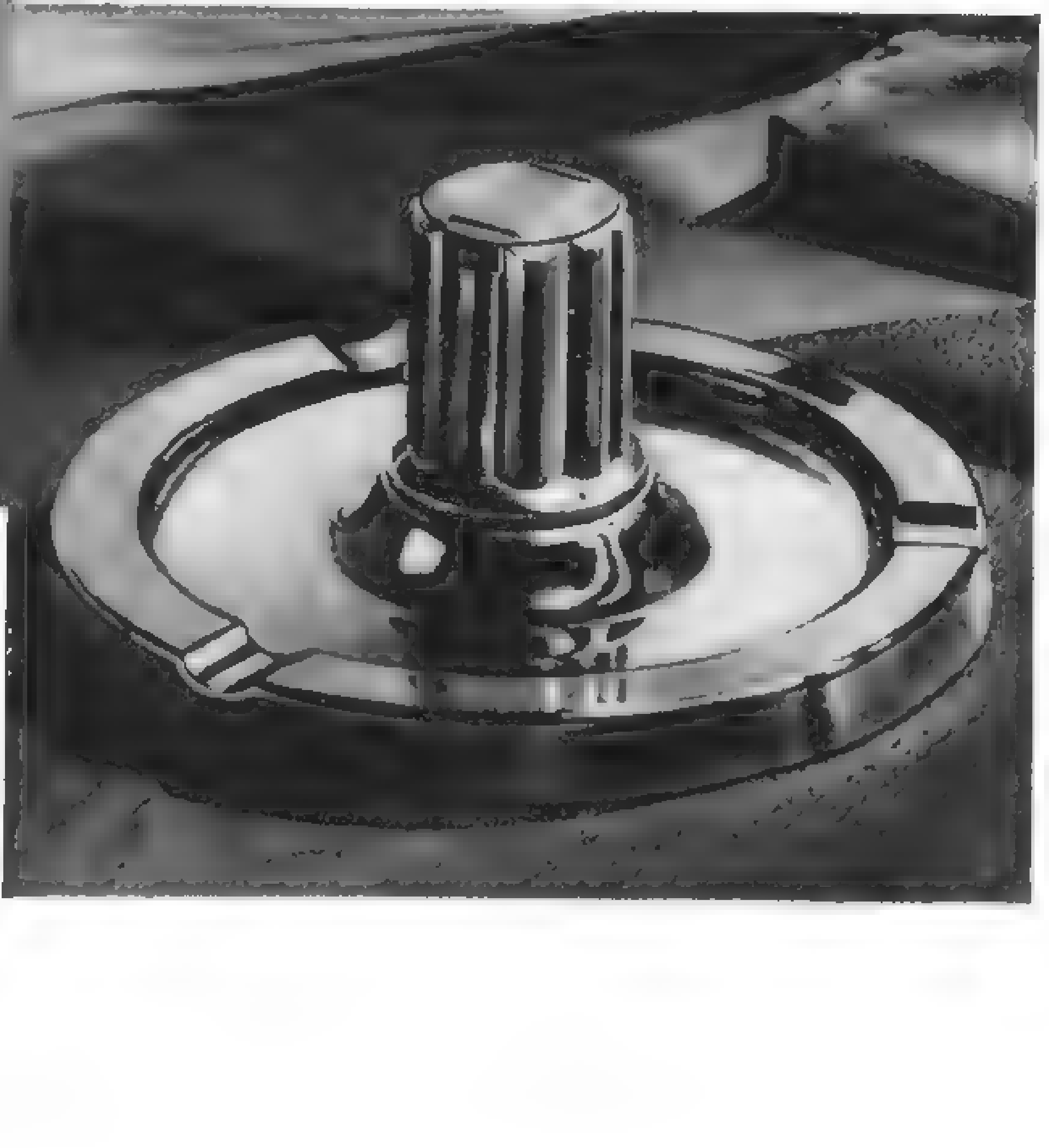
Raymond Loewy, the eminent designer, has just created this Waterman-Lektrolite Desk Set for his own desk. It presents, in one beautifully fashioned unit, two Watermans . . . a many-jeweled Swiss watch . . . and a quarterly Lektrolite . . . the famous flameless cigarette and cigar lighter that needs filling only four times a year. Enamel finish in Lapis Blue, Maroon, Cream and Black. And does it make the old bronze cowboy and onyx-base inkwells look "civil war"! Stimulate your desk, or that of an important friend, with this modern Waterman-Lektrolite Desk Set . . . $65; without watch, $45.



ERROL FLYNN
starring in
GREEN LIGHT
a Cosmopolitan production produced by Warner Bros., using the handy Lektrolite of his Waterman-Lektrolite Desk Set.

Desk Lektrolite with Tray: You'll always have a light because the lighter goes *at least six months* on a filling of Lektrolite fluid. No wheels, no wicks, no flints. Flameless. Windproof. Satin Chrome, $7.50—Enamel, $17.50. See all of these and more at the Progress Counter of your department store; in principal drug stores; in many cigar stores. If you cannot locate one near you use the coupon.

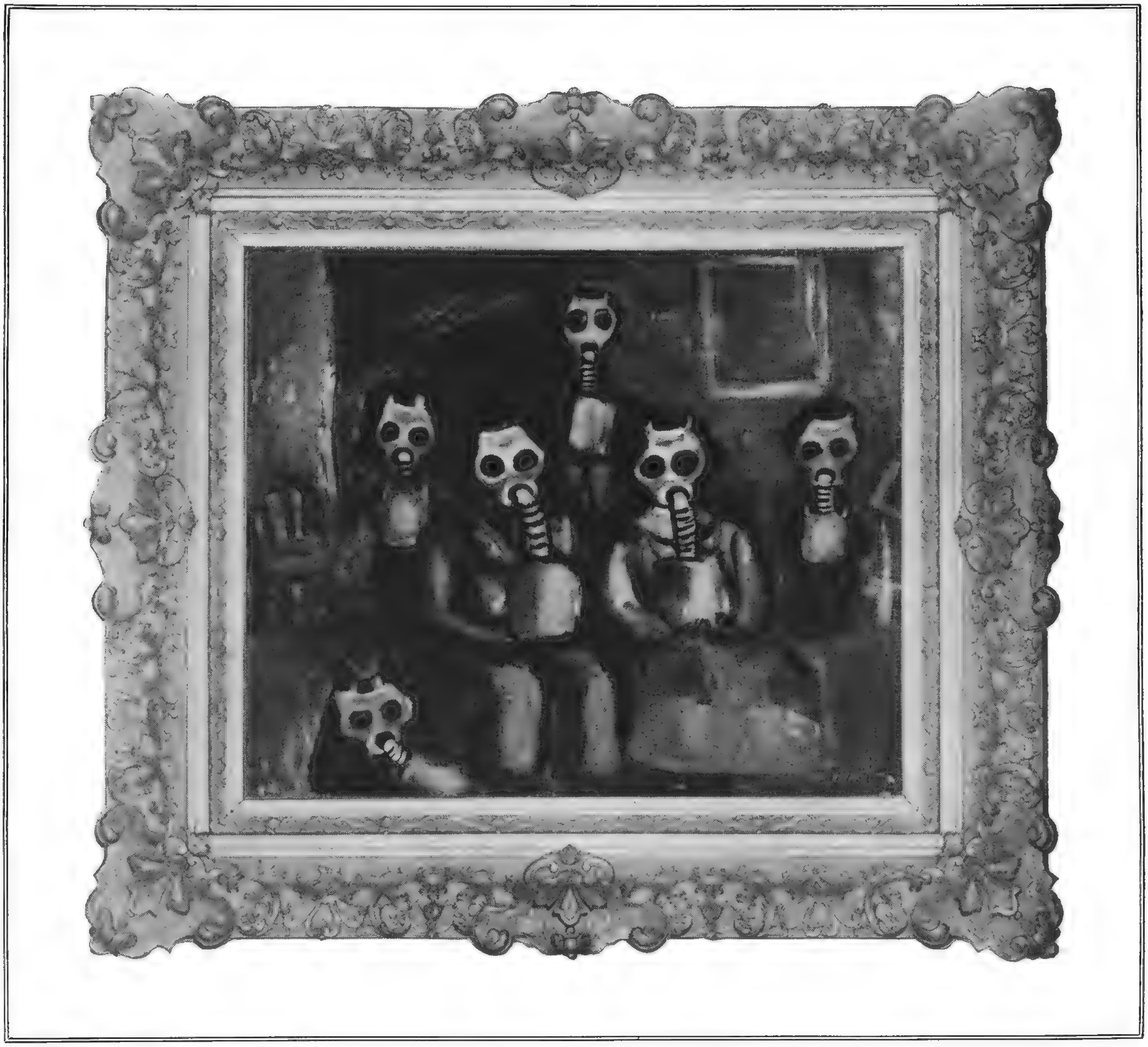




Lektrocase . . . is new, slick, streamlined. A good-sized cigarette case topped with built-in quarterly Lektrolite (fills only four times a year), the windproof, flameless Glolite; for vest pocket or handbag. Priced: Nickel, $7.50—Chrome, $10.00—Rhodium engine-turn, $12.50—Chrome and Enamel, $15.00.

Progress Corporation
1 East 43rd St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find check or money order for $________
Please send, postpaid, the items checked:
WATERMAN-LEKTROLITE DESK SET $________
LEKTROCASE (specify finish) at $________
DESK LEKTROLITE (specify finish) at $________

Name________________________
Address________________________
E-4________________________



Family Portrait

MR. BIRNBAUM, who draws funny pictures for bright magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Stage*, painted this picture.

It's a portrait of a family in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1937.

In the front row are Papa and Mama, in their Gas-Masks for Grown-ups. Back of them is son Jimmy, in the latest Youth's Model Gas-Mask. Then there are little Sally and Tommy in their Gas-Masks for Tots. And finally, Buster, in the special Gas-Mask that man, in his great humanity, recently designed for dogs.

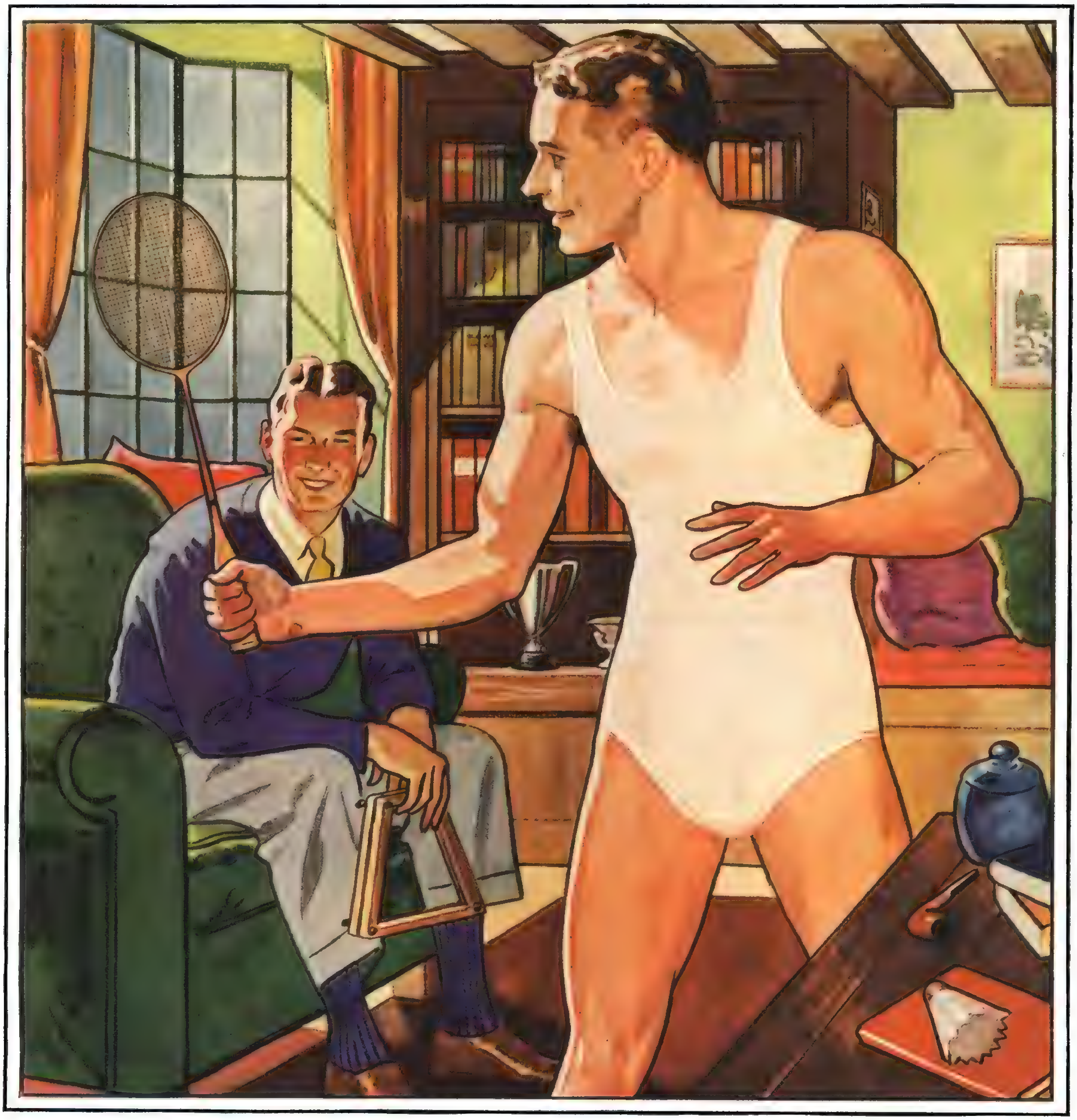
Funny picture, isn't it? Only Mr. Birnbaum did it in deadly seriousness. And he's right.

What could be more serious than the fact that the ordinary citizens of one civilized country have to protect themselves from poison gas with which the ordinary citizens of another country will try to kill them? What could be more depressing than the necessity of digging up the green lawns of modest little homes to make gas-proof holes for women and children to crawl into! What could be more alarming than the realization that these things actually are happening in Europe today. And if we think we're safely removed from it all we're crazy!

Maybe war can be stopped; maybe it can't. Maybe if it does come, we can stay out; maybe we can't. But this much is certain: it *could* be stopped if enough decent citizens reared up on their hind legs and said, *"We won't have war!"*

We think it's worth trying. Are you with us?

WRITE TO WORLD PEACEWAYS, INC.
103 PARK AVENUE...NEW YORK CITY



THEY FEEL RIGHT—A WELL-BALANCED RACQUET AND THIS WELL-CUT *Skit-Suit*

HERE'S cool comfort and body ease you've never had before. SKIT-Suits by Munsingwear that look like shirts and shorts—so brief you don't know you're wearing them—so expertly cut and tailored they can't bag or bunch. And note the three special comfort features... no-gap buttonless fly... elastic leg-openings and waist band... full seat coverage with elastic drop seat. Treat yourself to perfect comfort with SKIT-Suits. Also "by Munsingwear" is a complete line for men . . . SKIT-Shorts, fancy shorts, knit underwear of every type as well as smart sox. Treat yourself to comfort and quality by asking for "Munsingwear." At quality stores.

MUNSING *Wear*

MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

CAMERAS

It's New! The Super-Baldina Miniature Camera for super-pictures. Has many unique features, such as Coupled Range Finder, Coupled Automatic Parallex Tubular View Finder, winding key with automatic stop, etc. Takes 36 pictures 1x1½ in. on any standard 35MM film. Size of camera 5x3¾ x1½ in. Weight 12 oz. Has Trioplan F2.9 lens in Compur Shutter. Price $65. Eveready case $8. Mail orders filled. Send for booklet E.S.B. Willoughbys, 110 W. 32nd St., N. Y.

CIGARETTES

UNENDURABLE PLEASURE
INDEFINITELY PROLONGED
Amazing but true; with the realization certainly worth the anticipation. RUM CARIOCA blended with the world's costliest tobaccos to provide CARIOCA RUMS, the only NEW CIGARETTE of the century. Send one dollar for your special trial carton of 100 cigarettes.
BURTON-MARSHALL CORP.
General Motors Bldg. New York City

CUSTOM TAILORS

Fine custom clothes—tailored for you with cultural smartness. Starting at $35—tropical suitings, sports clothes, riding habits, and business suits of domestic and imported fabrics.
TUJAGUE CO.
562 Fifth Avenue New York City

DANCING SCHOOLS

BE POPULAR—DANCE!
Ten charts in any one dance $2. Select from the following: Foxtrot, Waltz, Swing Foxtrot, Rhumba, Tango, Beginner's Course. Six complete sets $10, with heavy looseleaf cover $11.50. Sample chart free. *Private and class lessons at the studios.*
DONALD SAWYER DANCE STUDIOS
637 Madison Ave., New York, PLaza 3-8639

DINNERWARE

CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT SHOP
America's largest retail selection at lowest prices of open stock English Bone China dinnerware.
A personal visit to our store will generally save you the cost of your whole trip. New Dinnerware Booklet now ready.
HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

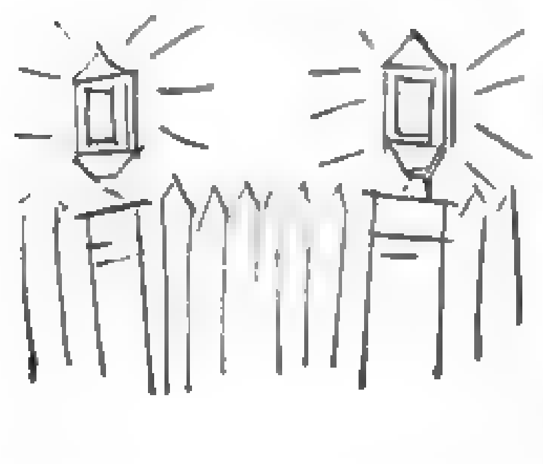
We reported in these columns some time ago on reading stands for the breakfast table. A new one has come along which can be used on the breakfast table or in an easy-chair. It also can be used as a breakfast tray in bed or, of course, as a reading stand. Its ingenious construction makes it practical for reading under almost any circumstances, and one of its optional features is a shaded electric light at the top which throws a beam of light directly on the book. The stand is large enough to comfortably hold a magazine even as big as the one you are now reading.

Double action playing cards look as though they are going to cause a revolution in the poker-playing world. They are divided diagonally across the face, one side being blue and the other white. Each half of the card represents a separate unit. For example, one half may be king of hearts and the other four of diamonds, or one half seven of clubs and the other half five of diamonds. Before dealing, the dealer can state which side you're going to play, or if you like confusion, you can play the best hand of both sides. In fact, the combination possibilities are unending. As you get two full hands with each deal, you're able to get twice the amount of poker possible within any given time.

Our pencil department has reported to you from time to time such innovations as pencil-and-cigarette-lighter, pencil-and-magnifying-glass, pencil-and-watch and other combinations. The latest arrangement in this field is a pencil that carries a small roll of paper in the barrel for jotting down memoranda. For those of us who fill our pockets with old envelopes, this pencil will prove a decided improvement. The same company provides for the ladies a lipstick with a similar gadget containing the absorbent paper which seems to be so valuable when they make up.

Most whangee (bamboo to lots) cigarette holders are fairly long, and those men who have inhibitions about long cigarette holders have admired whangee at a distance because of this. This wood makes a swell cigarette holder and now we've found a place where you can get them in the small sizes. About one section of the wood and a mouthpiece makes the holder. The whole business is around three inches long.

Patents have recently been granted for a new device designed to make possible the driving of motor cars by those who, through accident or paralysis, haven't the use of their legs. This invention consists of a wheel the same size as a steering wheel. It fits on the steering shaft and comes about three inches below the steering wheel. Push it forward and it engages the clutch and feeds gas; pull it back and it applies the brakes. The control requires only a light pressure of the fingers, and the whole thing works so perfectly that many people who have no physical disabilities are having them installed in their cars. The installation is simple and the whole thing is far superior to mechanical extensions of the clutch and brake pedals.



If you want a really individual pair of lights for your entrance hall or gate posts, there is nothing to beat a pair of old carriage lamps. We know a place that has some genuine old-timers made in Kentucky. They're wired for electricity and are complete with brackets for mounting.

The "Yoiks! Tally-Ho!" contingent won't be the only ones delighted with the new snaffle key-holder. This key-holder is a miniature replica of a broken snaffle bit, and the keys go on the rings at either end. This bit is in solid sterling silver and rhodiumed to prevent tarnishing.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING

POLO COATS *of soft luxurious Camel hair* —These top-coats are double-breasted with half-belt and large patch pockets. Suitable for year-round wear. From $35.50. Ready to wear suitings start at $32.50.
ROLAND-BLUE
9 West 46th Street Just off 5th Avenue

GUNS AND ACCESSORIES, GUN REPAIRING

Shooters!! Hunters!! Gun Fanciers!!
Visit America's No. 1 Gun Shop
Choose from the largest stock of American & Imported Arms, Ammunition & Accessories in the U. S. Or send for STOEGER'S great new 320 PAGE ARMS HANDBOOK & CATALOG—13,000 items, 4,000 illus. Gun parts, Ballistics, Telescopes, Remodeling, Restocking, Gun Repairs. Send 50¢—Check, Stamps, Money Order or coin.
A. F. STOEGER, Inc., 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

HAIR PREPARATIONS

BANISH DANDRUFF DOES BAN-DAN —surely and in short order. Neither smelly or sticky, but it does the job thoroughly. Likewise a cure for unruly hair while warding off the dandruff scourge. You may obtain a generous bottle of this old Dutch formula for a dollar post paid.
BAN-DAN LABORATORIES
8½ Wall Street, Asheville, North Carolina

MUSIC STORES

EDWARD'S ABDICATION SPEECH.
RABSON'S offers a limited number of privately recorded discs climaxing the most dramatic event in modern history. This thrilling transcription with all its original emotional color is preserved for you—word for word. King Edward's farewell radio broadcast, with chimes of Big Ben, is a prize for the collector and an original gift. Sent anywhere. TWO DOLLARS, prepaid.
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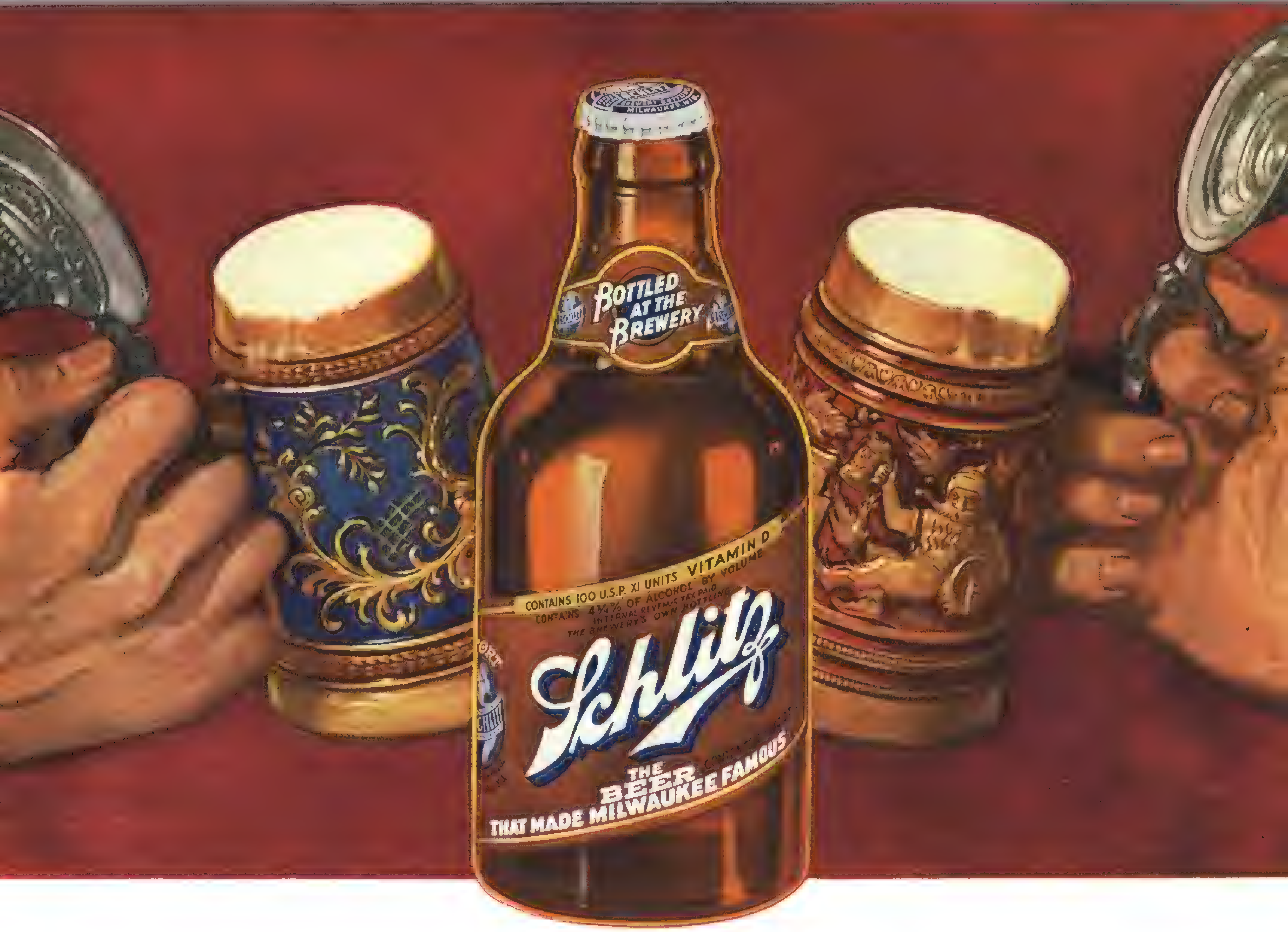
SCALP SPECIALISTS

HAIR SPECIALISTS
Visit the new OGILVIE METHOD offices exclusively for men. The same personnel that have made OGILVIE famous the world over. Consultation without obligation. You can also obtain the Ogilvie preparations in leading stores everywhere. Results from first application. Further information including instructive booklet on request. OGILVIE METHOD, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous


BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
CONTAINS 100 U.S.P. XI UNITS VITAMIN D
CONTAINS 4¼% OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
THE BREWERY'S OWN BOTTLING
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
MILWAUKEE

Today...It's Schlitz in "Steinies"

TASTE SCHLITZ TODAY . . . in the new, compact, easy-to-handle "Steinie" Brown Bottle. It is remindful of olden days . . . of beer sipped from the cool depths of stone steins.

Old-time brewmasters never enjoyed the facilities of modern science to assure uniform deliciousness to their brew but Schlitz has expended millions of dollars in research and development to make each glass uniformly delicious, appetizing and healthful.

With the first sip you instantly recognize the difference between Schlitz and other beers. That delightful, satisfying difference is old-time flavor which Schlitz brews with scientific uniformity into every sparkling drop.

It's the full-bodied flavor of rich barley-malt wedded to the piquant tang of the finest hops the world affords...brewed to the peak of ripe, mellow perfection under Schlitz Precise Enzyme Control. You may choose from the modern "Steinie" Brown Bottle ...tall Brown Bottle...or Cap-Sealed Can...whichever suits your needs. Each brings you Schlitz at its best with the health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D.

Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle.

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Built and braced to bear hard use

You don't have to baby an Old Town Boat. It's capable of looking out for itself. Rough and tumble usage at the family camp. Winters out of water. Heavy outboard motors and high speeds. These can't faze it. Old Town Boats are inexpensive to buy and up-keep is low!

Camp is not camp without a boat. Find out how easy it is to have an Old Town Boat. There are open-deck models for sport, sponson models for perfect safety, and big, fast seaworthy types for family use. Write for a free catalog showing the Old Town fleet. Including rowboats, dinghies, and all kinds of canoes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Company, 383 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

ONLY BENJAMIN *HAS THE GENUINE*

SAFE

COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50

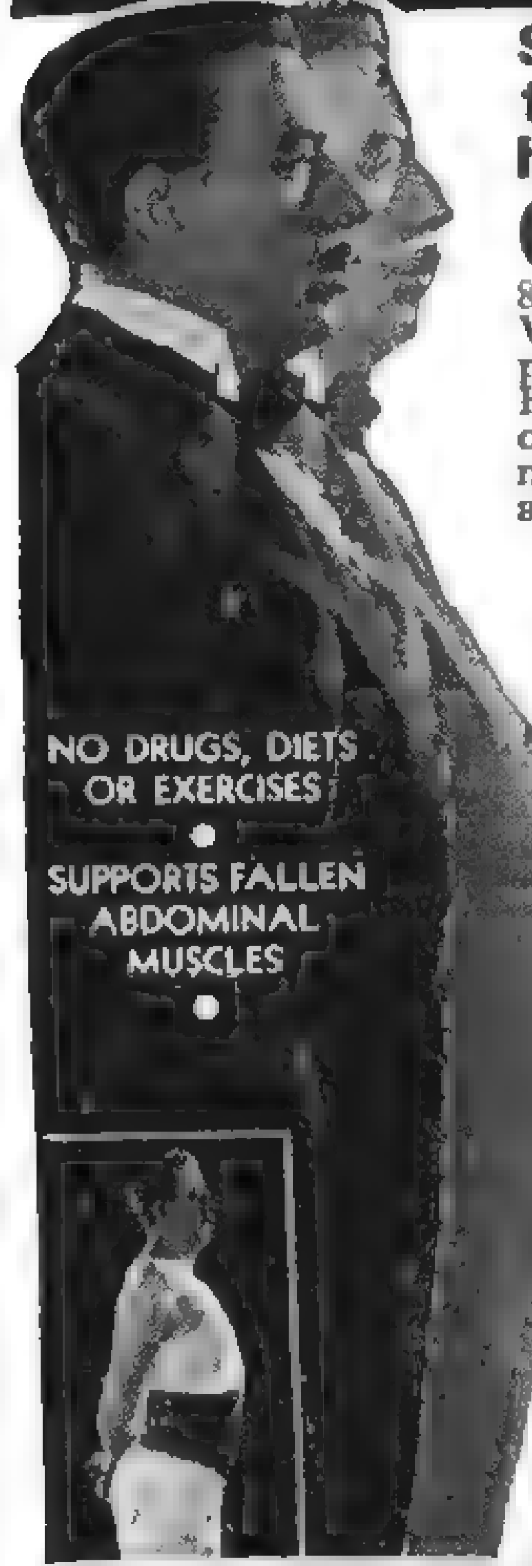
For Target & Small Game - Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $1.75. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for Introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co. 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

GOKEY BOTTÉ SAUVAGE
REG. U. S PAT. OFF.
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water - Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E. St. Paul, Minnesota

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
...writes George Bailey


NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

SMART CLOTHES CEASE to be SMART if you have a "BAY WINDOW"

GET rid of it the Weil Belt way! "My waist 8 inches smaller", writes W. L. McGinnis; "Lost 50 pounds" says W. L. Anderson. Experiences of thousands of other men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

IF YOU do not REDUCE YOUR WAIST 8 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
it will cost you nothing!

You will appear inches slimmer at once and will be completely comfortable as the gentle pressure and the massage-like action of your Weil Belt persistently eliminate fat with every move you make! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, keeps digestive organs in place . . . and with loss of fat come increased pep and greater endurance.

Send for illustrated folder and details of 10-day FREE trial offer!

THE WEIL CO., 583 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Some of the more expensive motor cars have a heating system for the engine which makes it easy to start in cold weather. For those not so equipped, there has been recently introduced on the market a 140-watt radiant heater in an aluminum case, which may be clamped permanently around the intake manifold of any motor car and plugged into the nearest light socket in your garage. In a few minutes it creates enough warmth in the manifold to give reliable starting. This can be fitted to any car and reduces the strain on the starting motor and the drain on the battery. It's also useful for thawing out frozen water pipes in the home or for promoting the flow of cold or badly congealed oil in oil-fired heating equipment. AC or DC.

In the reversible line, we have two numbers which you ought to find interesting. The first is not exactly reversible. It's a medium weight topcoat with a zipper lining of waterproof gabardine. The lining, unzipped, makes a handsome gabardine raincoat and can be worn separately. A number of attempts have been made to develop a coat of this type, but the linings usually look like what they are. This one, however, is a beautifully tailored coat and the whole business really comprises a three-in-one outfit. The latest in reversible pullovers is a turtle neck affair. Whichever side you wear it on shows the neck in a contrasting color to the body.

If you are one of the vast army that has its telephone concealed in some dark niche where you can't read the dialing, you'll probably want to get one of the little stands that are designed to hold a hand set. These have a small 7½-watt shaded bulb which shines on the dial. As the top is open, it's useful for consulting the directory. Personally, we keep our telephone in the closet, so that guests won't be seeing it and running up the bill. We find the fixture invaluable.

The dry cleaning establishments aren't going to be very pleased when the new lightweight doeskin gloves start getting about. These gloves are impregnated with some secret substance so that when they get dirty all you have to do is give them a brisk rub-down with a dry cloth or sponge, and they become spotless in a couple of minutes. They are available in grey and tan. The same company manufactures something called a "muff-cuff" which may sound silly, but is really pretty practical. It slides over your overcoat sleeve and has little pockets inside the outer end where you can put your thumb and fingers. This invention is designed to gratify the large numbers of men we see about in very cold weather, trying to pull their fists up inside their overcoat sleeves. Ideal for sport spectator wear on chilly days. Iceland papers please copy.

People who are pretty tired of finding nothing in their cocktails except pearl onions, olives and maraschino cherries will be pleased with the new types of cherry. These are all stemmed and come in lime, lemon, rum and orange flavors. They add a good deal to the average Martini (or for that matter almost any cocktail) and are no offense to drinking purists.

The first really efficient home-recording equipment has made its appearance recently. The recorder is designed for the making of instantaneous lateral cut records. It may be used for sound synchronization when taking home movies, or for providing a descriptive dialogue for those already made. Numerous schools are using them for music, acting, correct speech and foreign languages. They also make a swell portable public address system.

HAIR GOING?

Help your scalp replace excessive Falling Hair by persistent use of Glover's Mange Medicine. It has helped millions of men and women. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Sold at all druggist's. Or have your Barber give you Glover's regularly.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

SLUMP

Safeguard your capital, protect your profits by reading this best seller **BEFORE** the next crisis.

Investment for Appreciation

Tells how to trade the market successfully in the short-run, how to detect a coming slump. By Major L. L. B. Angas, internationally known investment consultant. Author of "The Coming American Boom". Price $5. Descriptive folder free.

Somerset Publishing Co.
461 8th Ave., New York

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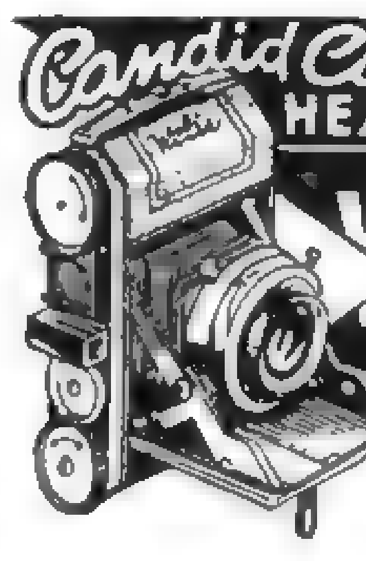

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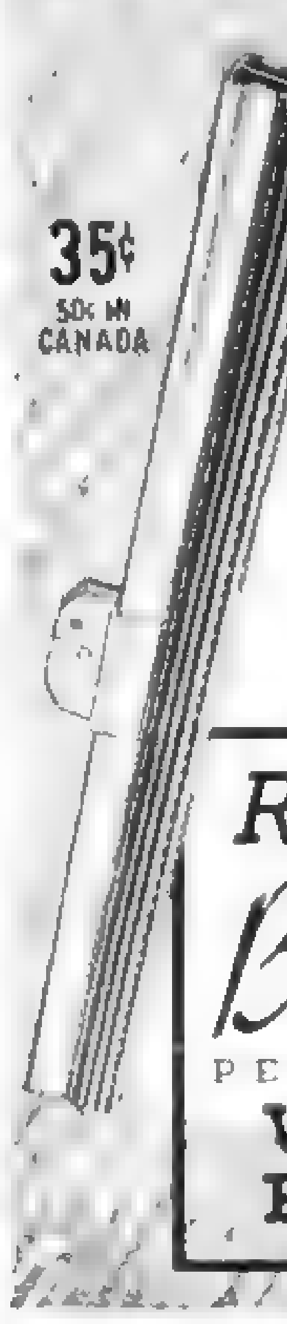
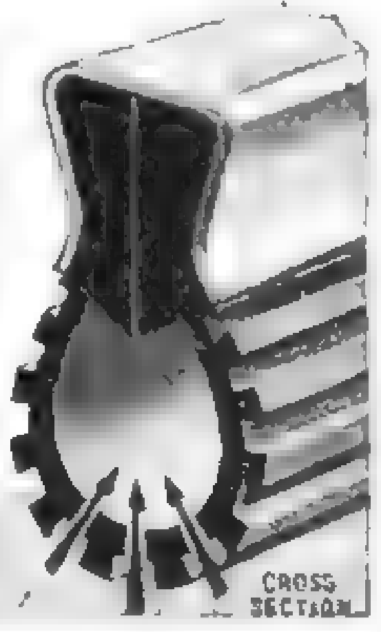
ACTUALLY WIPES *Clean!*



35¢
50¢ IN CANADA

The Rex-Hide blade is a hollow, perforated tube of soft rubber, in a shaft of Stainless Steel. As the blade sweeps across the windshield, water is forced through the holes, constantly cleaning the wiping ribs. The balloon shape permits the ribs to hug even a warped glass and wipe it dry. See your dealer or write us and send his name. Rex-Hide, Inc., East Brady, Pa.

REX-HIDE
Balloon
PERFORATED
WIPER
BLADE



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SOLID COMFORT

"There's Sure a Heap o' Livin' in a Pullman Car . . ."

Writes **EDGAR A. GUEST,** *Beloved American Poet*

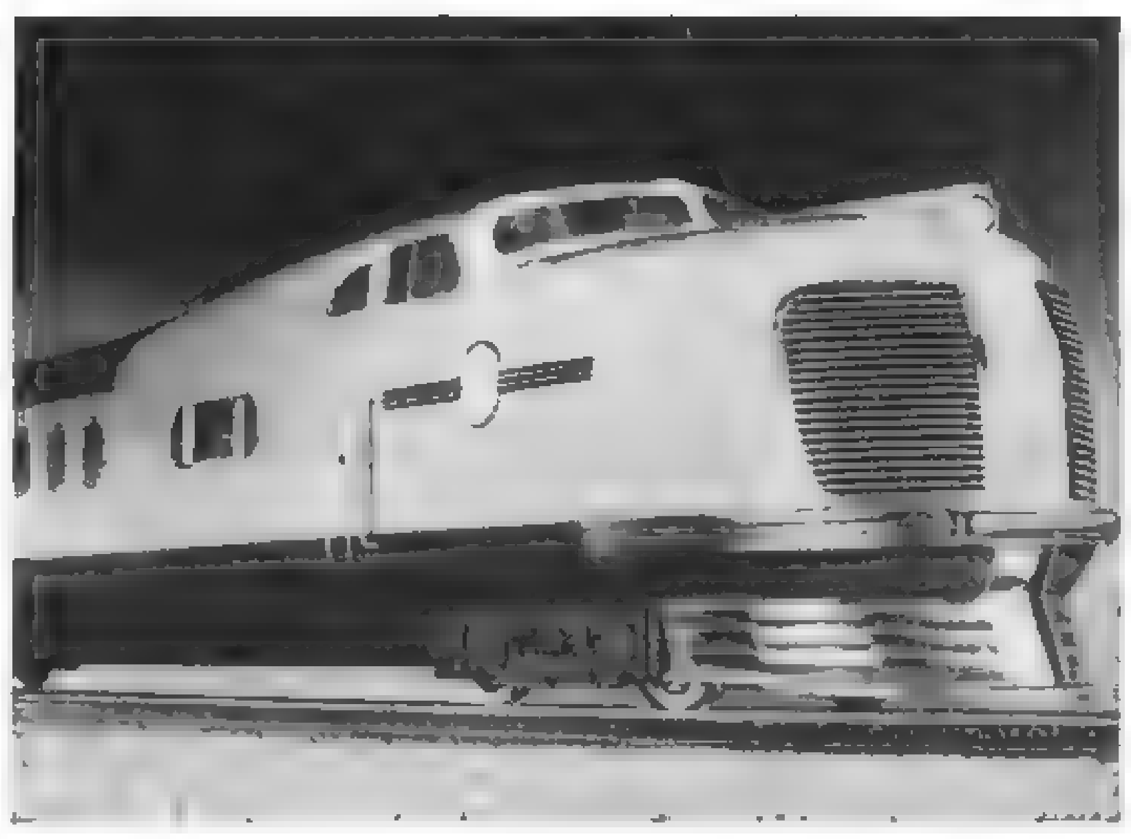
"I reckon that in the last five years alone my Pullman travel equals five trips around the world, with enough left over for a round trip to Honolulu. I like to travel by Pullman because it's the friendly way, the comfortable way, to travel. And, what's mighty important, there's that blissful sense of security. You bet, I prefer Pullman!"

Edgar A. Guest

Mr. Guest writes as he rides

Easy to Travel with Children

"The kindly service one receives, and the comfort and convenience of traveling with children in a Pullman car is a delight no mother should deny herself," says Mrs. C. W. Staufenberg, club woman and civic leader, Glen Ellyn, Ill. "The reasonable cost has a strong appeal, also. We always go by Pullman."



PULLMAN FIRST AGAIN

Always alert and progressive in improving its service and equipment for the welfare of its passengers, Pullman installed the first air conditioning equipment in a railway car, the biggest single step forward in the history of travel comfort. Pullman was first to develop and build a light-weight, high-speed, streamline train. The scientific tilt of the Pullman seat, the construction of mattresses for restful sleep—these and many other improvements exemplify the advancement of Pullman travel comfort into every corner of the modern Pullman car.

• • •

European Travel Never Like This. Isabelle Allen, singing star of the Opéra Comique says: "My opera and concert work has taken me to many European countries, but I have never met the equal of Pullman standards in comfort, convenience and efficient service. Pullman travel is unique."

Two nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year, Edgar A. Guest winds his watch, sets out his shoes to be shined, and rolls gratefully into bed with a "blissful sense of security"—in his air-conditioned "bedroom on wheels." He travels Pullman—Detroit to Chicago—for his weekly radio engagement. And he likes it!

The exhilarating, self-renewing comfort of Pullman travel is not an accidental thing. Pullman enlists every aid of science and engineering to bring it about, to re-construct, in railway travel, the comfort and convenience you enjoy at home . . . plus safety to passengers unequalled by any other form of scheduled transportation in the world. There was not a single fatality among Pullman passengers or employes in the 17 billion Pullman passenger miles traveled in 1935 and 1936.

Pullman travel has been substantially reduced in cost. You will find yourself able to adopt it—as so many others have—as *your* way of traveling, your means of getting from place to place in air-conditioned comfort and absolute safety. On your next trip, go the safest way!

Your ticket agent will be glad to give you complete information and the reasonable cost of all types of Pullman accommodations, from the upper and lower berths to the spacious compartments and drawing rooms. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT —THE SAFE WAY TO GO—AND THE SURE WAY TO GET THERE

"YES . . . if you'll wear a hat this time!"
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE LEE WATER-BLOC*

No other hat like it

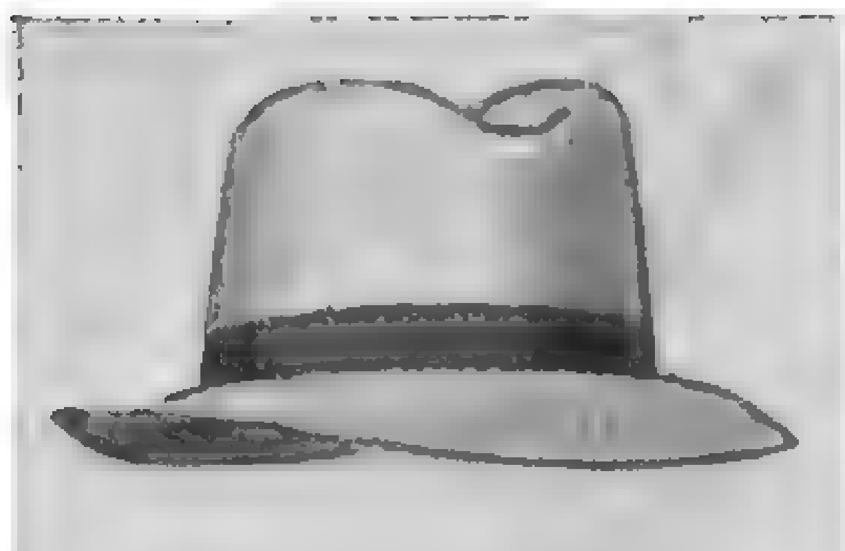
LEE
WATER—BLOC

Buy the hat that's rollable, foldable and super-serviceable . . . the only one whose style and good looks are *water-bloc* in for keeps by the patented LEE WATER-BLOC* PROCESS.

Imagine a hat actually improving with wear! That's because fine, long-cut hare's fur and cut coney are used in a WATER-BLOC; each hat is stretched by special process and blocked on a special machine, then finished by hand. It takes three times longer to make a hat by the WATER-BLOC PROCESS than by ordinary methods!

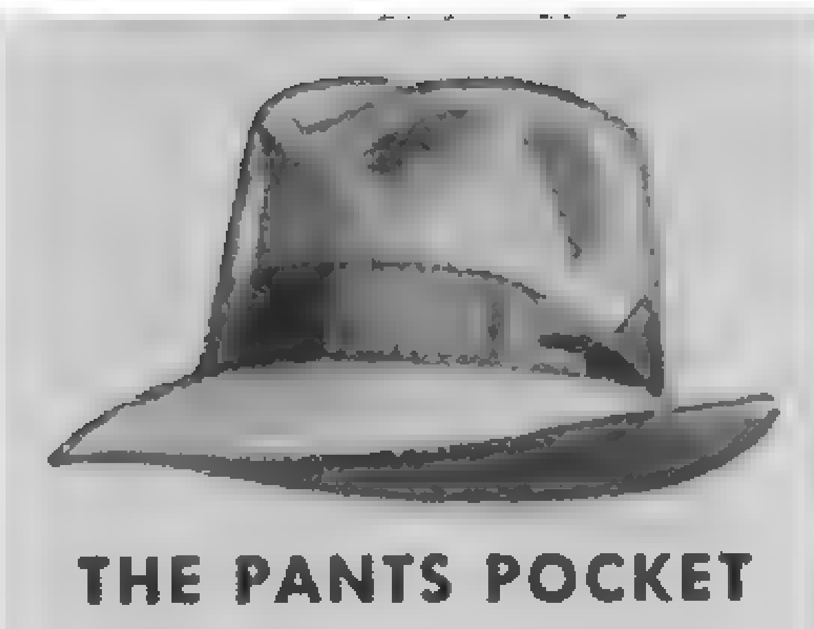
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING $5 HAT"



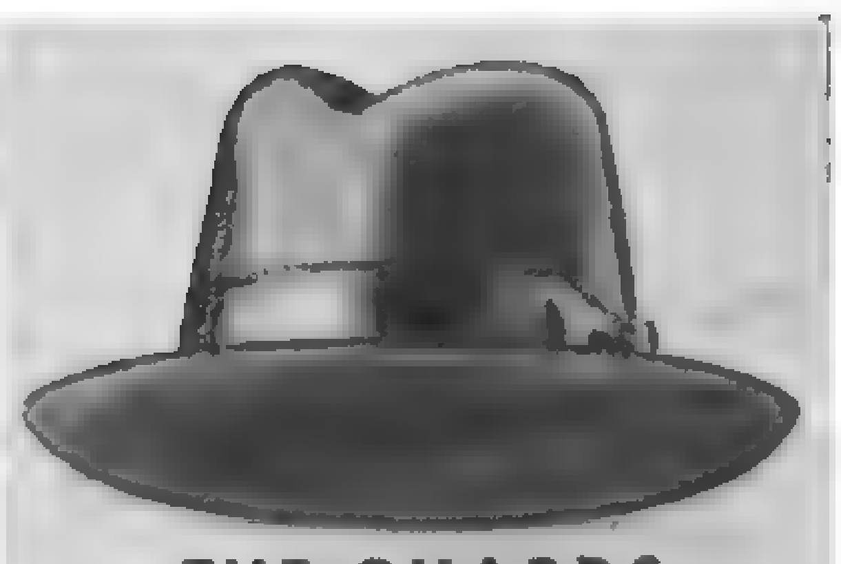
THE CASCADE

... a 2 ounce Water-Bloc with Lee Cushion Leather...$5.00



THE PANTS POCKET

...lightest of lightweights... Lee Cushion Leather...$7.00



THE GUARDS

...hand felted edge...Lee Cushion Leather.....$5.00

WHERE TO BUY

ALABAMA

Capitol Clo. Store, Montgomery
Erlick, Sam & Son, Bessemer
Gilbert's Men's Shop, Montevallo
Johnson, Calloway & Mahoney, Huntsville
Levystein, I. & Son, Montgomery
Loveman, Joseph, & Loeb, Birmingham
Montgomery Fair, Montgomery
Speake, Warren & Ratliff, Decatur
Winn's Dept. Store, Scottsboro
Wright's Hats Inc., Birmingham

ARIZONA

McDougall & Cassou, Phoenix
Meredith & Wimberly, Douglas
Sachs-Parker, Tucson

ARKANSAS

Star Clo. House, El Dorado

CALIFORNIA

Bibbero, Sam, Chico
Brand's, Hollywood
Bravo & McKeegan, Stockton
Caplan, Jack, Monrovia
Capwell, The H. C., Co., Oakland
Coffee, Harry Inc., Fresno & Bakersfield
Columbia, Long Beach
Columbia, Los Angeles
Cunningham, Larry, Oakland
Cunningham's, Long Beach
Dozier & Leiter, "The Toggery," Modesto
Eastern Outfitting Co., Sacramento
Elkus, Albert, Sacramento
Emporium, The, San Francisco
Evans, John P., Pomona
Fowler, Fred C., Redlands
Harris & Frank, Los Angeles
Harris Co., The, San Bernardino
Hotaling, H. W., & Co., Pasadena
Hurwitz, Sam, Santa Ana
James & Son, Madera
Kovar Men's Shop, Alhambra
Leddy's, Pasadena
Mather & Stewart, Marysville
McCauley's, Oakland
McGrath & Olson, Riverside
Morgan-Green, Westwood Village
Morris Wardrobe, Huntington Park
Mullen & Bluett, Los Angeles
Rhodes, Palo Alto
Stahl Bros., Brawley
Tarr Clo. Co., Hanford
Vargaus, Frank, San Jose
Wallace & Wallace, Berkeley
White House, The, San Francisco
Zirker's, Merced

COLORADO

Cottrell Clothing Co., Denver
Doveton's, Trinidad
Graham's, Colorado Springs
Man's Shop, The, Grand Junction
May Co., The, Denver

CONNECTICUT

Besse-Richey, New Haven
Fitzgerald & Platt, Waterbury
Hartwell-Brady Co., Danbury
Long's, New Haven
Meigs & Co., Bridgeport
Steiger, Albert, Inc., Hartford

DELAWARE

Mullen, J. T., & Sons, Wilmington
Papperman & Jarrell, Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Fashion Shop, The, Washington
Hecht Co., The, Washington
Kaufman, D. J., Inc., Washington
Vienna Hat Co., Washington

FLORIDA

Alan, David, Inc., Miami
Anthony & Son, West Palm Beach
Maas, The Haberdasher, Tampa
Mote, Otis, Orlando
Rutland Clo. Co., St. Petersburg
Warren, Kent, Co., Jacksonville
White & White, Pensacola

GEORGIA

Chancellor Co., The, Columbus
Hand Trading Co., Pelham
Neal, Jos., Co., Macon
Renick, Frank, Augusta
Zachry's, Atlanta

IDAHO

Baldeck's, Lewiston
Bee Hive, The, Pocatello
Block's, St. Anthony
Cash Bazaar Dept. Store, Boise
Falks Men's Store, Boise
Hosley's, Moscow
Liberty Dept. Store, Rexburg
Rowles-Mac Co., Twin Falls
Wade Bros., Idaho Falls

ILLINOIS—Chicago

Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Hub, The, Henry C. Lytton & Sons
Spalding, A. G. & Bros.
Von Lengerke & Antoine

ILLINOIS

Anderson, Albert, Clo. Co., Rockford
Bailey's, Loganport
Bell's, Ottawa
Carlson, Elvin, De Kalb
De Wenter & Co., Bloomington
Englum, Francis B., Paris
Fell, S., Winnetka
Fitz Gibbon, Geo., S., Moline
Globe Outlet Co., Waukegan
Jim Style Shop, Hillsboro
Landman & Vogt, Danville
Myers Bros., Springfield
Neal Clo. Store, Metropolis
Sessel's, Decatur and Alton

INDIANA

Ball Stores, Inc., Muncie
Call, Clair, Anderson
Geisler's Clo. Shop, Lafayette
Gross, Max, Clo. Co., Kokomo
Koenig & Maier, Evansville
Kohm Clo. Co., Bloomington
Lindsay, E. E., Co., Columbus
Patterson Fletcher Co., Ft. Wayne
Peterson's Clo. Co., Decatur
Wissel's, Huntington

IOWA

Andy Ley Clothiers, Carroll
Armstrong Clo. Co., Cedar Rapids
Biggar, The, Co., Corning
Bond Clo. Co., Newtown
Brown, Chas. A., Ft. Dodge
Cavanagh, P. J., Co., Clinton
Collings, Ralph, Indianola
De Lorbe's, Waterloo
Douglass Clo. Co., Storm Lake
Fesler Clo. Co., Lohrville
Foley Clo. Co., Rockwell City
Frankel Clo. Co., Des Moines
Fuhrman Triller Co., Dubuque
Fuller-Taylor Clo. Co., Bedford
Gildner-Donsker, Co., Osage
Goldberg, A. W. Store, Shenandoah
Grayson's, Sioux City
Grimm's, Iowa City
Grogans Clo. Co., Corydon
Harvey Bros., Logan
Hub Clothiers, Algona
Jameson, W. H., Ames
Krepps Clo. Co., Maquoketa
Lane Clo. Co., Humboldt
Larson Clo. Co., Forest City
Leuthold & Hinkley, Eagle Grove
Meerdink Clo. Co., Muscatine
Men's Shop, The, Charlton
Metcalf's Inc., Atlantic
Moore Clo. Co., (Weatherwax) Sioux City
Mulrooney, Robert, Emmettsburg
Nutter's, Sac City
Paulk & Hansen, Harlan
Preston, V. G., Co., Grinnell
Raymond's, Sioux City
Rea Clo. Co., Boone
Riepe-Peterson Clo. Co., Burlington
Sunstrum's, Oskaloosa

KANSAS

Banker, L., Merc. Co., Russell
Falter, Geo. H., Atchison
George, The Tailor, Arkansas City
Knorr-Kuhl Clo. Co., Wichita
Leader Clo. Co., Topeka
Strasburger's, Coffeyville

KENTUCKY

Barton, R. H., Mayfield
Eilerman & Sons, Covington and Newport
Frank, Geo., & Co., Maysville
Gover, M. L., Somerset
Holt's, Sturgis
Madden's Men's Shop, Lebanon
Price & Co., Paris
Rodes Rapier Co., Louisville
Sledd, W. I., Murray
Stainfer's, Richmond
Stanfield, Louisville

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge & Co., Baton Rouge
Bert's, Lake Charles
Conrad's Toggery Shoppe, De Ridder
Labiche, Albert V., New Orleans
Varsity Shop, The, Baton Rouge

MARYLAND

Hecht Bros., Baltimore
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore
Leed's, Baltimore
Meyer & Fox, Baltimore
Musey & Evans, Hagerstown
Ryland, Howard W., Centerville
Schwarzenbach & Son, Cumberland

MASSACHUSETTS

Bolter Co., Cambridge
Continental, The, Boston
De Luxe Hat Mfg. Co., Allston
Denholm & McKay Co., Worcester
Kelly, Geo. I., Waltham
Lenehan's, Brockton
Quincy, Talbot, Quincy
Star Store, New Bedford

MICHIGAN

Baumgartner Clo. Co., Detroit
Bird, S. L., & Sons, Detroit
Davison, A. M., Co., Flint
Ensworth & Carroll, Owosso
Fletcher, Dave, Cold Water
Frank & Sedar, Detroit
Kay Hat Shop, Grand Rapids
Miller, E. J., Bay City
Miller Hale Co., Kalamazoo
Nelson Men's Shop, Grand Rapids
Oppenheim's, Inc., Jackson
Paul's Men's Shop, Detroit
Regner & Graef, Detroit
Wagner's, Ann Arbor

MINNESOTA

Anderson, O. E., Cannon Falls
Aune & Thune, Inc., Redwood Falls
Berquist-Kirby, Inc., Duluth
Carpenter's, Red Wing
Clarke & Klein, St. James
C.O.D. Clo. House, Crookston
Conley Clo. Co., Springfield
Dayton Co., The, Minneapolis
Donaldson's Men's Shop, Minneapolis
Haberdashery, The, Cloquet
Iverson & Lee, Fergus Falls
Juster Bros., Minneapolis
Kulstad Bros., Farmington
Laivell, P. A., Chatfield
Lasker's, St. Paul Store, Fairmont
Leuthold-Peterson Co., Austin
Lucking, B. A., Perham
Meyer Co., Inc., Hastings
Morterud-Koneczny, Duluth
Nash Clo. Co., Winona
New Clothes Store, St. Cloud
Sachs Bros., Hibbing
Standard Clo. House, Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

Fountain, W. T., Inc., Greenwood
Gully's Men's Store, Brookhaven
Hinds Bros., Tupelo
Steven's, Inc., Jackson
Wilson, Lewis, Jackson
Yolles & Schneider, Winona

MISSOURI

Duval & Reed, Moberly
Globe Clo. Store, Caruthersville
Guerdan Hat Co., St. Louis
Hagan Clo. Co., Mexico
Harbin Bros., Independence
Knoepkers, Independence
Lasley, C. H., Shelbina
Milens, M. G., & Sons, Kansas City
Miller's Toggery, Poplar Bluff
Milton's Men's Store, Carthage
Montgomery Clo. Co., Maryville
Schneider's, Jefferson City
Stier Clo. Co., Lexington
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Walters Clo. Co., Garden City

MONTANA

Fad, The, Lewiston
Farmer Bros., Billing
Hat Box, The, Butte
Ray Holloway, Bozeman
Hub, The, Andrew Thisted & Sons, Great Falls
Leberman Tailoring Co., Helena
Lucke, Lou, Havre
McCracken Bros., Dillon
McIntire's, Polson
Missoula Merc. Co., Missoula
Paris, The, Great Falls
Regal Clo. Co., Hamilton
Robbin & Robbin, Kalispell
Strain Bros., Great Falls
Wold's, Laurel

NEBRASKA

Ayers, Earl, Lexington
Brach's, Hastings
David Clo. Co., Scottsbluff
Davidson-Hanson, Inc., Lincoln
Dudick, F. E., & Sons, Schuyler
Falter, Geo. H., Falls City
Greenlee's, Sidney
Groetzinger's, Style Shop, Fremont
Hutchinson's, A. T., Co., Norfolk
Lykke, Clo. Co., Grand Island
Tillma & Anderl, David City
Y.-G. Inc., Chadron

NEVADA

Paterson's, Reno

NEW JERSEY

Alexander's Men's Shop, Perth Amboy
Altman, B., & Co., East Orange
Bacon, Wilbert, M., Co., Bridgetown
Collyer, & Co., Newark
Federal Haberdashery, Co., Camden
Harrolds, Harry & Co., Trenton
Wallach's, Newark

NEW MEXICO

Spitzmesser's, Albuquerque
White House, The, Las Cruces

NEW YORK—Manhattan

Ackerman, C. W.
Altman, B., & Co.
Bilk's
Ben Brooker
Carlton Men's Wear
Conrey Hatters
Gimbel Bros.
Grenatti
Howard Hats
Kaiser, Wm.
Kelly, Fred
Kronfeld, Phil
Lane & Nichols
Ludwig Baumann Men's Shop
Simon, Franklin, & Co.
Wallach's
Zablo

NEW YORK

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
Altman, B., & Co., White Plains
Benjamin's, Inc., New Rochelle
Boyd, Paul, Ltd., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Darby Hats, Brooklyn
Dowd Leo Co., Auburn
E. & W. Clo. Shop, Corning
Epstein, Ben, Brooklyn
Friedman, Louis, Brooklyn
Hudson, J. L., Buffalo
Jo-Dan Coney Island, Brooklyn
Jones, John A., Jamestown
Kleinhan's Co., Buffalo
Lewis, Irv., Ithaca
Loeser, Frederick, & Co., Brooklyn
Loughlin Clo. Co., Fort Edward
McManus-Riley, Albany
McNerney's, Binghamton
Murphy's, Elmira
Murray's Men's Wear, Port Chester
Nagle, Edward H., Cohoes
National, The, Rochester
Parkoff, Ben, Brooklyn
Printz Co., The, Jamestown
Rudd, Rome
Sayers, H., Albion
Shannon's Clo. Shop, Seneca Falls
Sisson, B. F., Syracuse
Stoddard, Fulton
Stone's Clo. Shop, White Plains
Sturm Bros., Ithaca
Waldman's Men's Wear, Brooklyn
Wallach's, Brooklyn
Wallach's, Flushing
Wallach's, Jamaica
Wicks & Greenman, Utica

NORTH CAROLINA

Allen Clo. Store, Albermarle
Ammons & King, Raleigh
Belk-Leggett, Rocky Mount
Cress & Sons, Salisbury
Epstein, E., Rocky Mount
Hines Bagby Co., Winston-Salem
Mellon, Ed., Co., Charlotte
Miller Bishop, Durham
V. M. Moore Co., Asheville
Prince-Waddell Co., Charlotte
Roy's, Asheville
Silver, H. H., High Point
Vogue, The, Winston-Salem
Wade Clo. Co., Wadesboro
Wright Clo. Co., High Point
Young Men's Shop, The, Gastonia
Younts & DeBoe Co., Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Esquire, (The Shop for Men), Fargo
Havig, H. M., Grand Forks

OHIO

Baer Hats, Cleveland
Bailey Co., The, Cleveland
Baker, B. R., Co., Cleveland
Baker, B. R., Co., Toledo
Bragg's, Jackson
Bramson's, Dayton
Brown's Hat Shop, Cleveland
Burkhardt Bros. Co., Cincinnati
Davis, W. B., Co., Cleveland
Glick, Harry, J., Cleveland
Haskins Tanner Co., Gallipolis
Hatterie, The, Akron
Herman, George, Newark
Higbee Co., The, Cleveland
Korn Hats, Columbus
Lazarus, F. R., Co., Columbus
Mayer's, Ballaire
Miller Clo. Co., Martin Ferry
Nat's Natty Shop, Lorain
Otto Bros., Marietta
Printz Co., The, Youngstown
Selbough, Hugh, Lancaster
Stephens Shop, The, Portsmouth
Taylor, Wm., Son & Co., Cleveland
Vogue Shop, The, Columbus
Walker's, Akron
Walker's, Canton
Walker's, Columbus
Walker's, Dayton
Wren, Edward, Co., Springfield
Yale Clo. Shop, Cleveland
Zucker's, Cleveland

OKLAHOMA

Fair Store, The, Duncan
Herzberg Men's Store, Enid
May Bros., Oklahoma City
Moreland Dept. Store, Ada
Siegel, Ben, Durant
Tag Men's Store, Guthrie

OREGON

Bishop Woolen Mills Store, Salem
Blain Clo. Co., Albany
Eastern Outfitting Co., Portland
Le Gard & Adams, Silverton
Lowenson, Geo., & Son, Inc., Portland
Golden Rule Corp., The, Grants Pass
Meier & Frank, Portland
Olds, Wortman & King, Portland
Pacific Outfitting Co., Portland
Richards, Joe, Men's Store, Eugene
Robinson Detlor, Portland
Stanley's Clo. Shop, Portland
Sugarman, K., Klamath Falls
Toggery, The, Medford

PENNSYLVANIA

Barr Known Men's Wear, Philadelphia
Boggs & Buhl, Pittsburgh
Canty, Tom, Co., Altoona
Direct Hat Shop, York
Doutrich's, Harrisburg
Doutrich's, Pottsville
Famous, The, McKeesport
Frank & Sedar, Pittsburgh
Fry & Forker, Norristown
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia
Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh
Gordon's Inc., Pittsburgh
Green & Young, Butler
Heinecke, Chas., R., Philadelphia
Honigs, Isaac, Sons, Hazleton
Hub, The, Lebanon
Hub, The, Wilkes-Barre
Kuhns, Johnson, Greensburg
Levy, Julius, Uniontown
Lit Bros., Philadelphia
Maguire, Walter, Philipsburg
McCreery & Co., Pittsburgh
Men's Shop, The, Royersford
Milne, John A., Philadelphia
Miller, Mose, Donora
Mitten, Paul A., State College
Montgomery's Store, Bellefonte
Moorhead's, Indiana
Oppenheim's, Connellsville
Printz Co., The, Franklin
Printz Co., The, Kane
Printz Co., The, Oil City
Samter Bros., Scranton
Snellenberg, N., Co., Philadelphia
Spear & Co., Pittsburgh
Student Klothes Shop, Sunbury
Wasson, C. M., Philadelphia
Weiss Store, Inc., Stroudsburg
Winter, Co., The, New Castle
Woolf & Reynolds, Johnstown
Zanzinger's, Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND

Bernstein's, Pawtucket
Danbury Hat Mfg. Co., Providence
Shepard's, Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA

Edwards, R. R., Fountain Inn
Geer-Mattison, Belton
Greenwold's, Spartanburg
Hope-Davis Co., Columbia
Jack's Men's Shop, Charleston
Osbourn, J. R., Co., Gaffney
Smith, Albert T., Greenville

SOUTH DAKOTA

Hub, The, (S. B. Jacobs & Son), Deadwood
Nielsen & Cook, Yankton
Osborn Clo. Co., Huron
Weatherwax, F. H., Co., Sioux City

TENNESSEE

Blakeley-Mitchel, Bristol, Va.-Tenn.
Bry Block Merc. Corp., Memphis
Davidson's Clo. Co., Chattanooga
Hereford, J. S., Fayetteville
Frank, Joseph & Sons, Nashville
Lowenstein's, Memphis
Malleme-Hudderton, Nashville
McCall Hughes Clo. Co., Jackson
Priest & Priest, Huntington
Sawyer, Bob, Co., Morristown
Sobels, Kingsport
Stearns-Flynn, Dyersburg

TEXAS

Blackburn Bros., Amarillo
Carter's Men's Wear, Pampa
E. H. & A. Davis, Forth Worth
Dreyfus & Co., Dallas
Eaves, Gary, Lufkin
Hemphill-Wells Co., Lubbock
Heninger & Graves Co., Fort Worth
Hopper & Stanley, Brownwood
Hoyt Bros., San Angelo
Landau, Chas. Colorado
Johnston, Laurence, A., Victoria
Littman, Chas., S., Galveston
Lowich Clothiers, Waco
Martin McDonald Co., Hillsboro
Mellinger's, Big Spring
Mosk Clo. Shop, Houston
Mueller, F. E., San Antonio
Norton's, Inc., Houston
Reed-Caleb, Abilene
Reinken's, Plainview
Samuels, P., Corsicana
Shuddes Southern Hat Co., Houston
Stuckey, J. F., Co., Gladewater
Stuckey, J. F., Co., Long View
White House, Dry Goods Co., Beaumont
Wilson Dry Goods Co., Midland
Wilson, James K., Co., Dallas

UTAH

Hibbs Clo. Co., Salt Lake City
Hub Clo. Co., The, Salt Lake City
Leven's, Logan
Leven's, Ogden
Leven's, Provo
Mullett-Kelly Co., Salt Lake City
Watson-Tanner Co., Ogden
Zion Co-op. Merc. Inst., Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Union Clo. Co., Barre
Wilson Clo. Co., Rutland

VIRGINIA

Airheart-Kirk Clo. Co., Roanoke
Baker, C. C., Norfolk
Baldwin Men's Shop, Farmville
Collins Inc., Charlottesville
Frazier Callis Co., Williamsburg
Frazier Jordan, Inc., Petersburg
Green & Koegel, Richmond
Hawkins-Taylor Co., Pulaski
Jones, Thos., M., Jr., Alexandria
Kaufman, J. & J., Danville
Levy, I., & Son, Suffolk
Miller-Rhoads, Richmond
Nachman's, Portsmouth
Thalheimer's, Bros., Inc., Richmond
Thomas, Frank, & Co., Inc., Norfolk
Webb-Whitaker, Lynchburg
Young Men's Shop, The, Charlottesville
Young's Men's Shop, Newport News

WASHINGTON

Burnside Hat Shop, Seattle
Eastern Outfitting Co., Seattle
Freeman, Hat, Spokane
Lundquist-Lilly, Seattle
Padden, James J., Vancouver

WEST VIRGINIA

Allen & Hunter, Wheeling
Broh-Plunkitt, Huntington
Dixie Clo. Co., Bluefield
Men's Shop, The, Kingswood
Oppenheimer, Benj., Morgantown
Parsons Souders, Clarksburg
Sharp-Hamilton Co., Fairmont
Stern Bros., Parkersburg
Toggery, The, Shinnston
Wiley, John C., Co., Charleston

WISCONSIN

Anderes, C. W., Co-op Shop, Madison
Exner, Robert H., Ripon
Floan-Leveroos, Inc., Superior
Jeff's Clo. Shop, Waukesha
Jenss, Otto, Appleton
Olson & Veerhusen Co., Madison
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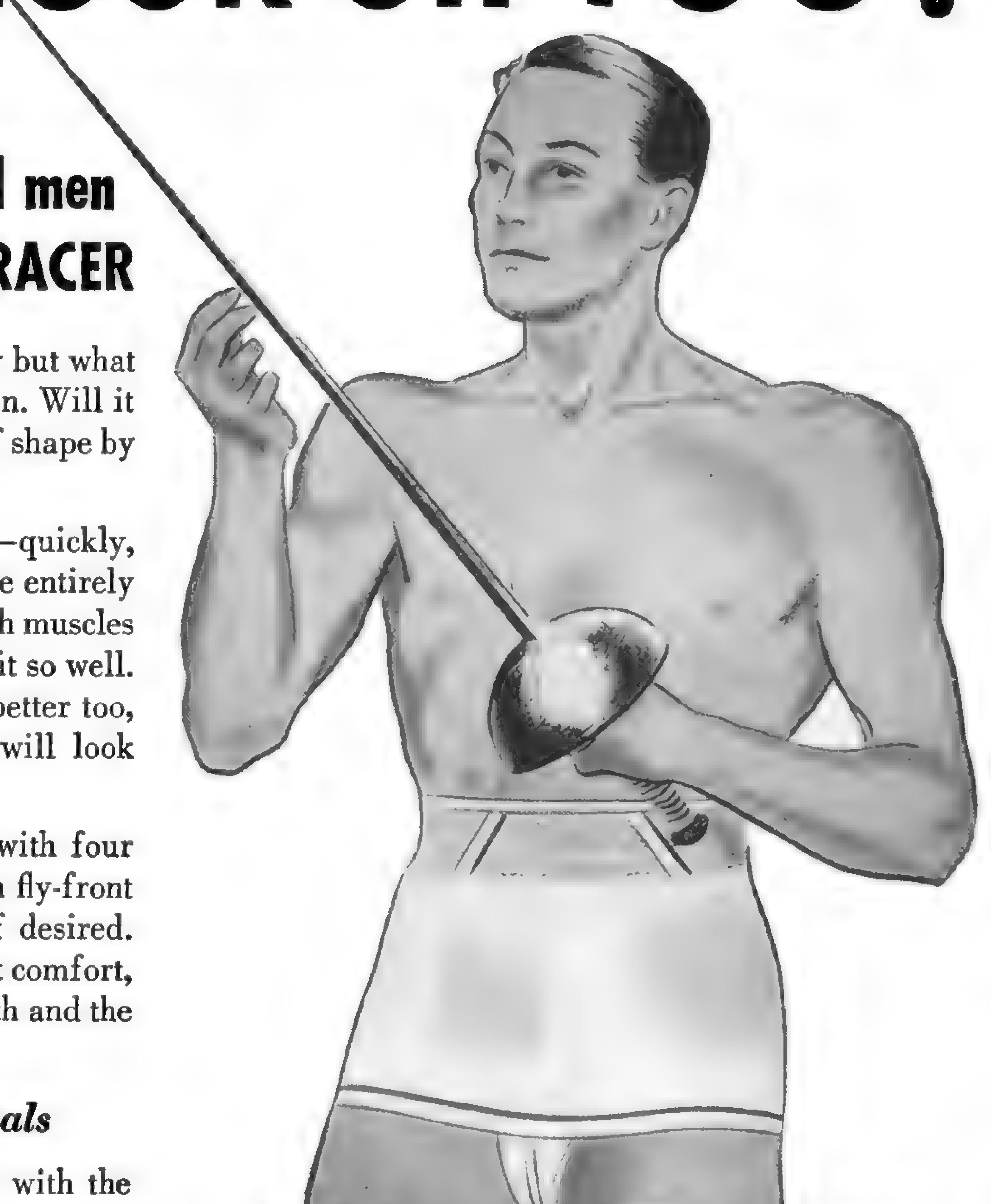

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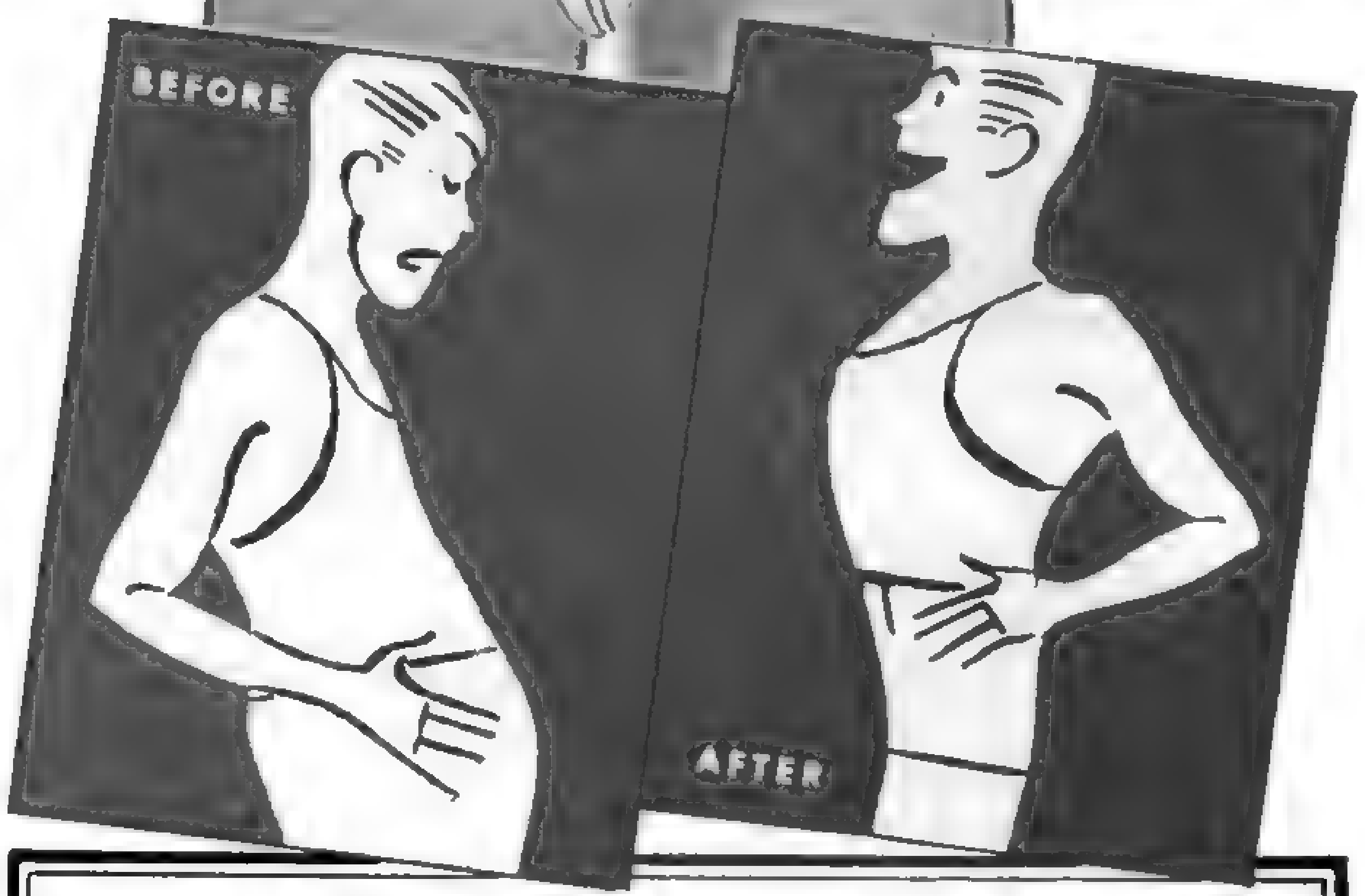

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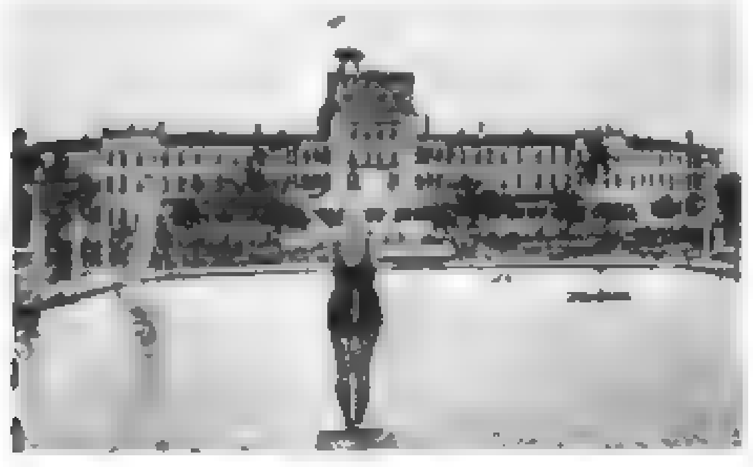

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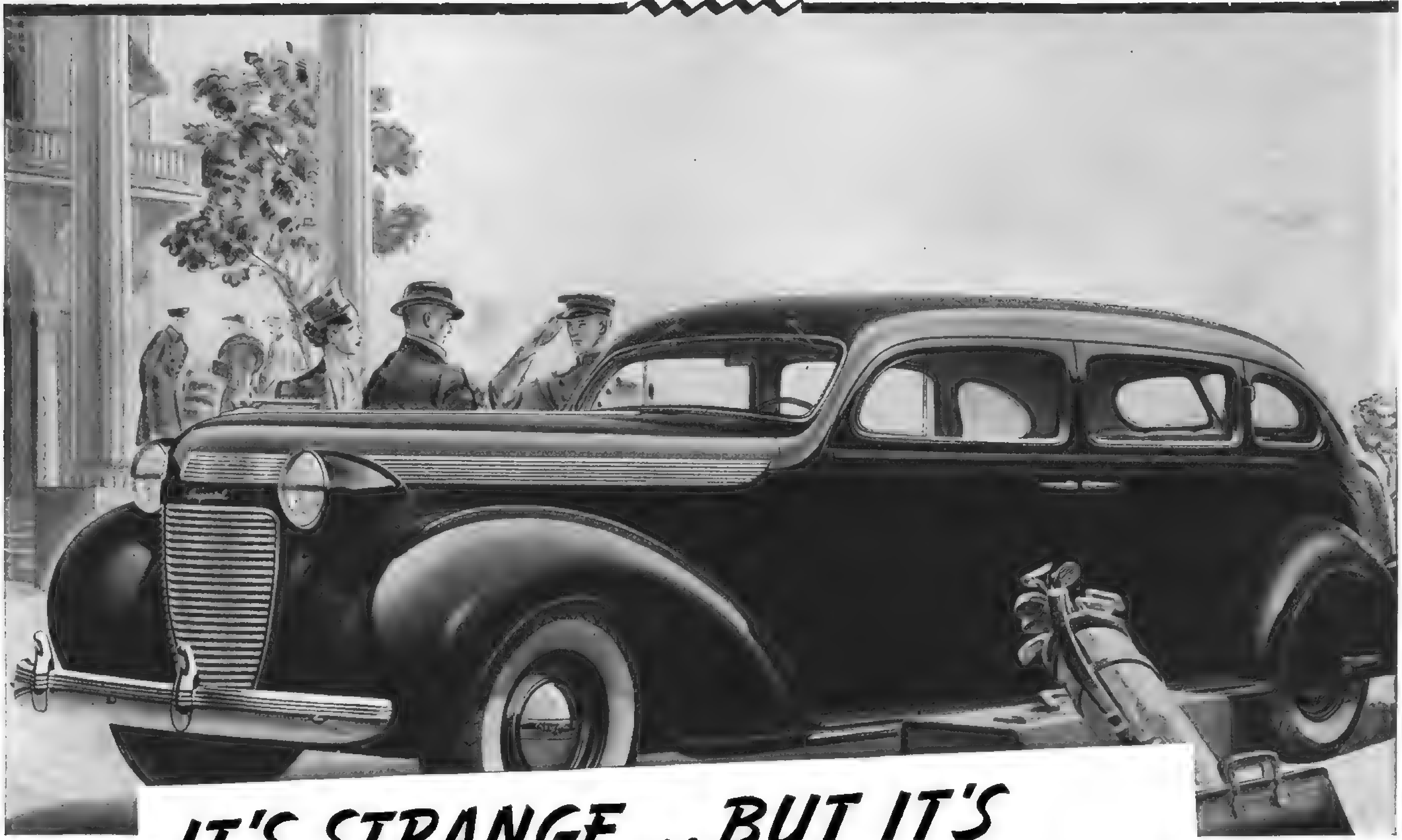

IT'S STRANGE... BUT IT'S TRUE... UNLESS YOU BUY A CHRYSLER!

LET'S ASSUME, for the sake of interesting comparison, that you are selecting a motor car without any regard for price.

ASK YOURSELF THIS! You want quality, of course . . . and size . . . distinction inside and out. But along with these things you certainly want safety.

Do you know that Chrysler is the only American manufacturer that builds a Safety *All-Steel* body for its custom-type cars?

It's a strange truth that while most all cars of low and medium price have the safety of steel bodies today, only from Chrysler can you get a car of 140-inch wheelbase that offers you this protection.

ASK YOURSELF THIS! There's the matter of brakes. You know, of course, that Chrysler pioneered hydraulic brakes. You know that nearly all makers today use them on most of their cars. Yet in the field of out-and-out luxury cars, where you'd think you should find the best of everything . . . you seldom get the protection of hydraulic brakes! Chrysler, of course, uses hydraulic brakes on every car it builds.

In the field of roominess, the Chrysler Custom Imperial will delight you. Those great wide doors . . . the ease of entering or leaving the car. The spacious, flat tonneau floors . . . the great length of the tonneau . . . the luxurious rear seat . . . 52 inches wide. The wheelbase is 140 inches.

You'll recognize the unimpeachable excellence of upholstery and trim . . . the superb quality of every tiny detail.

ASK YOURSELF THIS! Consider the question of value. This beautiful car... with everything you seek in a car of custom luxury... *and features many other costly cars do not have* is really astonishingly moderate in price... $2060 for the 8-passenger sedan delivered in Detroit. In sheer value, it is the most magnificent fine-car "buy" ever offered. See it and ride in it.

Your Chrysler dealer will also show you the famous Chrysler Airflow, the dashing Imperials of smaller size... the much talked-about Chrysler Royal which invades the low-priced field . . . and the brilliant 1937 Plymouths.

NOW... A NEW METHOD OF PRICING! All prices quoted are delivered prices in Detroit, with Federal taxes, bumpers, spare tire and tube, and preparation for delivery included. Any state or local tax must be added. To ascertain price in your city, simply add transportation cost . . . local and state taxes if any. Additional accessories available at prices to be quoted by the dealer.

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Coupe, $810. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $920. Eight other body styles.

☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Coupe, $1030. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1100. Four other body styles.

☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 8-Passenger Sedan, $2060. Sedan Limousine, $2160.

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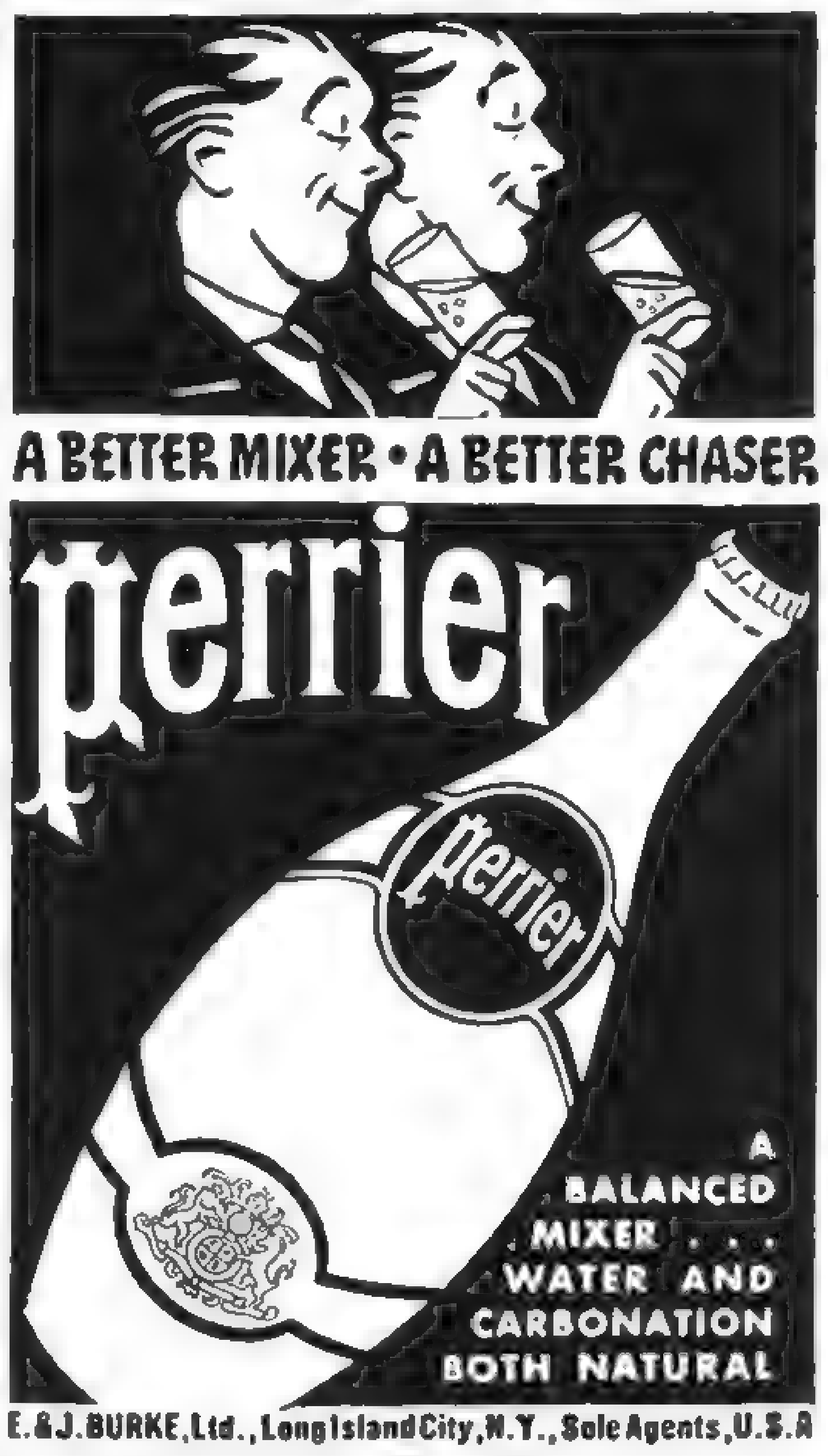
Some of the self-confessed gourmets of the town, Richardson Wright, Andre L. Simon, Henry W. Taft, Bob Davis, Crosby Gaige and the one and only Dr. Charles S. Browne, to mention a few, have themselves a Wine and Food Society which meets now and then to show the yokelry how to dine properly. Your correspondent was fortunate enough to be a guest at one sitting, and will sneak out the minutes of the meeting. To begin with they chose Chez Theodore, one of the best restaurants in town. Next there was Imperial sherry, Grand Vin des Hospices de Beaune Charmes 1929, Mersault; Chateau Mouton Rothschild, 1929; Lanson Pere et Fils, 1926 and Fine Champagne. But—so that you will not become too envious of gourmets, we saw two disciples demand Martinis in lieu of sherry (breaking the first Commandment) and we are afraid a banquet is only a banquet. When you get more than six at table it is almost impossible to prepare and serve a gourmet's dinner, even if you spell it with one n on the menu. As an indigent reporter we knew banquets as those happy moments between pay days when you got at least one good meal and one broken cigar to take back to the city editor. And man and boy we've attended as many as the next. For speech-making and back-thumping, O.K., but for gourmet dining, hardly ever. The food is prepared too far in advance, extra waiters are rushed in off taxicabs, and something is missing. At least for this sour-puss.

The geniuses that run the showmanship of Rockefeller Centre are always a few laps ahead of the crowd. The skating pond, under Prometheus's nose has been one of the highlights of our winter. On many a sunny day, reminiscent of dear old Paris, we sat with our grog and watched the young things sway around, among the midgets home from boarding school. It is the only place like it this side of Paris or Vienna.

Speaking of geniuses Sherman Billingsley has thought up a new trick. Gone are the gardenias for the ladies and out pops a bottle of champagne. We don't know the proportional representation but imagine it is allotted to every fifth party in dinner dress. The Stork, by the way, has improved its band, more strings and less brass which is better for that hall. The Stork is also becoming quite dressy.

Abe Lyman, with one of the best orchestras, remains at the New Yorker Hotel. Connie Boswell does the singing when necessary.... The Restaurant of the Cafe de la Paix, of the St. Mortiz Hotel, Fifty Ninth and Sixth, has proven as popular as the summer terrace, which is a record.

Nine out of ten visiting firemen want to rush to Radio City and see how their notes and cereals come over the air. Such has been the influx that the National Broadcasting Company had to establish a department of guides. These young men have made the original Roxy usher joke look like a military school for midgets under six years. The guides, not only know all there is to know, are handsomer than Gary Cooper, dressed better than a rear-admiral, but usually marry someone in the sight-seeing party. The guides take care of half a million neck-stretchers a year at forty cents a neck; on Labor Day they broke all records with 8,210 curious. If you don't believe all of this see Gordon Mills, the Major General in charge of the stalwarts. But don't ask for tickets to broadcasts; only Senators can supply them.



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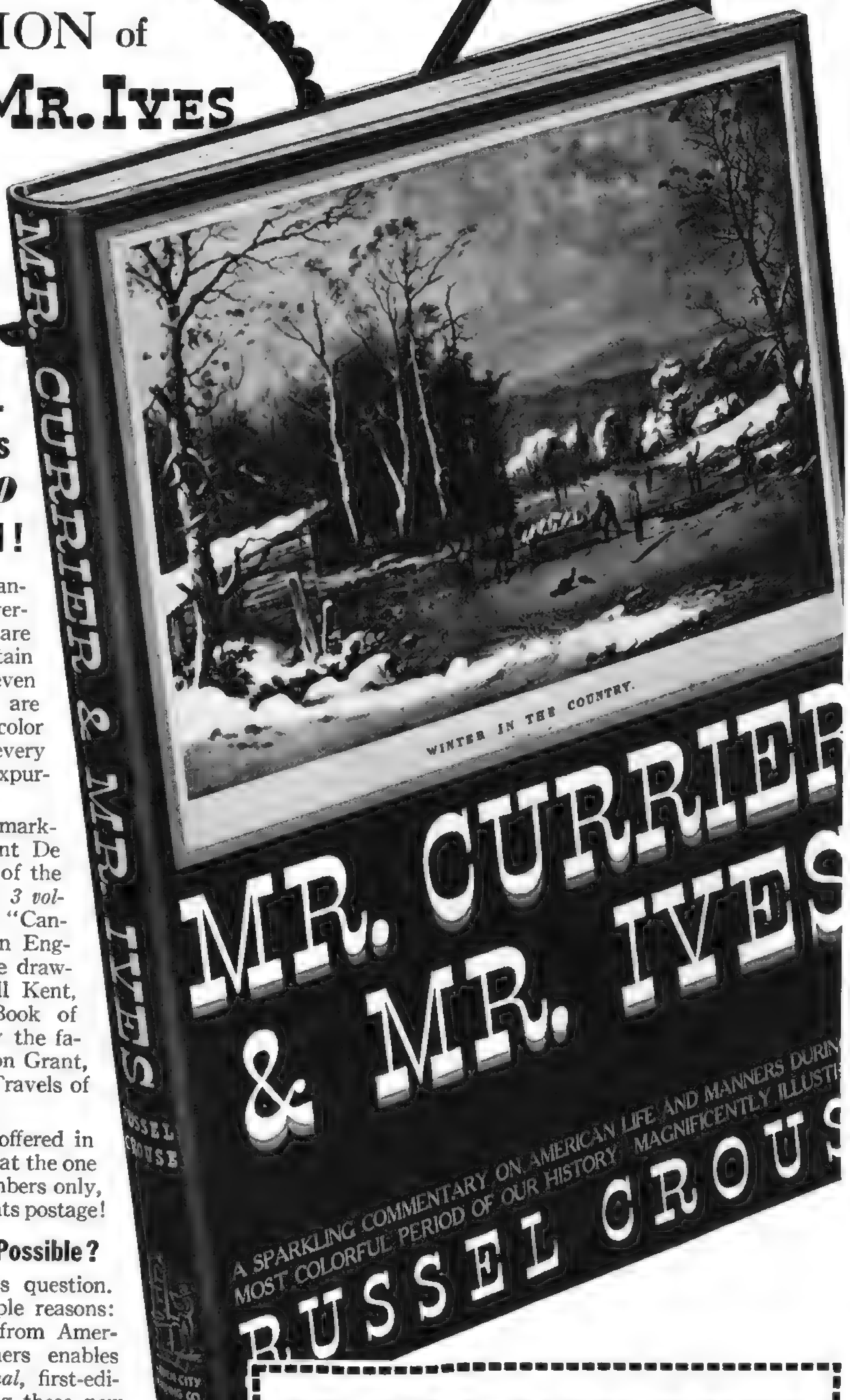

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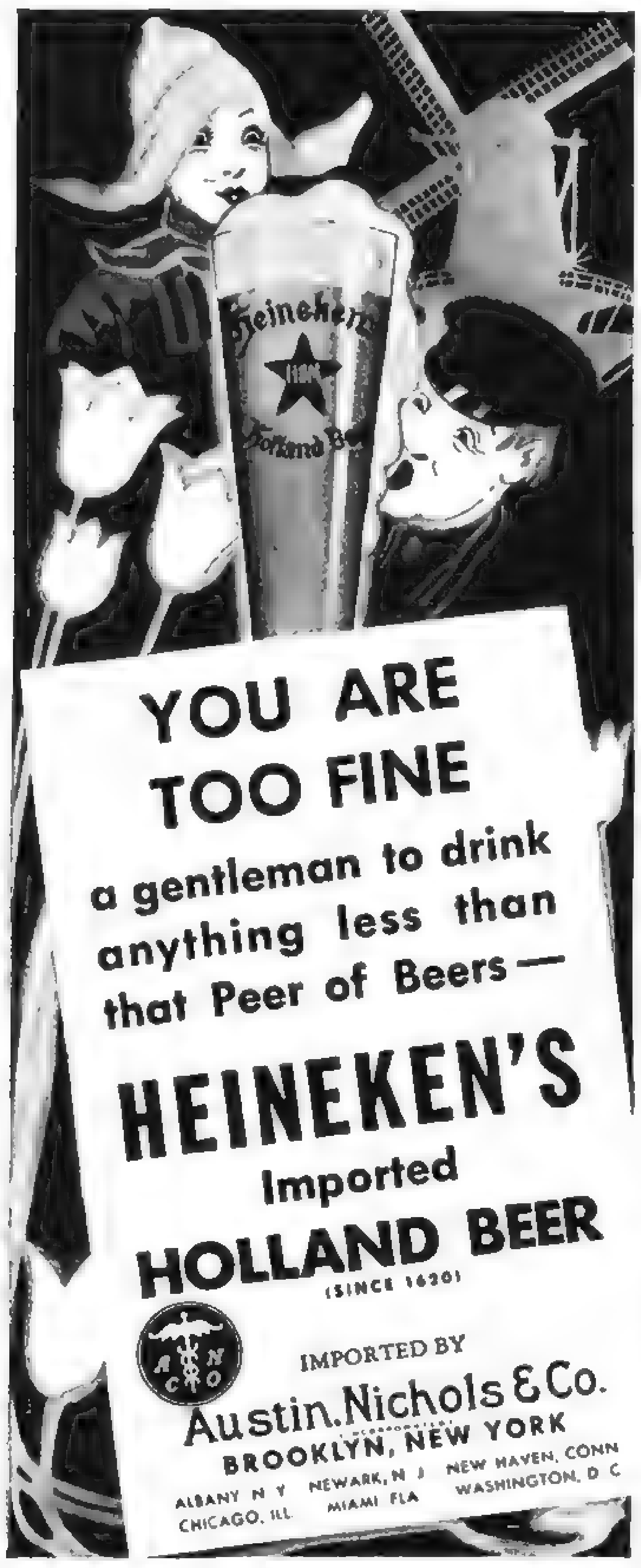

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In our search for decent American wines we found ourselves at Rheims in the Finger Lake district of New York, the one place God evidently decided upon as the spot in this country where champagne grapes would flourish. If you are motoring through, or even if you're not, drop in at the cellars of the Champlin brothers, or their friendly competitors all around, and be cheered by the sight. There in these dusty caverns you will see millions of bottles piled like cord wood or racked for sediment settling, see ancient codgers turning the bottles or "fluttering" them, see the dosage, the corking and best of all, some uncorking. It is a brave experience my hearties, and stirs your American blood. In an era of "processing" and all sorts of get-rich-quick rackets that are the very antithesis of natural wine making it is good to know these honest souls are making wine as God intended and as their forefathers learned from the French in 1860. We made some blindfold tests, sipping up and down the valley and can report at this time that the Great Western sec is better than many a sleazy import. As a matter of fact it ranks well up in the list of the world's champagnes. It has more taste, is fruitier, than French champagne, lacking somewhat the bouquet of the regal vintages but the experimental stations and blenders feel that will come in time. If it hadn't been for that other experiment we might have been on our way now, the expert vintners claim.

Whether it is the fresh sprung green or merely the "bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang" we like to sit and look out from the window of the Sherry-Netherlands Grill. Even after a hundred divers decorators have done their stuff, the Sherry Netherland Grill still remains the handsomest in town. And five ounce cocktail glasses, instead of the usual 3 ounce affairs.

Papa Moneta, who took care of the judges and those dignitaries who did not want to observe a certain amendment forced on the laymen, at his place, 32 Mulberry St., has decided to open a tavern at his country home, near Hempstead, L. I. He might as well, concludes Moneta, as his myriad friends drop in anyway for a seven course snack every Sunday. We also think it a good thing as time and other things have dated the old stand. In these days of chromium and golden mirrors, a new generation cares less for the food than the trappings. Also the food, while superb if from the upper brackets ($5.00 and up for a simple dinner) is not exceptional in the lower ranges. Dozens of places uptown have better food at half the price, Pietro's, the Bat, the Red Devil, to mention a quarter dozen.

If you weren't lucky enough to see Hildegarde when she substituted for Eve Symington in the Sert Room of the Waldorf, you will probably see and hear her in that new contraption, television. For Hildegarde, once the "darling of princes" (vide the press agent) is about the most televised girl about. In a way Hildegarde is sufficient reward for all that time the inventors spent on the thing.

The two gentle sisters with the two gentle cats who for so many years carried the younger thespians on the cuff in their place on West Forty-eighth Street, have moved their English tea room to 161 West 57th Street, opposite Carnegie Hall. The food is the best in town of that sort: home-made, cooked by women and generous portions. As for their desserts there are really too many for comfort.

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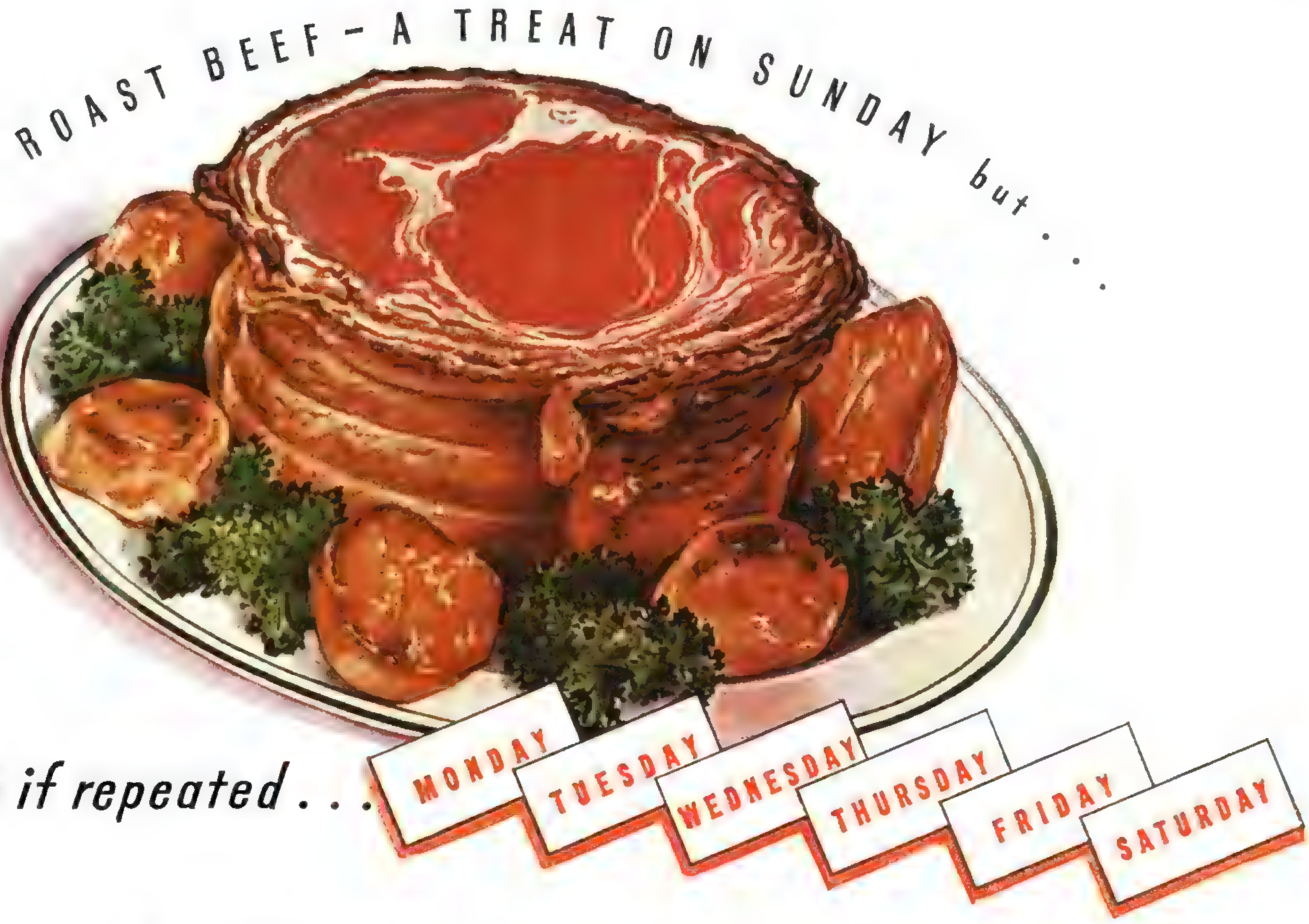

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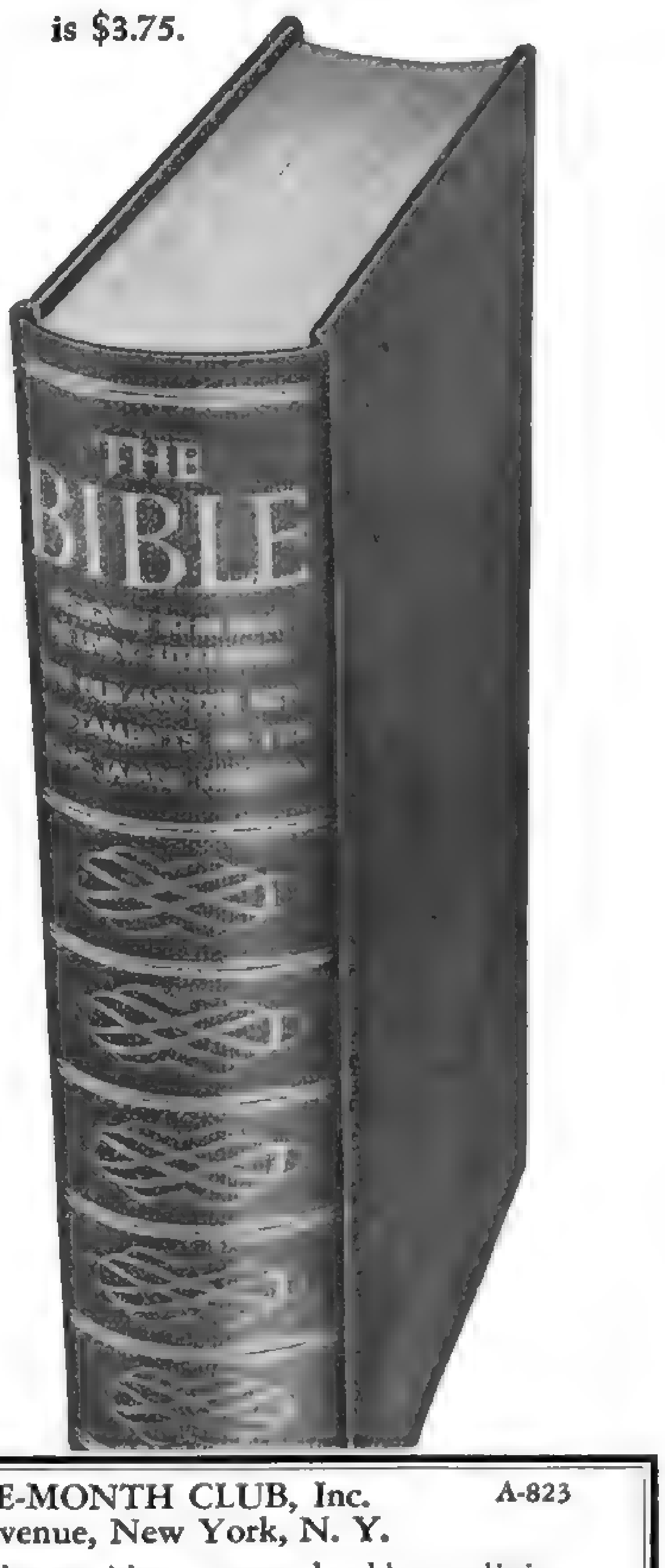

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Continued from page 5

gave the kid $5 a week which he is still mad about. Also about the uncle, of the distant Italian family variety, who promised to put him through college but has not yet fulfilled. Do U want photo."

"Yes. Rush Air Express today."

"Will do. In school liked History and Physiology, failed in 'baffling formulas of English and Arithmetic.' Ran away from home 3 times at age of 9, last time getting as far as the State Insane Asylum in Snake Hills, N. J. Then decided he would be a movie actor and haunted the offices of Fox Film but they didn't see any Shirley Temple in him. Will let him talk to you direct before he goes. Here he is."

"After father died I then mounted the scaffold at 13 with my father's trowel in hand, vowing my family shall live. At 15 I was an expert craftsman. At 17 was foreman on construction of Hotel Lexington, accepted as a master mason although usually one cannot get an apprentice card until 18. Worked on the skyscraping towers of bedlam. Saw death crucifying the heart in overalls and could hear in the screaming rhythm of the job the sad tearless voices of honest men. I read hungrily and felt kin not only to those who expressed themselves but also to those who had no voice."

"This is Meyer again. Donato worked in bowling alleys and sold newspapers in Florida to keep his family alive. After returning here he worked intermittently at his trade, most recently on the Northport Post Office and this last summer in constructing buildings of the Farmingdale Agricultural School. He is a good boxer and an expert back stroke and free style swimmer. Lives on the Sound overlooking the sea. Is crazy about music and when he writes claims that he sees colors and forms and hears notes. He writes only in passion and 'cannot think or put two and two together while writing. I use a word by all my senses and do not figure out whether one word is better to use than another.' He also dreams of things before they happen and says that he dreamed of Esq. sale in two forms three or four days before the event. In one dream he went to the post office and got the news. In the other dream he was sitting with the editors and telling them the message of the building worker. He believes passionately in the blamelessness and goodness of all people and wants to express something like that in his writing. I think he is completely emotionalized and that future work is utterly unpredictable. In any case a terrific fuss about this story might upset him and harm his development especially if we advertise it startlingly."

Meyer Levin is a good and honest critic, who calls them as he sees them, and we are mindful of the warning in his last sentences. But we cannot let the publication of a first story as impressive as *Christ in Concrete* pass without making some gesture of respect to its author's talent, whether or not he ever writes another line. Accordingly we are going to do again what we have not done since *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, and that is issue this story in the form of a small book. While we are at it, we would like to make it a handsome book, and this precludes the possibility of giving it away. But we will do the next best thing, which is to sell it at less than cost. The book will be sent, to anyone who wants it, for twenty-five cents (stamps if you like) to cover the cost of packing and shipping and part of the cost of the book itself.

Pietro di Donato

Joseph Feldman

James H. S. Moynahan

The book will be a book, not a pamphlet. It will be bound and printed in a distinguished format, in type set from the original manuscript. In other words an unexpurgated edition. Let none use that phrase, however, as a springboard to the conclusion that this little book will be a piece of pornography. Nothing could be farther away from that classification than Pietro di Donato's original version of *Christ in Concrete.* But the story as printed in this issue is an edited version. In a general magazine of over six hundred thousand circulation there are some words and expressions that you simply can't print, legitimate though those words and expressions may be (and in this case are) as a means of attaining complete verisimilitude in projecting the setting, the scene and the atmosphere, of a piece of literature.

Now then, read *Christ in Concrete,* the story written out of Pietro di Donato's memories of his father and his own experiences in a life of toil. Read it on page 40 of this issue, if you haven't already read it. And when you have read it, if you share our desire to keep this story in permanent form, you can get a copy of the book by sending a quarter to the Chicago offices of Esquire.

This dual publication is our salute to a new writer. We hope and believe he is a writer of immense promise. And, on this story alone, we consider him, already, a writer of distinguished performance.

•

Robert Meltzer is another Discovery of the Month. He was graduated in May, 1935, from the University of California at Berkeley; he was editor of the *Pelican,* humorous campus publication, during his senior year. One summer he worked his way to the Orient and back and it was from this voyage that he conjured up *The Stowaway's Story,* page 86. Now he's in Taos, New Mexico, "writing, reading and leading a primitive life." The only thing he's sure of is that love can do anything but rhyme with orange.

•

Frederick Wight is a portrait painter and the author of two novels, *South* and *The Chronicles of Aaron Kane,* both published by Farrar and Rhinehart. His *Reunion After Adversity* is on page 60.

Joseph Feldman, who wrote *Man About Town,* page 68, is thirty years old, married and the father of two boys; Wally, six, and Jimmy, three. He's a graduate of New York University, and lives in Pittsburgh where, he says, black is gold. His life, he insists, is quiet, even if his works are not. He's an advertising man.

•

Jack Tooker (*Roping Lions for Fun,* page 63) says that *his* hobby is lion hunting. He has roped and taken alive fifty-two of them—the other two hundred fifty-six he had to kill. For several years he had the awesome title of Predatory Animal Killer for the Grand Canyon National Park. He admits he's considered an authority on wild life.

•

Jon Edgar Webb doesn't consider *The Idiot in Cell 33* (page 73) a great story because he wrote it in a couple of hours. He is thirty years old, has been writing for two years, and has appeared in several of the little magazines, including *Story.* He says: "Edward J. O'Brien has starred all my published stuff and the following writers have taken note of me and are showing an active interest in my awakening genius: Ernest Hemingway, Erskine Caldwell, Manuel Komroff, Whit Burnett, Walter Davenport, Sherwood Anderson, and Arnold Gingrich. Have heard from Saroyan and Vardis Fisher, but not a word yet from B. Shaw. To hell with him." His first novel, *Okay, Warden,* will soon be published by Harcourt, Brace.

•

Irving D. Tressler says that *The First Hundred Years,* page 92, is the result of a 10,000-mile circuit of the U. S. last summer. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin, worked for a Madison newspaper, then on the Washington Bureau of the Minneapolis *Journal,* and eventually became an Associate Editor of the old *Life.* Now he free-lances. After two years of writing brain-teasing statements, he is no longer sure of even the spelling of his own name. He's married and lives in New York City.

Frederick Wight

Irving D. Tressler

Robert Goodman

James H. S. Moynahan has been instructor in saxophone playing to His Highness, Prince Tau of Siam, tap dancer on Broadway, motion picture critic, and book reviewer. Politically he's a radical; socially, a tory. He's enthusiastic about Judo as a sport (*Judo in the Dojo,* p. 54). He says his work has appeared in practically all the detective pulps but so far no motion picture company has been smart enough to snap it up.

•

Robert D. Abrahams usually writes under the pseudonym M. D. Parr, out of deference to his associates in a Philadelphia law firm. In the case of *Pocket History of Milton J. Wurtleburtle,* page 64, they let him remove his false whiskers. He is thirty years old and has published four books—two of verse, one fiction and one law. Not to mention seven unpublished novels. He says: "Upon issuance of one of the books of verse, was cordially invited by a Philadelphia newspaper to leave town, and am probably the only living holder of an official invitation from the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Camden, New Jersey, inviting me not to live in that city. In spite of the above, continue to live in Philadelphia and enjoy it." He is consul to Philadelphia of the Dominican Republic.

•

Maybe you'd like to know about **Irving Walter Phillips**, who writes some of our better cartoon gags. He was born in Wisconsin—just in passing. His father was a preacher and the family didn't stay long in one place. He's seen a lot of what is laughingly known as Life, but he hesitates to talk about all his experiences because no one ever believes him. For instance, his first job, which he held when he was eight years old, was running an ice cream freezer in a small drugstore out in Iowa. It seems they had a burro hitched to the freezer, to turn it around, and it was Irving's duty to hold a carrot just out of the burro's reach. It is especially painful to him when people laugh at this; he's in dead earnest about it. He was an actor for five years, doing stock, tent shows, and Orpheum time vaudeville. He played in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for awhile, doubling for Uncle Tom and Phineas Fletcher. He used to play in a jam band, travelling with a circus. Sometimes he played the peck horn (old style E Flat alto) and then again, the saxophone. He's been with about fifteen different dance orchestras, several of them, his own. Once he tried adagio dancing but his partner, who was a strapping wench, had a way of running up and jumping on him with such enthusiasm that he was covered with bruises. So he gave that up. He taught music for awhile in Chicago, violin, mostly. He learned to be a barber once. He didn't like that so much. He is a jeweler and watchmaker; he used to have his own jewelry shop in Milwaukee. He had an advertising agency too—that was in Chicago. Oh yes, and he's done a lot of free-lance artwork, contributing cartoons and illustrations to about thirty-five magazines. He is married and has a daughter. He met his wife while they were both doing stock. Somebody sent them out to buy a bottle of gin to celebrate a successful box-office, and that's how their romance began. Neither of them care about drinking though. One more thing—he's a printer by trade.

•

We've decided to break down and tell you, piecemeal, about our fashion artists, beginning with the youngest, **Robert Goodman**. He is from Brooklyn, the home of Sydney Franklin and the Dodgers. He feels duty-bound to collect the things he draws, and has, as a result, a bulging wardrobe and dozens of platinum blondes.

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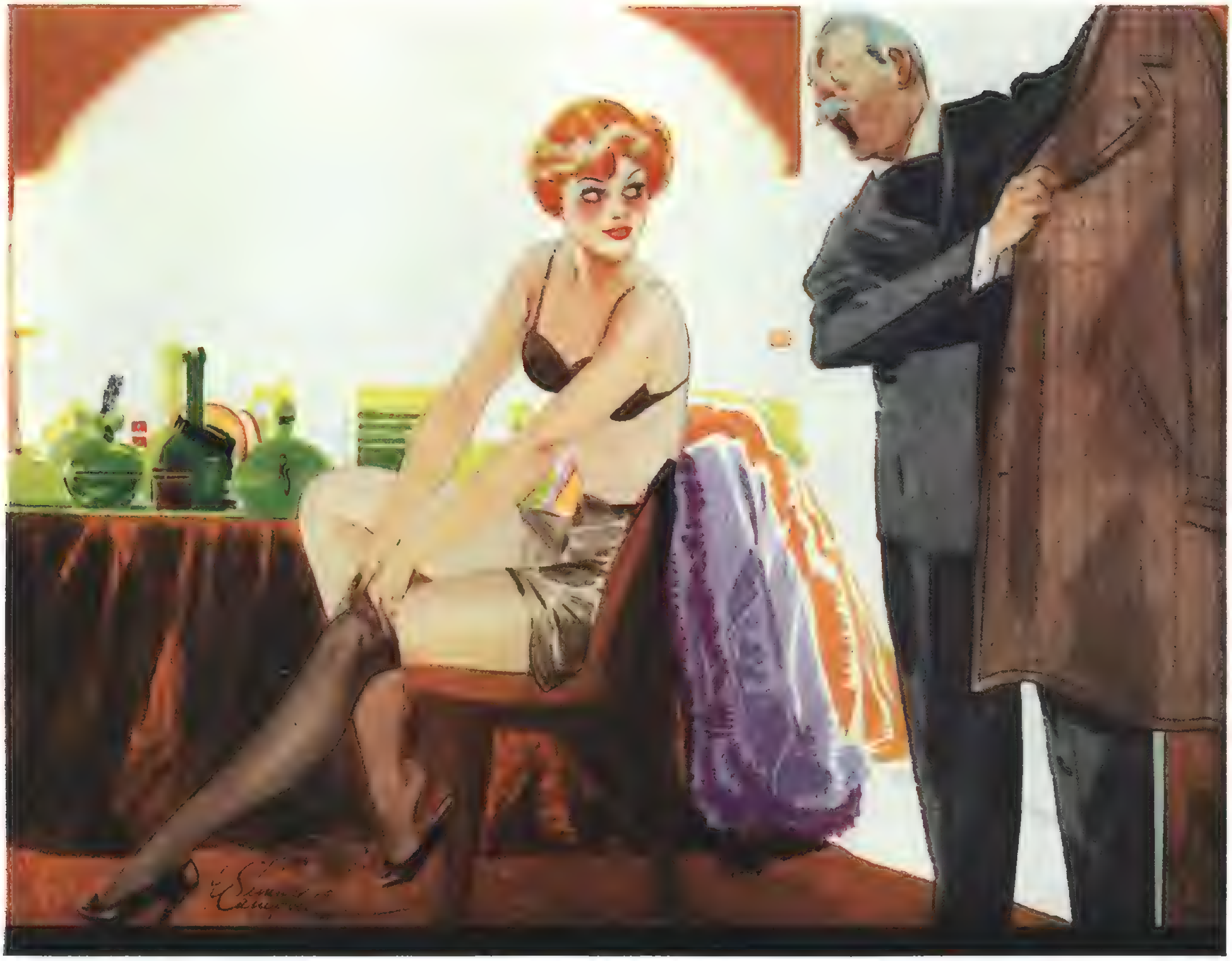


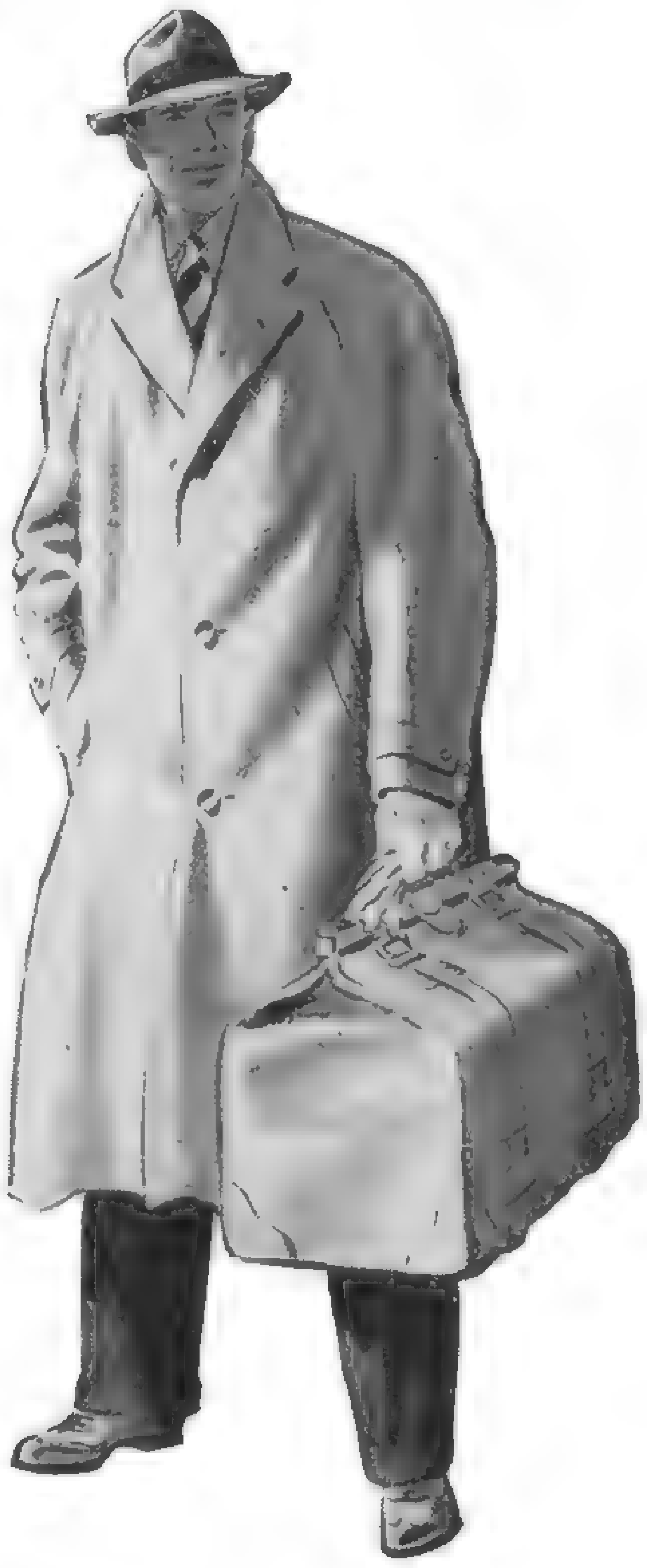
"Which one of the girls you had over for bridge last night left this Hart Schaffner & Marx topcoat?"

IF the colonel's smart he'll say no more about that coat! He'll simply hang it up in his own closet, and keep his mouth shut! After all, opportunities to pick up a new topcoat like this don't happen every day.

But at that, the process of getting good-looking clothes this season isn't a great deal more difficult. Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer already has waiting for you a varied collection of some of the smartest new ideas you've ever seen. And the best part about the whole situation is that their prices once again prove—even in these days of constantly increasing costs—that it really is *inexpensive* to be well-dressed—in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

West End Covert

West End Covert has been increasing in its popularity, until this spring it unquestionably will be the hit of the season. And there's a reason. For here's a smooth, soft, supple material which drapes and hangs and tailors beautifully; and styled in a full, sweeping raglan model—Roslyn—this coat is undoubtedly the best, all-purpose Spring coat any man can have.



Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

The Hero Had a Father

Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., an even greater hero than his son, was a martyr to mob stupidity

by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

ARTICLE

EIGHT years ago the most publicized marriage ever to titillate the tabloid-addicts took place at the estate of Dwight W. Morrow in Englewood, New Jersey. Every feature of the event was blazoned across the front pages. All persons blessed with vision, and gifted with the ability to read, knew what the bride, Miss Anne Morrow, ate for breakfast, and approximately how many drops of sweat glistened on the brow of the groom, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

The diligent and assiduous newspapers omitted to record only one aspect of the spectacle. They forgot to note that the son of the first man ever to attack the capitalistic system on the floor of Congress had just been joined in holy wedlock with the daughter of a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company.

Incongruities are grist in the mill of the American press. A thousand editors have dipped their pens in stardust to describe the presumably superlative paradox of the engagement of the son of Franklin D. Roosevelt to the daughter of one of the Liberty League-loving du Ponts. Yet the forthcoming matrimony of young Mr. Roosevelt and blonde Miss du Pont is as the Adirondacks to the Himalayas—so far as incongruities are concerned—when compared with the nuptials of Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Morrow.

Applying the standard of paternal politics to both betrothals, the disagreement between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Eugene du Pont would be paled into profound friendship and concordance by the bristling dissidence between Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Sr. and Dwight W. Morrow.

Lindbergh assailed Wall Street so tenaciously the newspapers claimed he was "hipped" on the subject. Morrow symbolized Wall Street only slightly less than did Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan themselves.

The father of Anne Morrow was a partner in J. P. Morgan and Company. He was active in the great banking firm during the World War, and sincerely believed the Morgan loans to the Allies were justified in the cause of patriotism and national defense. He was a staunch advocate of "preparedness." Dwight Morrow lived to give his daughter in marriage to the son of a man who once said, "'Preparedness' has been seized on by the war-munition lords as a substitute for 'armament,' because 'armament' would suggest what was really meant."

In the opinion of Dwight Morrow, "wild-eyed Bolshevik" was too favorable a designation for the author of so seditious a sentiment. Lindbergh, in turn, regarded "war profiteer" as the proper label for Morrow.

Representative Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr. of the Sixth Minnesota District was not present when Anne Morrow became Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. He died three years before his only son thrilled the world by flying alone across the Atlantic. . . .

"Son," Congressman Lindbergh told his boy in the autumn of 1917, "in war times it is not safe to think unless one travels with the mob."

Seven months later sixteen-year old Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. saw his father pelted with rotten eggs and forced to flee for his life from the fury of a mob. The crowd resented Lindbergh's contention that the World War would fail to make the world safe for democracy. "Traitor! Hang him!" the mob shrieked.

The elder Lindbergh had withdrawn from Congress to run for Governor of Minnesota. In the Republican primaries he opposed the incumbent, J. A. Burnquist. Lindbergh's opposition to the War was a national issue and super-patriots in every state howled for his head. Editors as far away as Cape Cod and Puget Sound insisted that Minnesota should not be governed by a "traitorous skunk." In addition, Lindbergh was the official candidate of the Non-Partisan League, whose members were characterized by Burnquist as "vipers."

For bitterness and violence, the campaign was without parallel. Looking back upon it almost a generation afterwards, Senator Ernest Lundeen of Minnesota declared that Lindbergh and his followers were "intellectually lynched."

And some of the lynching was almost actual.

Once a mob became so violent Lindbergh had to be barricaded in the jail of a nearby town to protect him from being torn to pieces. On another occasion a farmer driving his car for him was beaten until he was a mass of welts. A speaker in the village of Hinckley read a portion of an address in which Lindbergh attributed the War to commercial and financial rivalries; the speaker was stripped, tarred and feathered, and dragged out of the county, more dead than alive. In New Richland the "War Board" refused to permit Lindbergh's adherents to hold a meeting; they tramped out in the country to convene at the farm of an aged veteran of the Civil War. The sheriff followed with the town vigilantes, broke up the meeting, and clubbed these "disloyal snakes."

To declare openly for Lindbergh was to risk drowning in a torrent of ridicule and invective. At the high school in Little Falls the boys hooted and jeered, and cried out that "Slim" Lindbergh's Dad was a "traitor." Several Chicago newspapers suggested that Lindbergh should offer his services to the Kaiser.

Lindbergh was continually trailed by secret-service men. He was suspected of all sorts of reprehensible activities, particularly because of his denunciations of the Espionage Act. He declared that the Espionage Act was modeled after the old Sedition Laws repealed by Thomas Jefferson. If the American people were actually in favor of the War, Lindbergh demanded to know why they could not be permitted freedom of speech.

Senator Robert La Follette of Wiconsin came to Minnesota to speak in behalf of the Non-Partisan League candidates. At St. Paul he said, "We had grievances against Germany." The Associated Press quoted him as saying, "We had no grievances against Germany." This misquotation nearly cost La Follette his seat in the Senate. Months later the Associated Press apologized for its error.

The treatment of Lindbergh fitted into this pattern. Sixteen-year old "Slim" saw his father hanged in effigy, and watched as Government agents confiscated the plates of his father's book, *Why Your Country Is at War.* For criticizing the munitions traffic, his father was branded a "delinquent and dastard."

The mob spirit was rampant in the North Star State. Meetings for Lindbergh were almost extra-legal. Vigilantes broke up dozens of his speeches. Several times he was shot at, and once he and "Slim" and a friend were pursued by riders wearing black hoods. The friend was driving Lindbergh's car.

"Don't drive so fast," Lindbergh

Continued in center of page 206

One of God's Oddlings

There's a pile of folks won't get to Heaven if they have to change the color of their spit

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"GET your hoe," says Pa, "and let's get to the knoll-piece first. Weeds takin that terbacker. Bottom leaves are fired already." I get a goose-neck hoe hangin on the garden fence. I pick up the dry seasoned handle and lift the hoe up betwixt me and the sun.

"See that hoe," says Pa, "how rusted it is. It ain't been in use now for three days. The damn rain and the terbacker runnin away with the weeds. That hoe ain't strong enough for a man like you. Hang it back on the fence and go look under the crib and bring me that old one-eyed sproutin hoe. It's the darb for cuttin sprouts and killin copperheads. Break a handle out—cut down a hickory saplin and stick another handle in."

I go to the crib and get the sproutin hoe under the crib. The hens have been wallowin under the crib in the dry dust and sprinkles of sand have grained the dry-seasoned sproutin hoe handle. I put it across my shoulder and we walk down past the house. We walk down the path by the spring toward the knoll-piece of tobacco.

Finn is behind us with the mule. He is ridin the mule. I can hear the trace chains rattlin. I can hear the patter-patter of the mule's feet on the hard dry earth. I can hear the wind ooze through the green wilted leaves beside the path. "Boy's comin with the mule, ain't he?" says Pa.

"Yes," I say.

"Didn't know about that boy," says Pa. "He's liable not to come as he is to come on a day hotter than hell."

The sun is hot. It is like a brushpile in the sky—a brushpile right above our heads. It is so hot one keeps lookin for the ashes to drop from the air. The sun dances on the dead logs where the lizards play. The lizards pretend they are half asleep to catch a fly. They are out to get their bellies filled with green flies.

"I like a damn lizard," says Pa, "it's a lot of help to us. These fires burn up so many of them every year. W'y the blasted things can catch more flies than a man can shake a green bush at. I wouldn't kill a lizard a-tall."

I see Finn. He sits on the mule's back. He takes a sling from his pocket, loads it with a rock. Whiz. "Lord, I made the fur fly." Whiz. "I got him. He won't need no more flies for his bark-colored belly." The lizard tumbles from the log. Its gray belly upturns to the hot sun.

"Boy, I dread 'er this evening. Nothin a body can do but stand 'er though. Weeds will die quick as snowballs melt in hell on a day like this. It's the right time to murder weeds," I say to Pa. We walk up the hill and Pa takes his red bandanna and wipes the sweat from his neck the sun has made redder than a turkey's snout. After Pa has wiped his neck he twists the sweat from his red bandanna. It runs like water and the stream is silver-colored in the sun. I see a lizard on a stump. It catches a green fly. Finn is comin up the hill on the mule's back and his big feet are restin on the trace chains—and his hands clutch the hames. Finn motions back and forward as the mule moves.

"Look at that mule how he's sweatin," says Pa, "funny to ride a mule to the field, a big boy like Finn, when the mule has to pull a plow through roots and stumps all evenin hot as it is here.

"You take the bottom row," says Pa, "you're young and on your first legs. I'll take the row above you and rake the weeds down on you and the dust in your eyes."

"A go," I says to Pa, "and when you rake the weeds down on me I'll dance in a hog trough at your second weddin." Pa laughs. Finn has hitched the mule to the plow. "Get up there, Barnie. Damn that stump to hell. Hitched a-ready. A hitch here and a hitch there—can't you dodge a stump once in a while, you stubborn devil you—Come on—Get along—" Barnie plods along like a snail on a dry rotted log on a hot day.

"It'll take him a long time to get this piece plowed the way that mule moves and hot as the sun is—" says Pa.

"We'll about get it hoed, won't we," I say, "by the time he gets it plowed?"

"Yes," says Pa, "goin like a snail you know we will—"

Click. Click. Click. Our hoes ring against the stubborn roots and the hot rocks. The dust flies up in little clouds. The wind blows the dust into our eyes. The sun beams down upon our backs. Click. Click. Click. Shadows go slowly over the field—trailin shadows—shadows in circles—a light-blue somethin—thin as the air movin in circles on the ground.

"See that buzzard," says Finn—"huntin for some pickin. Won't get it just now. Might this winter if they ain't nothin raised. Might get to pick a few cow ribs and calf ribs."

"Wonder what that buzzard smells," says Pa, "they tell me they smell like a hound dog, would have to smell or they couldn't find anything." Crows fly over and the sun moves around the deadened new-ground trees with wide rings of bark peeled from their bodies. Long shadows from the trees and little slow-moving shadows from the buzzards.

"Somethin's dead around here," says Finn, "or a body wouldn't see so many buzzards." Now Finn starts to plow again. Pa starts the hoe. I have stopped lookin at the sky and the cloud shadows and buzzards that trail the dry hard dusty dirt.

"Finn, ain't it about time we have a little snort?" says Pa.

"Just as you say, Pa," says Finn. "When you say the word you know I'm right on your hip."

So, Finn walks slosh-slush barefooted across the dry clods of dirt. Little dust pods pop up when he lifts his feet up—across the plowed rows—down under the flat to a big black stump where the water oozes from the ground, right above where the mules drink. I see Finn get it. It is a jug, a white jug with a brown neck and a corncob stopper. Finn puts the strap across his shoulder and comes up to Pa.

"A little eye-opener on a hot day like this when a body's got dust in his eyes and a little drowsy," says Pa.

Pa puts the jug to his lips and the white body gleams in the sun. "Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle—" Pa drinks.

"Give me a snort, Pa," says Finn. Finn drinks with Pa.

"Have a drink, Quinn."

"Don't like it, Finn."

"Can't take it," says Pa. "He's one of God's oddlings. Some funny about old Quinn. He thinks a lot about books and writin things down."

Pa drinks again and then he hands the jug back to Finn. "Another snort, son, and then take it back to the water where it will keep cool."

"All right, Pa." Finn drinks from the jug. He puts the corncob stopper back, walks across the field with little clouds of dust trailin him.

The tobacco is pretty in long rows where we have cut the weeds from the plants and heaped loose loamy earth around the green-sticky stems. Below us like thin dry hay cut green and cured green—the weeds are cured and strewn on the ground. The tobacco plants drink in the sun and wave wilted fingers to the slow lazy summer breeze. This wind is lazy. It is not lazy as Finn. But Finn will take new courage now.

Pa says: "That's a boy atter my own heart. He likes the things I like. We like to do things together like takin a little snort unbeknowns to your Ma. She says it's bad on a body's heart that stuff that Snider Meeks makes. But it ain't. It would a killed me long ago if your Ma had a-been right."

Pa is workin harder now. The sweat streams. I work hard to keep my row ahead of Pa so he can't rake his weeds down on my row and make work harder for me. Here is a stump in my row. I say, "Go easy here, Pa, I got a stump and a lot of high weeds and crab grass around it."

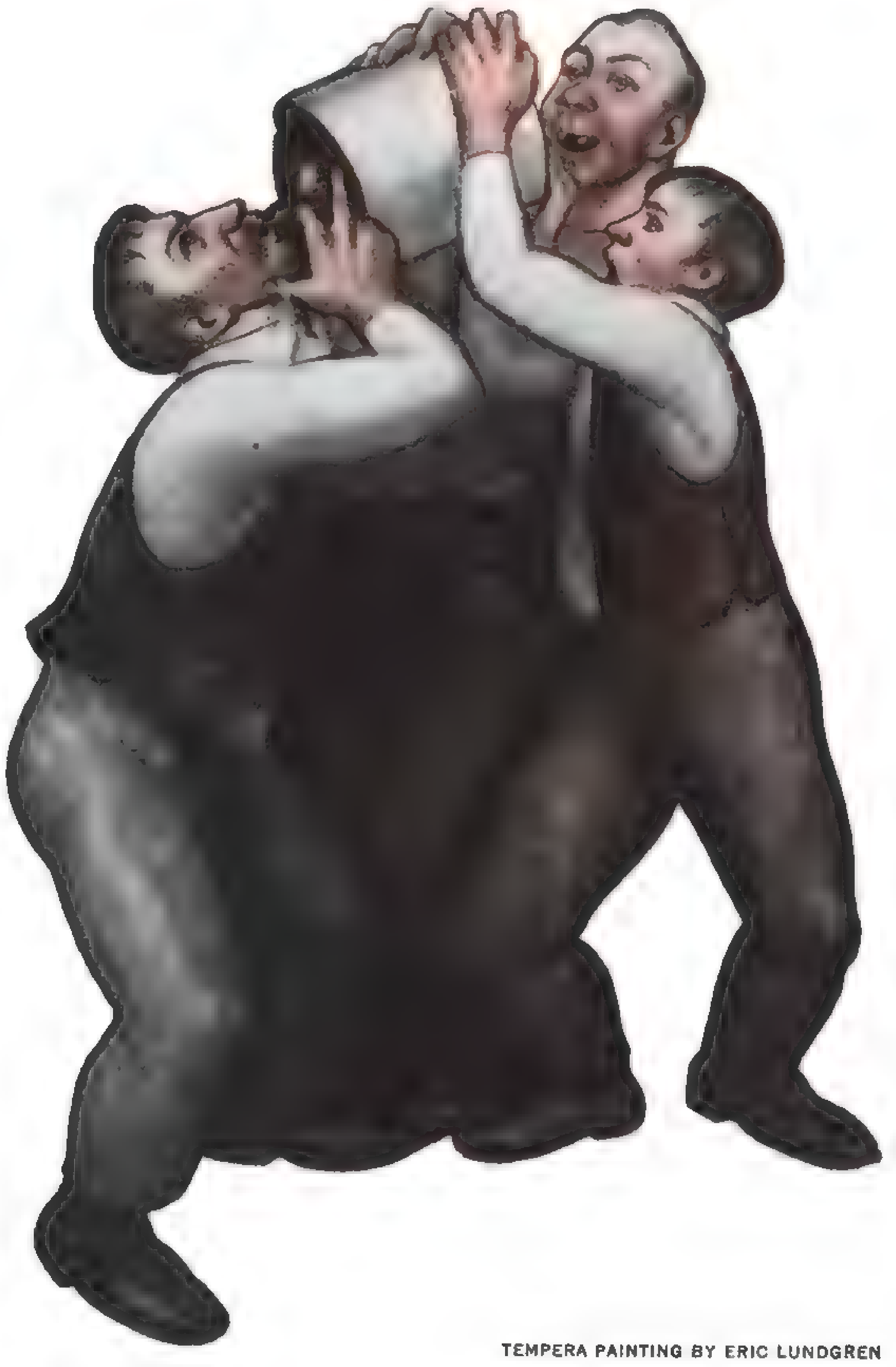
"That's all in the game, son," says Pa. "You either hump to it or I'll smear your baulk with weeds and weeds a-God's plenty."

Finn moves faster than a snail above us now. The mule goes around the hill slow gaited and pulls the plow slowly but surely up against the black oak stumps and the rocks. Click. Click. Click. Looks like these hoes would strike fire hot as the hoes are and hot as the ground is.

"Men ain't the men they used to be," says Pa, lookin up at the buzzard, "but that's just what the Bible says—Men will grow weaker and wiser and pon my word that's the gospel facts. I ain't the man old Dad was. He could hold more whiskey than me, cut more timber, clear more land—better with his fists than I am or ever hope to be. He was a man. Here I am not nigh as big as one of my boys and I can whop 'em on less ground than they can stand on. I can do more work. I can beat you boys at anything but cipherin and schoolin. See you boys are a little wiser than me, but I got everythin else on you."

"Yes, Pa—You're feelin that jug now."

"Grandpa cleared the land. He built the houses. He helped fight a war for the nation and several at home. But look today! The fields grow up in sprouts again that he cleared and the houses that he built have rotted down some of them and them left standin is soon goin to fall. The lizards play on them. These sprouts whip the men that fight them. What's the use in all this work—"


TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"That's why I said you was one of God's oddlings, son. You won't even drink the licker like your Pap drinks and your Grandpa drunk. You won't smoke the weed that we are plowin. You ain't like your people. You are goin to get weaker and wiser if you ain't careful."

"It takes a strong will and a weak mind," says Finn as he stops the mule above us, "to stand this. W'y a mule, little sense as he's got, he wouldn't come out here and work like us if we didn't make him." "That shows he ain't got the sense," says Pa.

"Have it your way," says Finn, "but you can work it either way."

"Ready for another round," I say to Pa, "let's get up to that black oak snag by sundown. We'll be makin a showin then."

"We'll go two rounds above that snag," says Pa—"We'll be way up there by quittin time." Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. The hoes whetted bright gleam in the sun, when we lift them up to hit the weeds. Finn lifts the plow up. He kicks the trash from behind the cutter. He sets it back on the other side of the stump.

Finn says: "Get up there, Barnie. Whoa back, Barnie." And the mule creeps out along the furrow.

"Terbacker is damn hard stuff to raise and make money out'n," says Pa, "all I ever try to make out'n it is tax money. You know it's a little money crop. Raise enough corn to do us and other truck and sell the terbacker. Sow beds for plants when the March snow is on the hill. Strip it at damp spells in the winter time. Terbacker is a all-year crop. Never get through with it. Then sometimes don't get enough out'n it to pay the taxes."

"We didn't make anything off'n this when we had it in last year, did we?"

"Atter we paid to truck it down to Maymore and paid a man to handle it for us—we owed the house thirty-five cents, not countin all our work for the summer. A fellar wrote me a letter for that thirty-five cents. I had Finn to write him a letter and tell him if I ever got the thirty-five cents I'd pay him here on earth. If we went to Heaven both of us and raised terbacker and had better luck with our prices I'd pay him in Heaven and if we both went to Hell the debt would be canceled, for we wouldn't need thirty-five cents there. We'd both be shovelin coal. He never did answer the letter. Guess he thought I was a goodin."

I look at the rows of tobacco—pretty in the sun and wind—pretty in the hot sunlight—pretty in the lazy wind. And I think. "We give our blood to you. We give our life. We do not get back what we give. The land does not get anything back. We cannot give the land anything until we can get something to give the land from the pretty plan of tobacco. Yes, I love to write about you. I love to throw the dirt up around you with a hoe. I love to cut the weeds from around you and give you a chance to grow. I love the smell of you in the wind. I love to hang you when you are the color of black oak leaves in September. I love to hang you to poles in the barns. I give my sweat and blood to you because I love to give them to you or I would not do it. Who gets my love for you?"

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click. See our hoes gleamin in the sun. The sun is gettin low. The sun is goin down over the Seaton Ridge. There are chestnut tree snags pictured against the sun. If I did not know about the sun and the sun had been above hours ago—right up above the buzzards in the lazy sky—I would say the snags are growin in the sun. But the sun is a brushpile on fire and it is tryin to burn us up and the tobacco up. It has made the sweat roll off the sleek mule's back and run down to the few long hairs on his belly and drip off white beads to the ground on the dry clods of earth. Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

"Someday," says Pa. "when you get out in the world—when them books takes you out, you'll smoke big cigars maybe made out'n this terbacker. You remember, will you, what you pay for—you remember. God's oddlings. My Pap used terbacker and my Ma used it. I use it. Finn uses it. Your Ma uses it. You don't. Odd, ain't it."

"This round puts us above the snag," I say to Pa.

"I told you we'd get there before sundown. We're comin back atter supper and go a couple rounds more."

"You're dog-tired now, Pa, and you'll need rest."

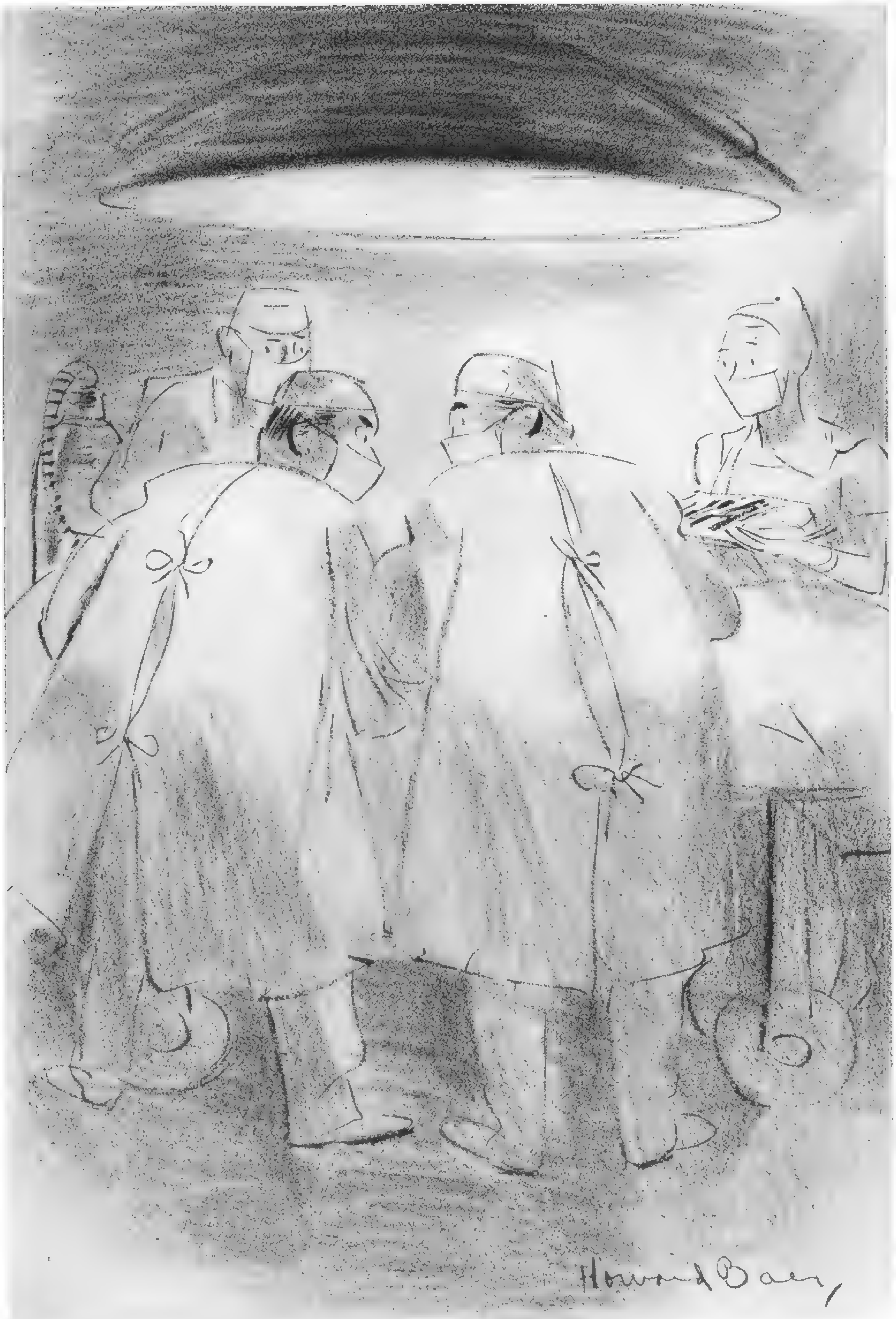
"No rest for the wicked when the terbacker's in the weeds."

"You can't stand work like this."

"What I can't stand old Finn and his Pa's got it right down there in the jug. Hell, I go long as I can go and the spirits carry me on further."

Pa's overalls is wet as if he'd waded Little Sandy. There is dirty streaks on Pa's face of dust and grime like little maretails rubbed on clear-as-mountain-water sky. The skin on Pa's hands is rough as black oak bark. His neck is redder than a turkey's snout. Finn's face is the color of a wet clod. I feel sorrier for the mule than I do for my brother Finn. The mule has had to take it on the shoulder all day, the collar that the trace chains pull against. He has not been able to tell Finn when he wanted water and what was hurtin him. He just went up against the plow and smelled the dust. Finn followed him through the dust. Old tall Finn, young and strong, his body awkward wrigglin between the handles of the plow, his eyes set to the far end of the field. No wonder he takes it slow. He could not take it faster. Finn knows what the mule can stand and what he can stand. Oaths, the Lord's name in vain, have gone from Finn's mouth all day under the hot sun. Wonder if the Lord heard Finn! Maybe, if he did the Lord won't condemn, for there's two ways of lookin at it. Finn does want the Lord to

Continued on page 192


Howard Baer

"It's just a wild guess but I'd say this went over there and that over here"

Escorts à la Carte

These discreet fellows are willing to hold coats, doors and chairs, but not hands

by TED PECKHAM

ARTICLE

I AM the Gigolo King! The male Peggy Hopkins Joyce! I have succeeded in putting masculine charm upon a business basis. I originated the Guide Escort Service. I provide handsome young escorts for lonely ladies, ladies from out-of-town and ladies whose charms have proved insufficient.

However, I didn't start the service on an impulse of overwhelming gallantry. I started it for the delightful purpose of making money. Nevertheless, I'm a boon to my clients. Unescorted females are not welcome in smart restaurants and swank night clubs. Now, what are the poor things going to do?

Widows, divorcées and wallflowers; debutantes, dowagers and dumb-belles; career girls and business girls; they all want to go places! They want to dance and dine, see and be seen. But there aren't suckers enough to go round.

Founding the Guide Escort Service was not a childhood ambition. It was an inspiration that followed a bitter experience.

I'm an Idea Man and I left college with high hopes of rocking the advertising world to its very foundation. I did get a job on the New York *Times* and fifteen dollars each week. I liked the job—but my social life! I lived in an attic and ate in the Automat (with restraint), and tried to save enough money for a new pair of shoes. I had just about got the shoe situation under control when one of the few important men I knew called me up. He said he had a sister who was coming to New York for a visit. He wanted me to meet her. In fact, he wanted me to take her out. I couldn't say no, so I said yes.

I gathered together all the money I had plus the money I'd saved for the new pair of shoes and called for Sister at her smart hotel. Down she came! When I saw that horse, I thought I'd die! She had pop eyes, buck teeth and a neck as long as a giraffe's. She ate like a boaconstrictor. She ate up a week's salary and drank up my shoes, and all the time she talked and talked about Deauville and Cannes and original French gowns and her new Hispano-Suiza. She said it was wonderful we had found each other because she didn't know any young men in New York. Then is when I had my inspiration! That evening would not have been so bad if she had been paying for it! After all, she drank all the liquor (I don't drink), ate most of the food and did all the talking. Yet I had to pay! It wasn't fair and it wasn't right!

Now, I am an Idea Man with excellent co-ordination. When I think, I act. I rounded up some chaps I knew, nice guys from good families, Harvard, Yale and Princeton men, starving decorously. I broached my proposition. They were not only interested, they were game and eager. Even anxious to escort genteel and solvent females to the hot spots, for expenses and small remuneration.

My next problem was to get some clients. It didn't take me long. I went to the managers of the best hotels and they were enthusiastic. Unescorted ladies are a headache to many a host, in fact, they are a hell of a problem. They take fancies to bellboys and waiters. They smile too easily at strangers in the dining room and they are apt to get boiled in the bar.

I dropped a word in the ear of a certain social mentor. I was, I announced, ready to produce a blue-blooded stag line of gentlemen who behaved like gentlemen (for a reasonable fee). I could produce with only a few hours' notice that "extra man" guaranteed to save the most deadly dinner. I would provide a fourth for bridge—merely ring up and name your system. I assured her my young men made ideal background for glamorous girls and ideal glamor for backward girls. We specialize in launching wallflowers successfully. We have just the right "nice young man" to take Grandma to the movies or to take Aunt Alice to Cousin Sophie's Musical Tea. The social mentor tried me out and was impressed. She passed the glad tidings on. Now some of our most sought-after local bachelors are having the sulks. But what smart hostess is going to put up with a spoiled man-about-town who will get drunk, insult the guests and possibly spank her, when she can have, for a moderate fee, a man of breeding, charm and personality?

The Guide Escort Service has been phenomenally successful. I am opening branches shortly in Chicago, Los Angeles and London. I get about five hundred to a thousand letters a week. Letters of application for the service and letters from ladies who wish my gentlemen guides shipped out to them C. O. D. I answer such requests by saying firmly that I am not in the mail-order business.

I now have forty-seven Guide Escorts between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight. Personally, I am against taking on older men. They don't have the alcohol or love resistance. However, I do have five mature, distinguished gentlemen for those ladies who are sensitive about being classed as Cradle Snatchers.

My men must be five feet ten or taller. They must dance well, talk easily, order readily and have tact and social expedience. Although I have two Adonises, great beauty is not required. Personality, breeding and wit are essential. My men all have jobs. The Guide Escort Service is remunerative recreation, not a vocation.

When the lady calls I inquire minutely as to the type of escort she wants. If she is "horsey," we send her a man who knows horses from ears to tail. If she wants the soulful type, we send her a gentleman who knows poetry, painting and music, but who is a ruggedly masculine type. All my men are masculine, not feminine or neuter!

My Escorts meet all clients in the lobby, not in her living room, bedroom or bath. We only go to the recognized smart clubs and restaurants. No honkey-tonks, beer joints, Greenwich Village or Harlem. We are seldom called upon to show the ladies Grant's Tomb or the Aquarium. They can get sufficient information about such phenomena from the uniformed attendant provided by the city.

The lady is requested to have two envelopes ready to hand to her Escort. In one is the money for expenses. In the other, his fee. Ours is a pay-as-you-go organization, strictly cash and no credit!

The Guide Escorts are allowed just one drink an hour. The lady may drink as much as she pleases. If she gets stinko, the boys have instructions to leave her flat. The lady is supposed to behave like a lady no matter how much it hurts. My men will hold coats, doors and chairs, but not hands. If the lady has an affectionate and loving nature, I expect the Escort to handle the situation with tact and above all, with discretion! I insist that the acquaintanceship remain upon a strictly professional basis. Ladies have a habit of urging their Escorts to just drop around "socially" for cocktails or dinner. I naturally have to stamp out this evil or go bankrupt.

Now as to fees, a matter dear to my heart. My rates are very fair. Five dollars for an early evening (until ten o'clock), five dollars

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Christ in Concrete

Editor's Note: *In the three years since Louis Paul's prize-winning* No More Trouble for Jedwick, Esquire *has received about eighteen thousand short stories from unpublished authors and has published about forty of them. But not since then has a new writer come our way with the performance and promise shown by Pietro di Donato in this, his first, short story. There is a note about the author on page 5.*

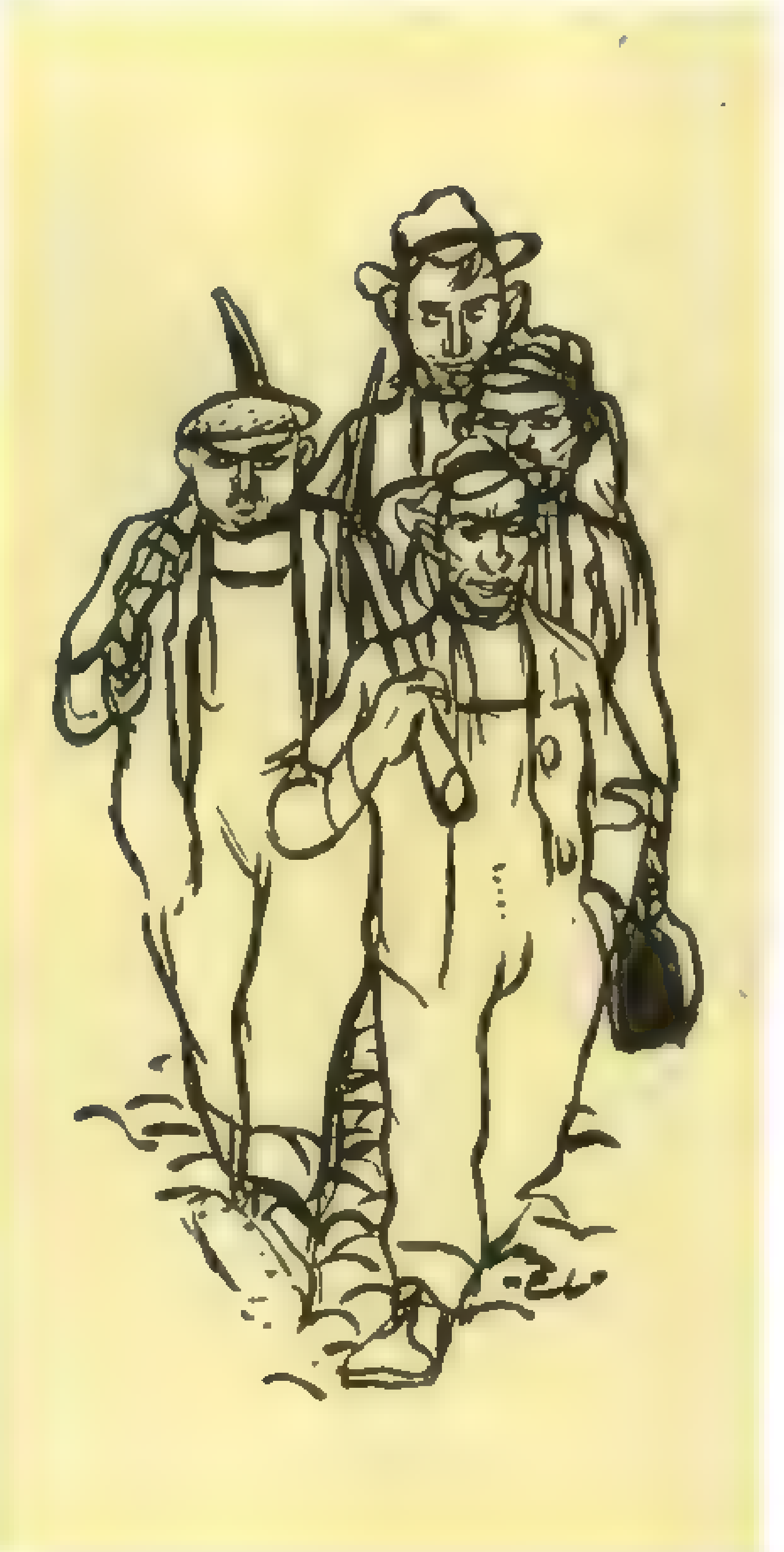
by PIETRO DI DONATO

▪ FICTION ▪

March whistled stinging snow against the brick walls and up the gaunt girders. Geremio, the foreman, swung his arms about, and gaffed the men on.

Old Nick, the "Lean," stood up from over a dust-flying brick pile, and tapped the side of his nose.

"Master Geremio, the devil himself could not break his tail any harder than we here."



Burly Vincenzo of the walrus mustache and known as the "Snoutnose," let fall the chute door of the concrete hopper and sang over in the Lean's direction. "Mari-Annina's belly and the burning night will make of me once more a milk-mouthed stripling lad. . . ."

The Lean loaded his wheelbarrow and spat furiously. "Sons of two-legged dogs . . . despised of even the devil himself! Work! Sure! For America beautiful will eat you and spit your bones into the earth's hole! Work!" And with that his wiry frame pitched the barrow violently over the rough floor.

Snoutnose waved his head to and fro and with mock pathos wailed, "Sing on, oh guitar of mine. . . ."

Short, cheery-faced Joe Chiappa, the scaffoldman, paused with hatchet in hand and tenpenny spike sticking out from small dicelike teeth to tell the Lean as he went by, in a voice that all could hear, "Ah, father of countless chicks, the old age is a carrion!"

Geremio chuckled and called to him. "Hey little Joe, who are you to talk? You and big-titted Cola can't even hatch an egg, whereas the Lean has just to turn the doorknob of his bedroom and old Philomena becomes a balloon!"

Coarse throats tickled and mouths opened wide in laughter.

Mike, the "Barrel-mouth" pretended he was talking to himself and yelled out in his best English . . . he was always speaking English while the rest carried on in their native Italian. "I don't know myself, but somebodys whose gotta bigga buncha keeds and he alla times talka from somebodys elsa!"

Geremio knew it was meant for him and he laughed. "On the tomb of Saint Pimplelegs, this little boy my wife is giving me next week shall be the last! Eight hungry little Christians to feed, is enough for any man."

Joe Chiappa nodded to the rest. "Sure, Master Geremio had a telephone call from the next bambino. Yes, it told him it had a little bell there instead of a rose bush. . . . It even told him its name!"

"Laugh, laugh all of you," returned Geremio, "but I tell you that all my kids must be boys so that they some day will be big American builders. And then I'll help them to put the gold away in the basements for safe keeping!"

A great din of riveting shattered the talk among the fast-moving men. Geremio added a handful of "Honest" tobacco to his corncob, puffed strongly, and cupped his hands around the bowl for a bit of warmth. The chill day caused him to shiver, and he thought to himself, "Yes, the day is cold, cold . . . but who am I to complain when the good Christ himself was crucified?

"Pushing the job is all right, (when has it been otherwise in my life?) but this job frightens me. I feel the building wants to tell me something; just as one Christian to another. I don't like this. Mr. Murdin tells me, 'Push it up!' That's all he knows. I keep telling him that the underpinning should be doubled and the old material removed from the floors, but he keeps the inspector drunk and . . . 'Hey, Ashes-ass! Get away from under that pilaster! Don't pull the old work. Push it away from you or you'll have a nice present for Easter if the wall falls on you!' . . . Well, with the help of God I'll see this job through. It's not my first, nor the. . . . 'Hey, Patsy number two! Put more cement in that concrete; we're putting up a building, not an Easter cake!'"

Patsy hurled his shovel to the floor and gesticulated madly. "The padrone Murdin-sa tells me, 'Too much, too much! Lil' bit is plenty!' And you tell me I'm stingy! The rotten building can fall after I leave!"

Six floors below, the contractor called. "Hey Geremio! Is your gang of dagos dead!"

Geremio cautioned to the men. "On your toes, boys. If he writes out slips, someone won't have big eels on the Easter table."

The Lean cursed that "the padrone could take the job and shove it . . . !"

Curly-headed Sandino, the roguish, pigeon-toed scaffoldman, spat a clod of tobacco juice and hummed to his own music. . . . "Yes, certainly yes to your face, master padrone . . . and behind, this to you and all your kind!"

The day, like all days, came to an end. Calloused and bruised bodies sighed, and numb legs shuffled towards shabby railroad flats. . . .

"Ah, *bella casa mio.* Where my little freshets of blood, and my good woman await me. Home where my broken back will not ache so. Home where midst the monkey chatter of my piccolinos I will float off to blessed slumber with my feet on the chair and the head on the wife's soft full breast."

These great child-hearted ones leave each other without words or ceremony, and as they ride and walk home, a great pride swells the breast. . . .

"Blessings to Thee, oh Jesus. I have fought winds and cold. Hand to hand I have locked dumb stones in place and the great building rises. I have earned a bit of bread for me and mine."

The mad day's brutal conflict is forgiven, and strained limbs prostrate themselves so that swollen veins can send the yearning blood coursing and pulsating deliciously as though the body mountained leaping streams.

The job alone remained behind . . . and yet, they too, having left the bigger part of their lives with it. The cold ghastly beast, the Job, stood stark, the eerie March wind wrapping it in sharp shadows of falling dusk.

That night was a crowning point in the life of Geremio. He bought a house! Twenty years he had helped to mold the New World. And now he was to have a house of his own! What mattered that it was no more than a wooden shack? It was his own!

He had proudly signed his name and helped Annunziata to make her x on the wonderful contract that proved them owners. And she was happy to think that her next child, soon to come, would be born under their own rooftree. She heard the church chimes, and cried to the children, "Children, to bed! It is near midnight. And remember, shut-mouth to the *paesanos!* Or they will send the evil eye to our new home even before we put foot."

The children scampered off to the icy yellow bedroom where three slept in one bed and three in the other. Coltishly and friskily they kicked about under the covers; their black iron-cotton stockings not removed . . . what! and freeze the peanut-little toes?

Said Annunziata, "The children are so happy, Geremio; let them be, for even I, would a Tarantella dance." And with that she turned blushing. He wanted to take her on her word. She patted his hands, kissed them, and whispered. "Our children will dance for us . . . in the American style someday."

Geremio cleared his throat and wanted to sing. "Yes, with joy I could sing in a richer feeling than the great Caruso." He babbled little old country couplets and circled the room until the tenant below tapped the ceiling.

Annunziata whispered, "Geremio, to bed and rest. Tomorrow is a day for great things . . . and the day on which our Lord died for us."

The children were now hard asleep. Heads under the cover, over . . . moist noses whistling, and little damp legs entwined.

In bed Geremio and Annunziata clung closely to each other. They mumbled figures and dates until fatigue stilled their thoughts. And with chubby Johnnie clutching fast his bottle and warmed between them . . . life breathed heavily, and dreams entertained in far, far worlds, the nation builder's brood.

But Geremio and Annunziata remained for a while staring into darkness, silently.

"Geremio?"

"Yes?"

"This job you are now working. . . ."

"So?"

"You used always to tell me about what happened on the jobs . . . who was jealous, and who praised. . . ."

"You should know by now that all work is the same. . . ."

"Geremio. The month you have been on this job, you have not spoken a word about the work. . . . And I have felt that I am walking into a dream. Is the work dangerous? Why don't you answer . . . ?"

Job loomed up damp, shivery gray. Its giant members waiting.

Builders quietly donned their coarse robes, and waited.

Geremio's whistle rolled back into his pocket and the symphony of struggle began.

Trowel rang through brick and slashed mortar rivets were machine-gunned fast with angry grind Patsy number one check Patsy number two check the Lean three check Vincenzo four steel bellowed back at hammer donkey engines coughed purple Ashes-ass Pietro fifteen chisel point intoned stone thin steel whirred and wailed through wood liquid stone flowed with dull rasp through iron veins and hoist screamed through space Carmine the Fat twenty-four and Giacomo Sangini check. . . . The multitudinous voices of a civilization rose from the surroundings and melded with the efforts of the Job.

To the intent ear, Nation was voicing her growing pains, but, hands that create are attached to warm hearts and not to calculating minds. The Lean as he fought his burden on looked forward to only one goal, the end. The barrow he pushed, he did not love. The stones that brutalized his palms, he did not love. The great God Job, he did not love. He felt a searing bitterness and a fathomless consternation at the queer consciousness that inflicted the ever mounting weight of structures that he HAD TO! HAD TO! raise above his shoulders! When, when and where would the last stone be? Never . . . did he bear his toil with the rhythm of song! Never . . . did his gasping heart knead the heavy mortar with lilting melody! A voice within him spoke in wordless language.

The language of worn oppression and the despair of realizing that his life had been left on brick piles. And always, there had been hunger and her bastard, the fear of hunger.

Murdin bore down upon Geremio from behind and shouted:

"Goddamnit Geremio, if you're givin' the men two hours off today with pay, why the hell are they draggin' their tails! And why don't you turn that skinny old Nick loose, and put a young wop in his place!"

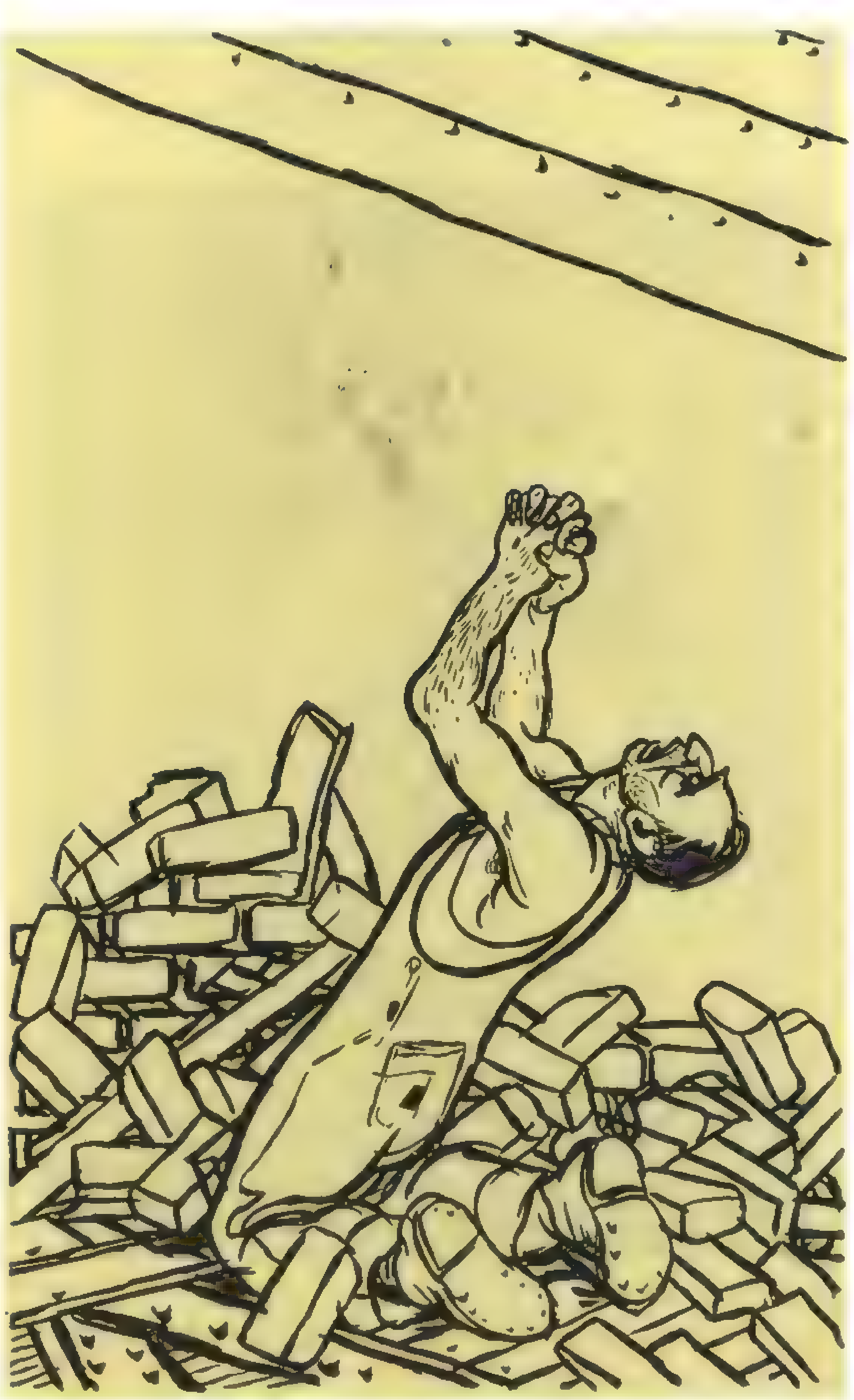
"Now listen-a to me, Mister Murdin—'

"Don't give me that! And bear in mind that there are plenty of good barefoot men in the streets who'll jump for a day's pay!"

"Padrone—padrone, the underpinning gotta be make safe and . . ."

"Lissenyawopbastard! If you don't like it, you know what you can do!"

And with that he swung swaggering away.



The men had heard, and those who hadn't knew instinctively.

The new home, the coming baby, and his whole background, kept the fire from Geremio's mouth and bowed his head. "Annunziata speaks of scouring the ashcans for the children's bread in case I didn't want to work on a job where. . . . But am I not a man, to feed my own with these hands? Ah, but day will end and no boss in the world can then rob me of the joy of my home!"

Murdin paused for a moment before descending the ladder.

Geremio caught his meaning and jumped to, nervously directing the rush of work. . . . No longer Geremio, but a machine-like entity.

The men were transformed into single, silent, beasts. Snoutnose steamed through ragged mustache whip-lashing sand into mixer Ashes-ass dragged under four by twelve beam Lean clawed wall knots jumping in jaws masonry crumbled dust billowed thundered choked. . . .

At noon, Geremio drank his wine from an old-fashioned magnesia bottle and munched a great pepper sandwich . . . no meat on Good Friday. Said one, "Are some of us to be laid off? Easter is upon us and communion dresses are needed and . . ."

That, while Geremio was dreaming of the new house and the joys he could almost taste. Said he, "Worry not. You should know Geremio." It then all came out. He regaled them with his wonderful joy of the new house. He praised his wife and children one by one. They listened respectfully and returned him well wishes and blessings. He went on and on. . . . "Paul made a radio—all by himself mind you! One can hear Barney Google and many American songs! How proud he."

The ascent to labor was made, and as they trod the ladder, heads turned and eyes communed with the mute flames of the brazier whose warmth they were leaving, not with willing heart, and in that fleeting moment, the breast wanted so, so much to speak, of hungers that never reached the tongue.

About an hour later, Geremio called over to Pietro. "Pietro, see if Mister Murdin is in the shanty and tell him I must see him! I will convince him that the work must not go on like this . . . just for the sake of a little more profit!"

Pietro came up soon. "The padrone is not coming up. He was drinking from a large bottle of whiskey and cursed in American words that if you did not carry out his orders—"

Geremio turned away disconcerted, stared dumbly at the structure and mechanically listed in his mind's eye the various violations of construction safety. An uneasy sensation hollowed him. The Lean brought down an old piece of wall and the structure palsied. Geremio's heart broke loose and outthumped the floor's vibrations, a rapid wave of heat swept him and left a chill touch in its wake. He looked about to the men, a bit frightened. They seemed usual, life-size, and moved about with the methodical deftness that made the moment then appear no different than the task of toil had ever been.

Snoutnose's voice boomed into him. ' Master Geremio, the concrete is re—ady!"

"Oh yes, yes Vincenz." And he walked gingerly towards the chute, but, not without leaving behind some part of his strength, sending out his soul to wrestle with the limbs of Job, who threatened in stiff silence. He talked and joked with Snoutnose. Nothing said anything, nor seemed wrong. Yet a vague uneasiness was to him as certain as the foggy murk that floated about Job's stone and steel.

"Shall I let the concrete down now, Master Geremio?"

"Well, let me see—no, hold it a minute. Hey Sandino! Tighten the chute cables!"

Snoutnose straightened, looked about, and instinctively rubbed the sore small of his spine. "Ah," sighed he, "all the men feel as I

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Torso, the Tenth Muse

Murders may seem exciting to you but to a writer of headlines they are boringly alike

by R. B. SULLIVAN

• ARTICLE •

Murder often is called an art, and from the discerning pens of such as Edmund Pearson, world's foremost authority on the *Fall River Horror*, it often so emerges. So much has been written of murder, in veins analytical, psychological and polemical, and sometimes for sheer horripilating effect, that there might be added to the nonet of Muses one of Murder, resembling, let us say, a Gorgon, her herpetic locks writhing in gouts of blood and her crimson lips fleering in a hoyden grin. Mr. Pearson, however, and the late William Bolitho and others who have been absorbed by the art, invariably select as examples those cases in which the murderer has displayed an unusual virtuosity, whether of technique or quantity, or in which the characters involved are so marvelous as to merit the record of history.

Admitting the didactic value of these homicidal homilies, I nonetheless wish to offer a few observations of my own, the result of some years of desultory and unwilling study of murder. In fact, I hope by the appended remarks to be able to lighten part of the burden of the weary newspaper reader, who doubtless will be grateful for my consideration, for then he will have more time for the comic strips, the sports pages, the political news and looking at that babe sitting across from him in the subway.

It is useless to hope that newspapers will stop printing murder stories. Therefore, I will attempt to classify murders so that the reader who feels he just can't flounder through the welter of another case may be able to pigeonhole the next one after a glance at the headline. He must be willing to accept the slight glossing necessitated by generality, but he has my assurance that by so doing he will miss nothing but a few extremely unimportant facts.

I have no objection to the reader's absorption of all of the first-day story of the murder. It will sharpen his mind and put him in possession of all the data needed for classification.

The reporters and copyreaders who are handling the story may not have found the right index themselves the first day. It is not until the case is twenty-four hours old that the Sullivan Gradation comes into full use.

Years ago, I am told, murders were all different, like the stamps in a Mammoth Approval Packet. With the decline of western civilization, murderers have become regimented; they lack initiative and tend more and more to be content with following in the bloody footsteps of enterprising predecessors.

This I attribute partly to the slug system of newspapers, something murderers can't know about but which deals surely and relentlessly with all crime. The slug system classifies a crime as speedily and unerringly as a railway mail clerk does a letter. When the system has finished with a killing, there is nothing left for the murderer but to wait drearily for the chair, or the gas, or the rope, because the impersonal newspapers have him classified and what little thrill or satisfaction was his has turned to dust and ashes among his teeth.

The slug is the name of the story, the name given it for convenience when it first breaks and the name it carries until it is crumbling and yellow in the files of the morgue. This name is written at the top of every page of copy and on everything that concerns the story. It is set in type on every proof as the story passes through the composing room.

The city editor never says to a rewrite man: "Gimme a new lead on that story about the high school girl who killed her mother with a hatchet in a fit of pique." He says, instead: "Gimme a new lead *Ax*." And *Ax* the story is called forever more, as hundreds of startlingly similar stories have been and will be called, unless science finds some substitute for the ax, which I personally believe is here to stay.

Ax is the slug, then. Pictures of the slayer and her victim; pictures of the church where the *Ax Slayer* always sings in the choir; the map of the scene; the photo of the weapon —all are slugged *with Ax*.

All the countless sidebar stories from happy opportunists will be slugged *with Ax*. From some murky hideaway will come a swami or a phrenologist or an herb doctor who, being described as an internationally known criminologist, will demonstrate by means of a chart that the girl's eyes are too far apart and if the victim had been smart she would have seen the fateful signs in time to dodge. Lombroso's theories crop up after every murder, although it was long ago proved that some of your best friends look more like murderers than some of your best murderers. The swami's astounding hindsight will be called—in the city room—*Psych with Ax* or *Face with Ax* or *McSwoop with Ax* (swamis frequently have astonishing names). The pastor of the slayer's church (*Pastor with Ax*) will say that she was always sort of odd, but that he never thought she would do this dreadful thing. Her best girl friend, prostrated, will make similar observations (*Chum with Ax*) and the state will demand the supreme penalty for the youthful matricide (term defined in *box with Ax*). The killer will be known as the *Icy Amazon*, because she likes to play tennis and at this time is too shocked by her own action to display any sort of emotion.

The main thing to bear in mind is that when you see *Ax Murder* in the headline it is always a murder that was hasty, and, doubtless, regretted, and not only for the mess it leaves around the house.

Of course, circumstances differ. It may not have been a high school girl who parted mamma's hair. It may have been, as recently, a pious steamfitter who acted as lay preacher in local pulpits. He awoke one night in a bit of a sweat, recalled that a while back he had committed a sin (type unrevealed, color scarlet), and, after a period of disorganized reasoning too devious to follow here, arose and slew his wife and two young sons in their beds—with the domestic ax. A load off his mind, he was retired to a quiet cell to await the due processes of the law. That story was slugged *Ax*, too. They didn't run concurrently. In the event of two simultaneous *Ax Murders*, after the news editor had been removed, shrieking hysterically, in a straitjacket, one of the *Ax Murders* probably would have been slugged *Hack*. That is a fine, expressive

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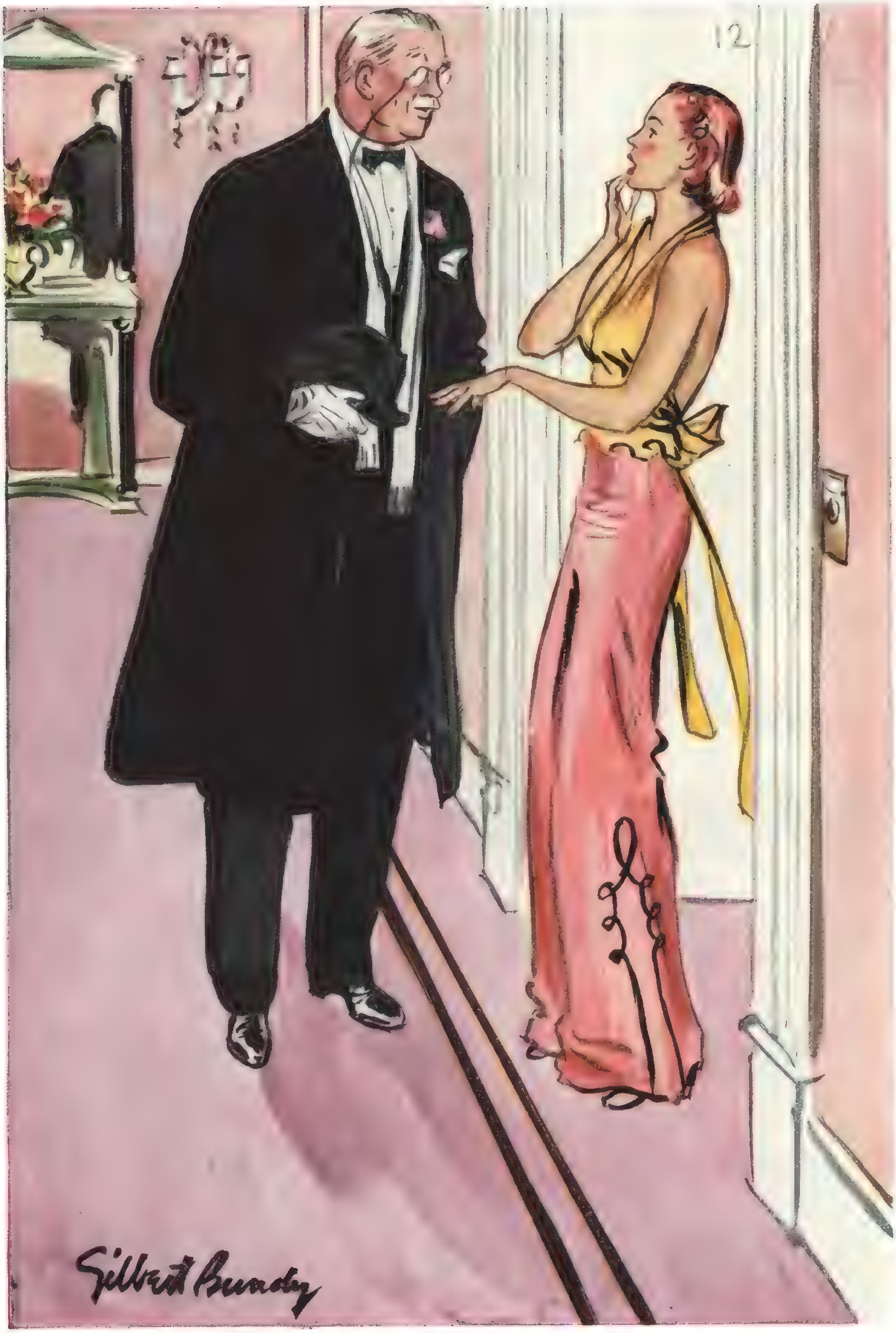
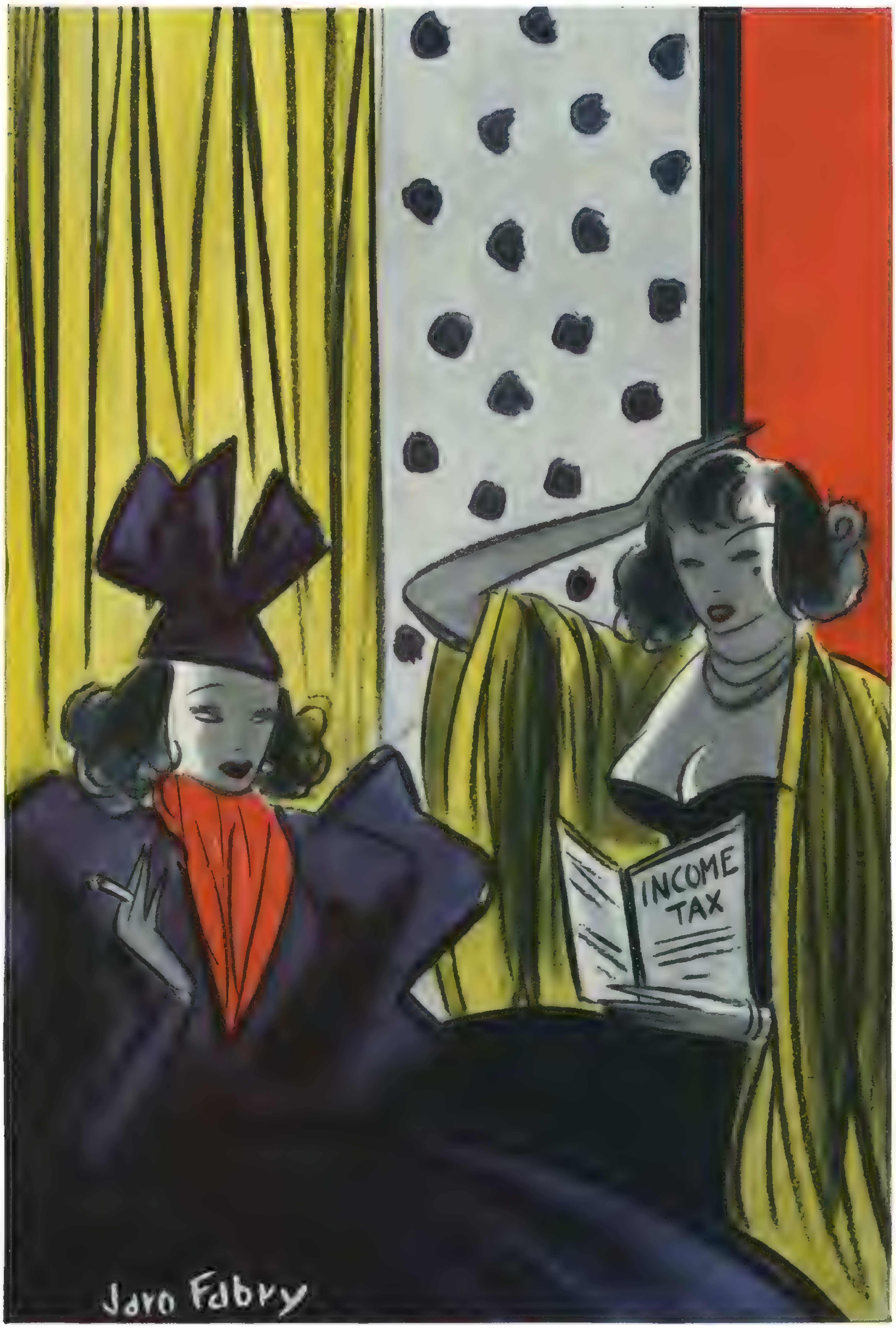

12
Gilbert Bundy

"Why, Mr. Hartman—you're sober!"


INCOME TAX
Jaro Fabry

"Now, what ever gave them the idea that I was working!"

Win with the Winners

If you're one of those poor saps who persist in betting, you may as well use your head

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

▪ SPORTS ▪

When a major-league baseball-club manager contemplates a purchase or trade of players he estimates the value of the "ivory" he is about to acquire or discard strictly in the light of what batting averages indicate as to each player's offensive power and what fielding averages have to say on the issue of value on defense.

He does not make his decision on the basis of what fans and newspaper experts claim, rant and write about; he relies on figures representing performance. So also do bettors on baseball games.

But when an average player of horses begins nosing about to find a winning bet he probably will turn to anything on earth other than figures representing performances of the animals in the race—to soothsayers, numerologists, astrologers, touts, tipsters, hustlers, fake horsemen, handicappers and selectors on scratch-sheets, racing-sheets and daily newspapers, even to his own hunches and intuitions—to anything and everything other than each thoroughbred's bare record of wins and placements in all his races this year.

The baseball manager's procedure would seem to be saner and sounder than the horse-bettor's. Sensible people rely on figures in fields where figures are available and applicable rather than on an amorphous and confusing maze of personal opinion, whims, hunches and quite frequently incompetent advice.

The reason why the player of horses selects his bets loosely, even idiotically, rather than on the basis of each animal's performances, is that he thinks racing thoroughbreds are an esoteric mystery—a problem to be solved only by horsemen and experts.

There are about ten thousand horses racing on the tracks of the United States and Canada each year. Of these, only two or three per cent—two or three hundred at the most—win a substantial percentage of all their starts. Hundreds of horses raced never win even one start throughout their careers on the turf; hundreds of others never win once in any single year. Another army of nags win only one, two or three starts a year out of fifteen to fifty.

A baseball player who made only one, two or three hits in fifteen to fifty times at bat could not break into Class G company. But hundreds or thousands of horses of equally inferior records are entered, re-entered and re-re-entered to race. Each time they start they carry a load of the public's money and finish up the course to the infinite distress of their hopeful backers.

The racing game, from the viewpoint of the betting public, is strictly a racket, but not a racket in the sense of fixing of races or other internal dishonesty. Bettors who wager on horses which have proved time and time again lack of winning quality have only themselves to blame when they wind up on a nice snug spot behind the eight-ball, with rent-money gone where the woodbine twineth.

Only two or three hundred horses of the thousands raced each year are more or less chronic winners, but there are enough to afford a bet or two a day to a player Scotch with his money and sound enough in elementary arithmetic to refuse to play hard-earned dollars on unsound, erratic and inconsistent plugs. Horses like Roman Soldier, Time Supply, Rosemont, Singing Wood, Firethorn, Count Arthur, Myrtlewood and Granville (three-year-old champ of 1936) are entered now and then, with records showing they have won a third or more of their starts in important stakes and handicaps against the best that could be brought against them; horses like Finance, Dusty Dawn, Tempestuous, Billy Jones, Jesting, Whereaway, Sun Teddy and Up and Up also are entered from time to time with records showing they have been similarly consistent in winning against opposition slightly or somewhat inferior to what the first group met. And below these, among the platers—horses habitually entered at valuations in claiming-races—are plenty of animals which have demonstrated capacity to win a third or more of their starts when entered against their own kind.

In 1936 (from May 4 to the end of the year) I checked on betting straight, to win only, each and every horse entered to race which had won at least one-third of his starts in 1936 and also (counting wins again) had run in the money (first, second or third) at least one-half the time, provided that each animal conforming to requirements was entered to race against no other of similar winning and money-consistency.

Results of the check were little short of amazing.

In the first place, forty-four per cent of the horses won.

In the second place, the average price paid by winners was $2.21 to $1.

In the third place, profit on flat $2 play ($2 bet on each horse to win, without progression after losses) was forty-two per cent ($162 profit on $384 wagered in one hundred and ninety-two bets).

In the fourth place, the longest streak of consecutive losers experienced was seven (August 24 to 31).

Any horse-player of experience will realize that these results are phenomenal, particularly as regards the following comparisons.

(1) Favorites, on an average and over a period of time, win less than forty per cent of their races. (The ultra-simple principle of selection outlined here threw up about fourty-four per cent winners.)

(2) Public selectors (handicappers employed by scratch-sheets, racing-sheets and daily newspapers) rarely show over thirty per cent winners for a year, even on "best bets," so called, and often give fifteen to thirty losers in a line.

(3) The average price paid by winning favorites is only about even money, $1 to $1, and the average price paid by winning choices of public selectors is comparable. (The principle of selection outlined here—play on one-third winning, one-half money-horses—threw up winners paying more than twice as much, on an average, or over two to one.)

The prolonged check I have conducted throughout the major racing season of 1936 conclusively demonstrates a number of points, some of which have been hotly denied or debated for years, even for centuries.

(1) The races can be beaten in active play over a substantial period. (Wagers on habitual winners did it.)

(2) It's the horse that counts, not the trainer or jockey. (Habitual winners continued to win, by whomsoever trained or ridden.)

(3) Stable-information may be worth something, but it's not necessary to

Continued on page 202

Rendezvous with Self

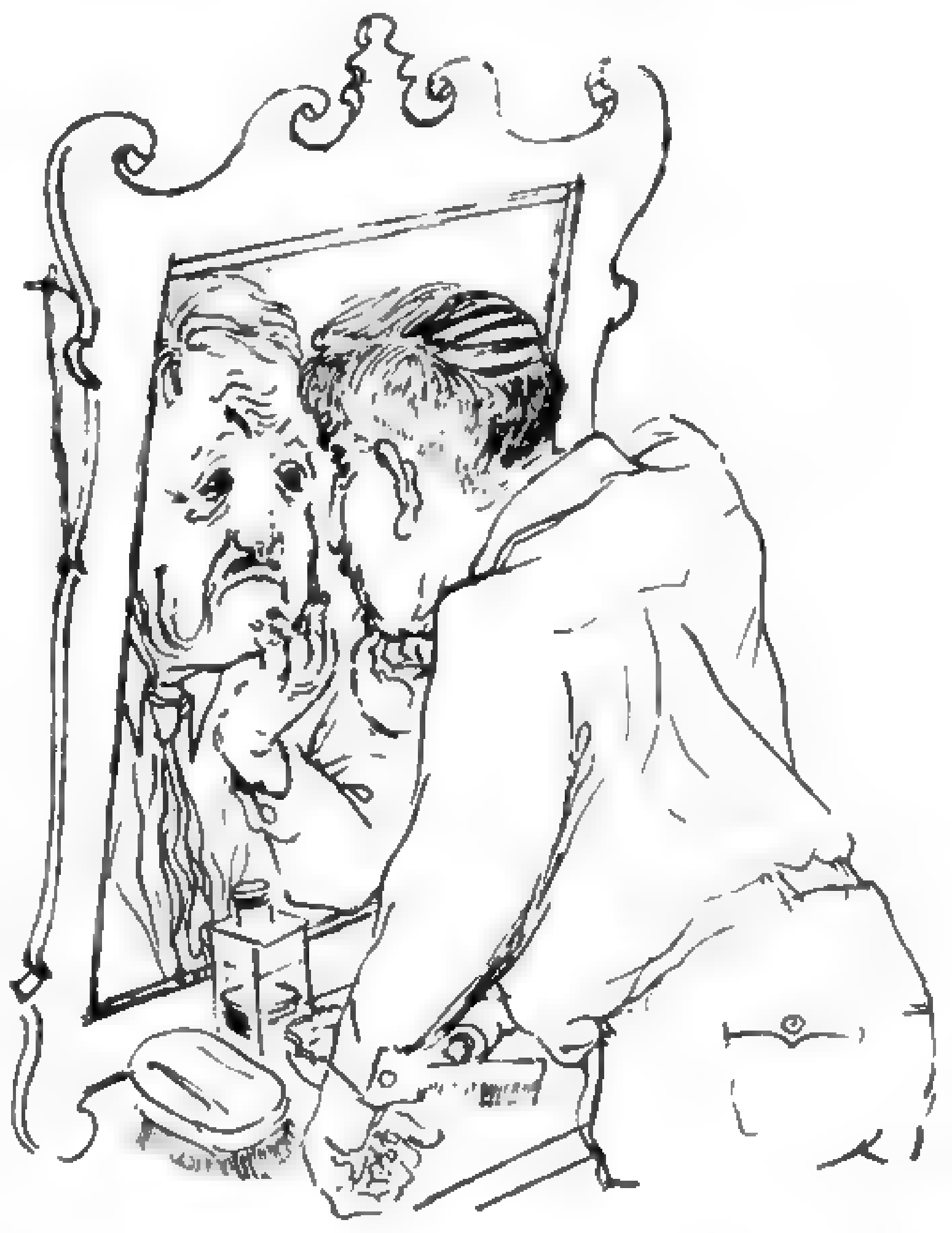
When you hate a man's guts it's terrible to learn that he's your exact counterpart

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

FICTION

HAVE you ever known a man you couldn't insult, humiliate, or keep away from you?

When I was in the advertising agency and had charge of layouts this man, Lawson Wilks, a free lance commercial artist, came in to see me, looking for work, with all the assurance of a man who expects a warm, fraternal greeting. As soon as I saw him bowing at me and showing his teeth in a kind of tittering smile, as if he was waiting for a little encouragement to burst out laughing, I disliked him. Without saying a word I looked at the samples of his work he spread out on my desk and, though it was obvious that he had some talent, I wasn't really interested in his work at all. I was wondering what it was that was so soft and unresisting, yet so colossally audacious about him that made me want to throw him out of the office.



"I'll get in touch with you if I ever need you," I said coldly, handing him back his folder.

"All right. Thanks a lot," he said, yet he still stood there grinning at me.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked and I was pretty grim.

"Oh, no, nothing. But I've wanted to meet you, that's all."

"You honor me."

"I've heard about you."

"What have you heard about me?"

"I know people who know you, and besides, I've admired your work a lot. I can open a newspaper and spot an advertising layout that you've had a hand in at once."

"Thanks. Now you flatter me."

"Are you going out to lunch?"

"I've a very important date. I'm meeting my wife."

"I've often talked to my own wife about you. She'd like to meet you sometime," he said.

"Please thank her for me," I said. "And now if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Listen . . . let's have a drink together sometime. That's one of the two things we have in common," he said, shaking with his soft laughter.

I was so enraged I couldn't answer him for a moment. All my friends knew I had been drinking hard and couldn't stop and in the late afternoons my nerves used to go to pieces in the office. Sometimes it was simply terrible waiting for five o'clock so I could run out and get a whiskey and soda. Every day it got harder for me to go to work, and besides I was doing crazy things with friends at night I couldn't remember the next morning, that used to humiliate me when they were mentioned to me. I thought he was mocking me, but I waited a moment and said, "Drinking, yes! And you might be good enough to tell me what the other thing is we are lucky enough to have in common."

"Why, I thought you'd notice it," he said. He was so truly, yet goodnaturedly embarrassed, that I was astonished. I stared at him. There he was about my size, plump, dark, overweight, wider across the middle than across the shoulders and with a little black moustache.

"What is it?" I insisted.

"People have always said I looked like you," he said with a deprecating, yet easy swing of his arm.

"I see, I see, I see what you mean," I said, and I got up and was walking him towards the door.

"I'll phone you sometime," he said, and he wrung my hand very warmly.

As soon as he had gone I looked in the mirror on the wall and rubbed my hand softly over my face. It was not a flabby face. I was fat, but my shoulders were strong and heavy. I began to make loud, clucking, contemptuous noises with my tongue.

One night a week later my legs went on me and I thought I was going crazy. My wife was begging me to take some kind of a treatment. It was about half past eleven at night and I was lying on the bed in my pajamas trembling, and with strange vivid pictures floating through my thoughts and terrifying me because I kept thinking I would be seeing them next day at the office and I would not be able to do my work. My legs were twitching. I couldn't keep them still. My wife, who is very gentle and has never failed me at any time since we've been married, was kneeling down, rubbing my bare legs and making the blood flow warm and alive in them, till they began to seem as if they belonged to me.

Then the phone rang and my wife answered it and came back and said, "A man says he is a friend of yours, a business associate."

I didn't want any business associate to know I couldn't go to the phone so I put on my slippers and groped my way to it and said with great dignity, "Hello. Who is it?"

"It's Lawson Wilks," the voice said, and I heard his easy, intimate, self-possessed laughter.

"What do you want?" I yelled.

"I thought you might like to have a drink with me. I'm not far away. I'm in a tavern just two blocks from your place."

I suddenly had a craving for a drink and I felt like going out weakly and meeting him, and then I loathed myself and shouted, "No, no, no, I don't want a drink. I'm not going out. I'm terribly busy, do you understand?"

"O.K.," he said. "I'll call you again. I was just thinking about you."

I saw him in October, about a week after I had taken a three months' leave of absence from the office to try and get myself in hand so I wouldn't have to go away to a nursing home. I really wasn't making much of a fight, and sometimes I was ashamed. I looked so shabby and twitchy and I sat for such a long time smiling to myself that I couldn't bear anybody I knew to see me.

It was a dark windy day and I was sitting in the Golden Bowl tavern drinking a whiskey and soda and promising myself I wouldn't have another one till I read the Sunday papers. Then I looked up and Lawson Wilks had come in and was heading over to my table, grinning at me with more warm delight than I have ever seen on a man's face. While I turned away sullenly, he sat down and ordered a whiskey and soda. Nodding at my glass he said, "The same thing, you see. Didn't I tell you?"

He looked pretty terrible to me. His eyes were dead and pouchy and he seemed heavier and softer. His hand trembled as he raised his glass. He saw me staring at him and his

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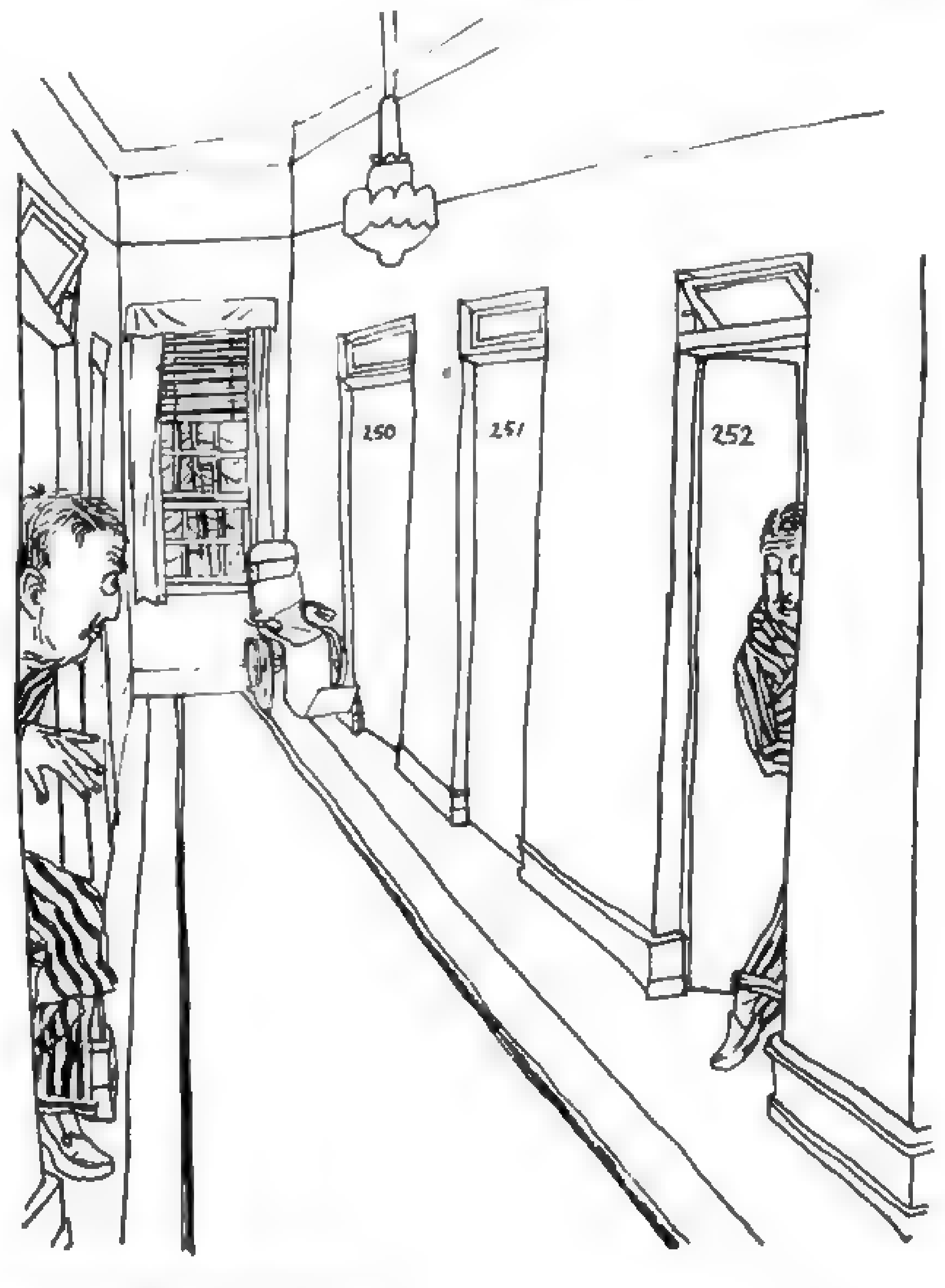
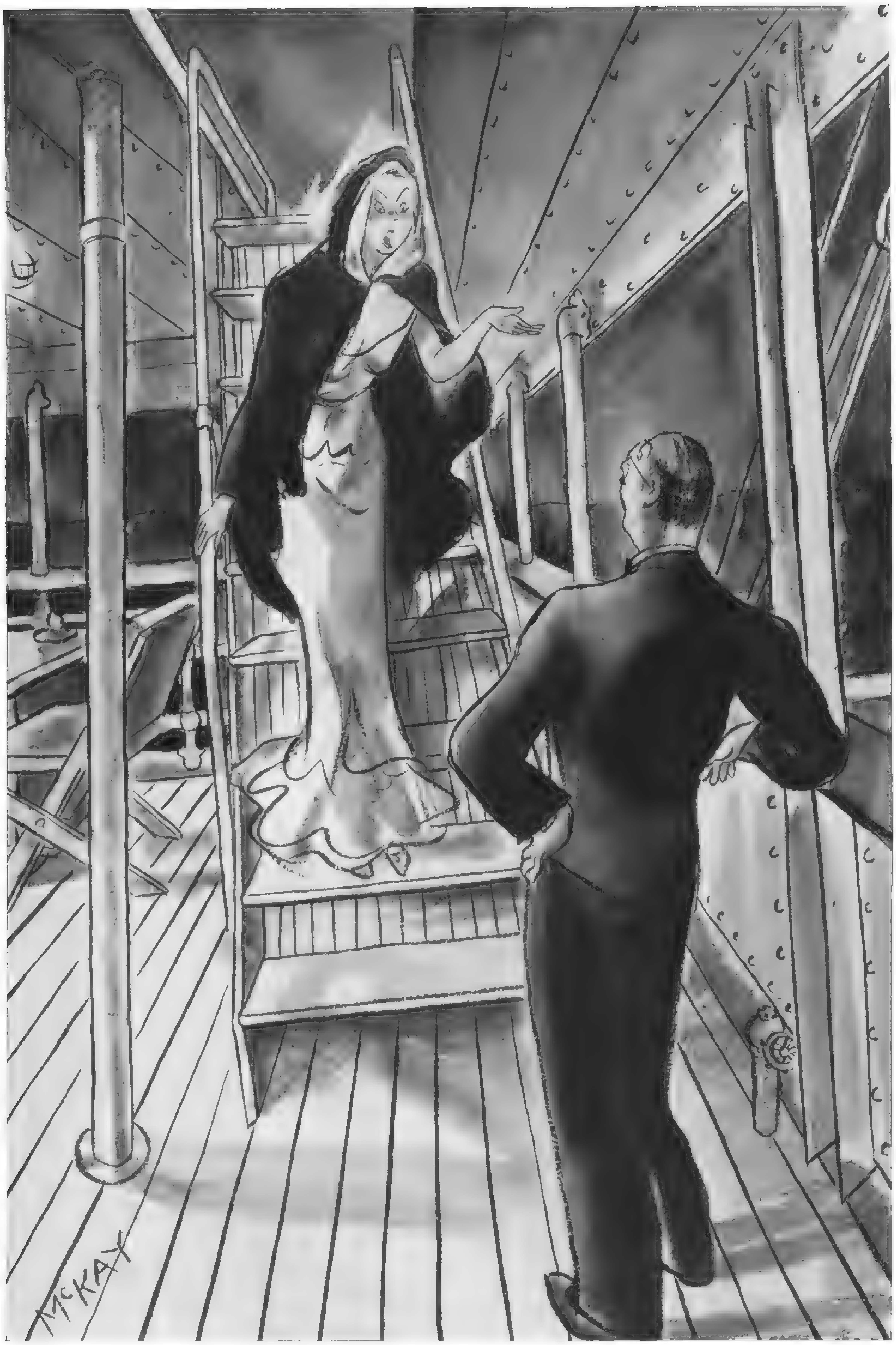


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



"After all, he's the Captain! He ordered me up, so I went!"

I Will Bet You That—

Some observations of a cynic that will knock your most comfortable bromides right out from under you

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

If two women make an appointment with each other—to go shopping, play tennis or golf, take a motor trip, attend a matinee, play bridge—I will bet even money, provided the appointment is made two or more days in advance, that it will not be kept at any time of the original day agreed on.

I will bet three to one that any bridge player of either sex who declares: "This is the worst hand I ever saw" is wrong.

I will bet even money that the next time a motorist approaches a pedestrian or group of pedestrians walking on his side of the road he will *not* have to slow down and honk because there is an approaching car which will arrive, simultaneously with his own car, abreast of the pedestrians.

I will bet three to two that any person who, experiencing a bad hangover, declares "Never again" will consume at least one drink within three days of that statement.

If an Eastern college football, track, basketball or tennis team is competing with one west of the state of Ohio I will bet five to four that the Western team wins.

If a woman makes such a statement as "You're *always* late for dinner," or "You *always* make the wrong lead," or "You *always* forget to close the door," I will bet three to one that she cannot produce figures or facts to prove that this is true as much as twenty per cent of the time.

If two or more men, assembled at a club bar, drink one cocktail, I will bet even money that they order at least one more, and if they drink two cocktails I will bet four to one that they take a third.

$
2TO1
20TO1
7TO5
6TO4

If a man takes a young lady to a night club I will bet ten to one that he will be able to pay his check—in cash—when they decide to go home.

On hearing the remark: "Well, I think he's a little queer—if you know what I mean," I am prepared to bet two to one that the person under discussion is not homosexual.

I will bet even money that any given theatre performance given in any city of less than three hundred thousand population will begin at least fifteen minutes after the time it is scheduled to begin.

I will bet ten to one that a person of either sex who makes the remark: "I'll never speak to him (her) again," will do that very thing.

At a football game I will give four to one that the team which scores first will win the game.

When a husband and wife call on another ditto, and the visiting wife says "We must be going now," I will give and demand the following odds: Three to one that they don't go within five minutes. Even that they don't go in ten. Two to three that they don't go in fifteen. One to five that they don't go in twenty. One to ten that they don't go within half an hour. One to two thousand, just for the hell of it, that they stay over night.

On any given "war scare" within the ensuing two years I will bet two to one that it doesn't lead to a world war.

I will bet five to two that a person retrieving a tennis ball outside of court who attempts to throw it back into the court over the backstop will fail to do so on his first throw. I will bet two to five that he likewise fails on his second attempt.

I will bet three to one that any pair of clean white flannels will have at least one clearly discernible spot on them after being worn for any period exceeding an hour and a half.

I will bet five to one that any individual, on being confronted with a one-man charade, will fail to solve it if he has not already heard the answer.

If a person is introduced in quick succession to five people, none of whom he has heard of before, I will bet even money that he forgets to remember the names of more than two of them.

I will always give three to one that any person making a pass at a fly with his hand will miss.

If a woman puts out her hand to signify that she is going to make a left turn I will still bet, believe it or not, ten to nine that she makes it.

At all deb parties having more than thirty per cent extra stags I will bet three to two that anyone who cuts in on a girl will dance either less than one minute or more than ten with her.

I will bet five to one that no American tennis player who hasn't already payed on the Davis Cup team will win a challenge round match from Bunny Austin (now that Fred Perry has gone pro) next year.

I will bet even money that any given couple invited to my house for dinner will be at least ten minutes late.

If any person remarks that he has never had an accident in all the years he has driven a car, I will bet three to one that immediately on completing this remark, he will knock on wood.

I will give the same odds that when, in the presence of two or more males, a young girl remarks that she is sweet sixteen, one of the males will add: "and never been kissed?"

I will bet one to four that any filling station attendant, unacquainted with the car I drive, will open the engine cover on the wrong side when I ask him to look at my oil.

In any given restaurant I will bet two to one that when I need more butter, the waiter will not supply me with it until I call the fact to his attention.

When the opponents have the ball on my team's twenty yard line, third down and eight to go, I will bet even money that one out of every five males in the vicinity surrounding me in the cheering section will yell: "Look out for a pass!"

I will bet any given person ten to one that he cannot prove that Friday the thirteenth has been consistently any more unlucky for him than any other date.

I will bet three to one that anybody entrusted to mail a letter for me within a specified time will do so.

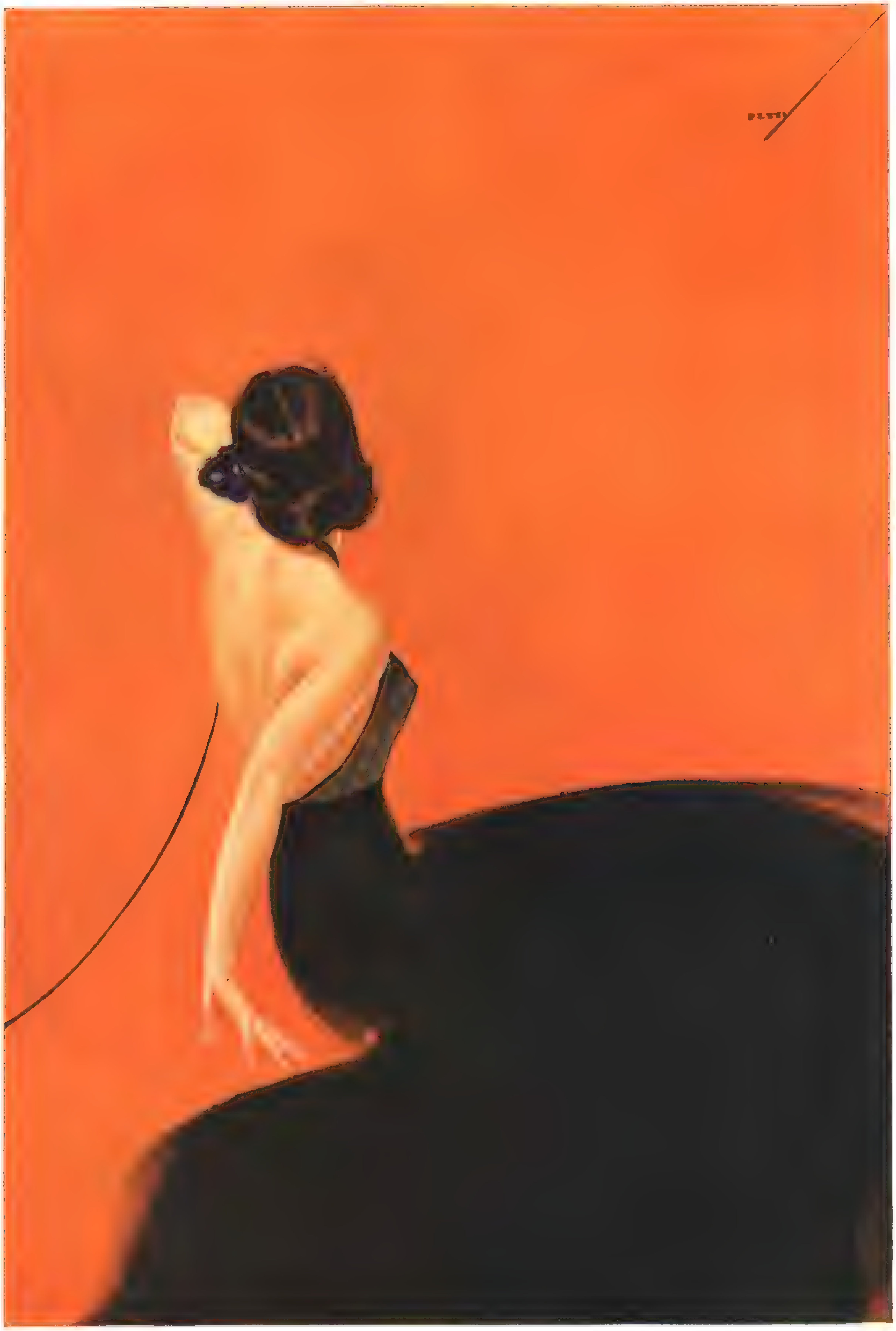
I will bet two to one that any child under six years old, receiving a present or a favor from me will fail to thank me, and four to one, in that event, that his mother immediately commands him to.

When one person holds a lighted match to a second person's cigarette outdoors, my bet is two to one that the light will fail to take effect on the first match.

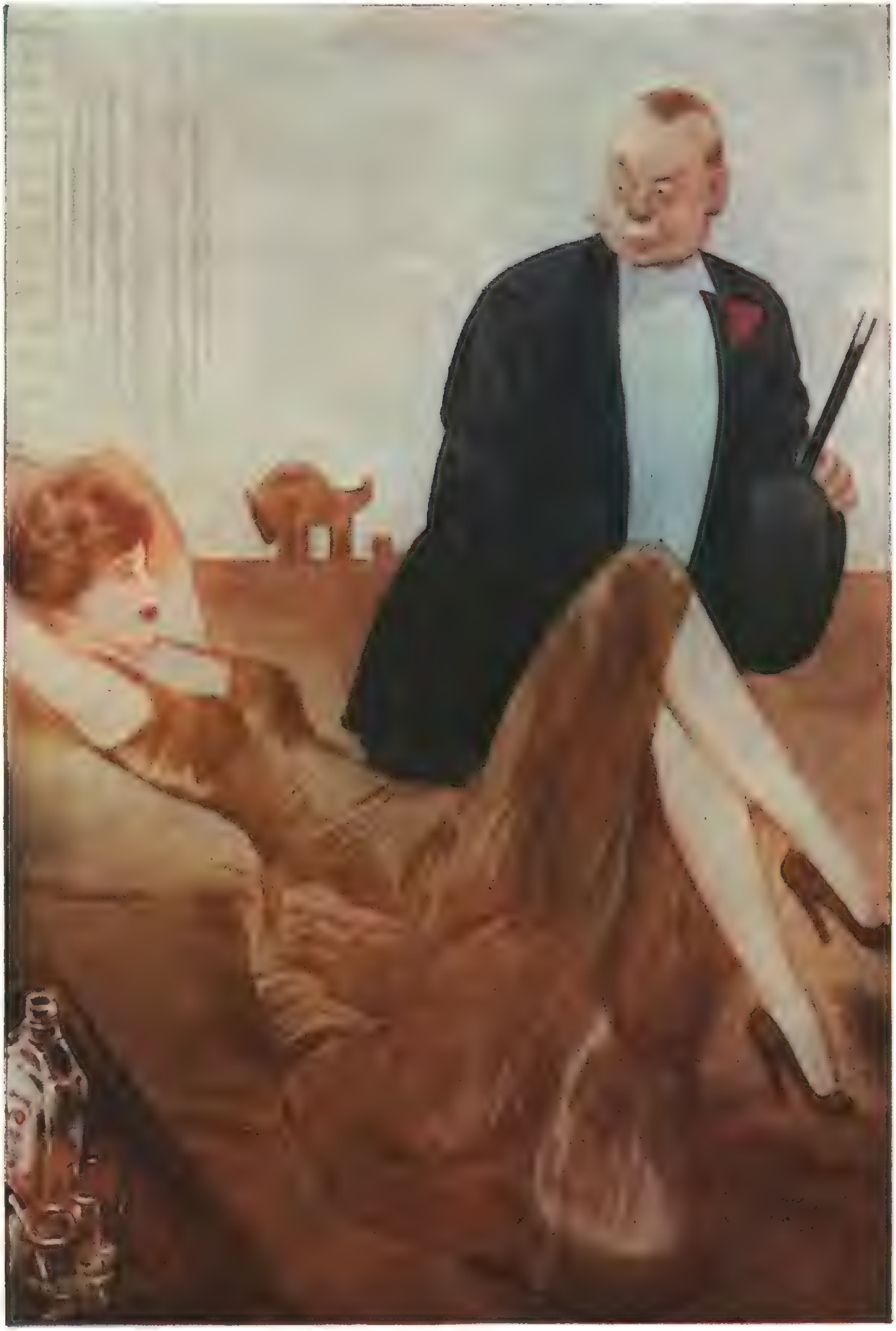
I will bet three to one that the winner of the Braddock-Schmelling fight will not defend his title within one year after the date of his victory.

I will bet twenty-five to one that I can put down any and all books which are designated by reviewers or blurb writers as "A book you simply can't put down."

If a young man comes to my door, and inquires whether I have heard about the "contest," I will bet him three to one, on the spot, that he is trying to sell me magazine subscriptions. ⌗



"What do you mean you've gone broke and I'm the only thing you have left?"



"I'll talk turkey, Mr. Bixby, if you'll talk mink"

Ordeal by Blood

Of those Spartan days when fraternity initiations were something to write home about

by JACK O'CONNOR

▪ ARTICLE ▪

At least every six months some official in one of the national college fraternities for men breaks into print by denouncing the sadistic thumpings members habitually practice on freshmen as part of initiation. Some fraternities have even abolished hazing entirely and nearly all of them have toned it down.

Boys who now join these sacred orders very little more than a half generation after I did have no idea what it meant to be a fraternity man just before and after the war when getting one's legs cut off by an unscheduled train or one's skull fractured when one was tossed out of a third-story window were considered only as the breaks of the game and a natural counterpart of the innate goatishness of the sophomore.

Now it is all changed. Initiates emerge at worst with only a few minor bruises, and I haven't heard of a freshman being bumped off since the Dekes at Texas gave a lad too big a shot of juice back in 1927 or 1928.

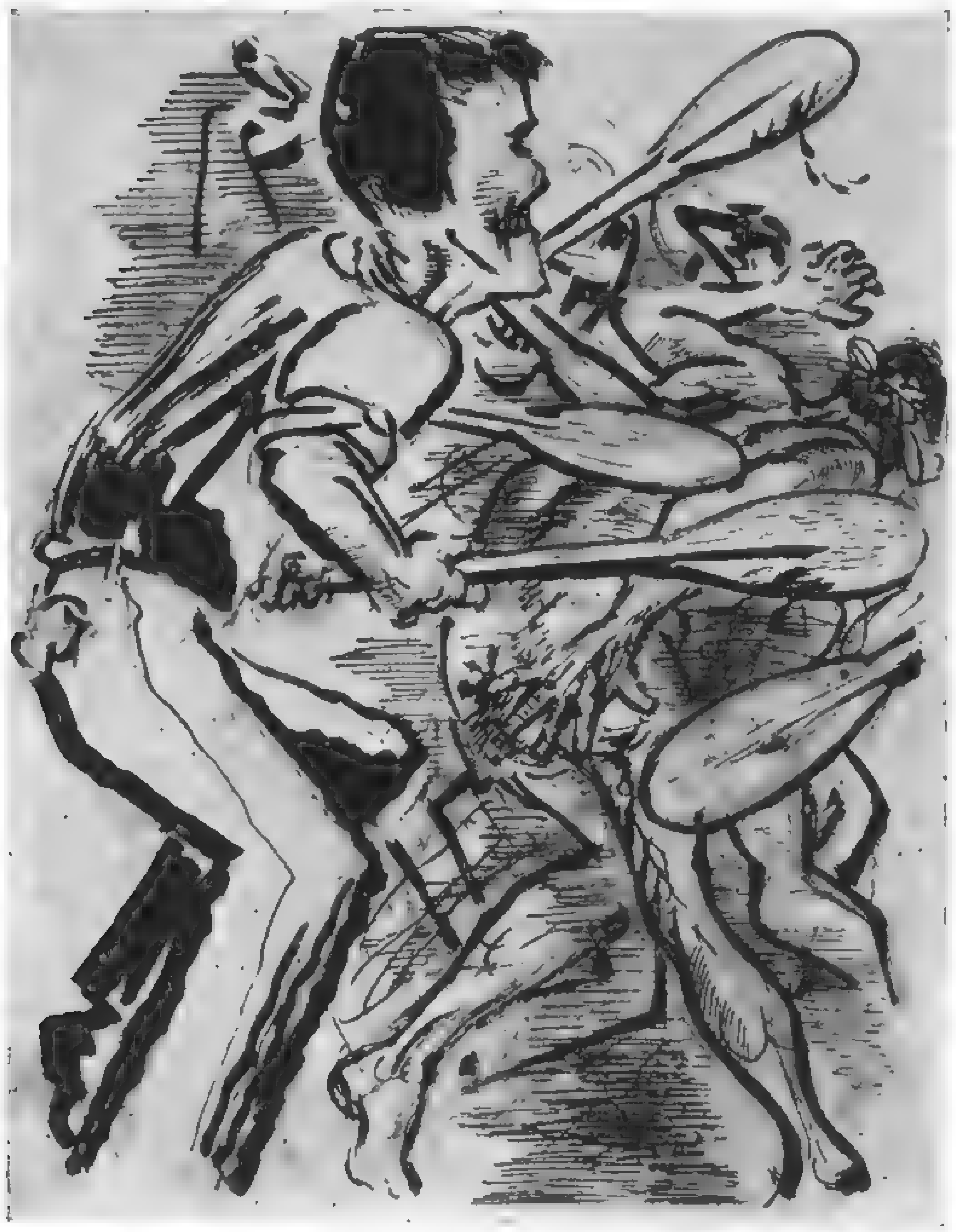
Now, I was initiated into an old and reputable fraternity shortly after the World War at a Southern university where the art of friendly torture reached, perhaps, a fuller and more glorious development than any place else in the United States. And the chapter into which I was taken long had a reputation of being tougher on its freshmen than any other outfit in the school. That was no small praise.

When I became a pledge of Sigma Psi (which I shall call my fraternity principally because that is not its name) members of other chapters told me I would catch hell at initiation time. They said this with no malice but with a certain wistful envy, as they were jealous of the appalling shellackings the Sigma Psi's handed out to their pledges and tried to imitate them. Now, I believe a factual and unexaggerated description of this initiation would be a valuable footnote to social history. It should be revealing to fraternity members of these decadent Thirties, and it will no doubt bring a reminiscent tear to the eyes of sentimental old grads. So far as I know, such a description has never found its way into print.

One January afternoon they sent all the pledges out of the house with orders to stay away until dinner time. When we returned we were fed and then stripped naked except for a bandage of cotton and collodion which they made us wear over our eyes.

We waited in the library, huddled in our individual darknesses, fearful and trembling like so many Christians about to be thrown to the lions. We were fourteen.

Down the stairs strange noises filtered from the big ballroom where we knew most of the ceremony was to take place. We heard the shuffling of feet, the sounds of heavy objects being dragged about, the low, obscene cackle of laughter. Then, while final preparations were being made upstairs, upperclassmen began to move among us, cracking our bare shins playfully with the edges of paddles, smacking our noses with fists, dropping large ballbearings on our heads.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

I recognized the moans coming from my right as issuing from the mouth of a brother I loathed, a beefy athlete, so in the darkness I smote him horribly, and he, poor oaf, thinking he was being beaten by an upperclassman, did nothing. With heroism as great as that of the little Spartan lad who smiled happily while the fox was eating out his entrails, I suppressed my own moans, so the athlete wouldn't discover I was next to him and sock me in return.

Presently they took the first boy out. We heard him stumbling upstairs and then the beating began—a staccato flailing of paddles on bare hide followed by wild yells. When my own turn came, I was led upstairs into the ballroom and told to proceed on all fours slowly and with dignity straight ahead. I did. Thirty upperclassmen were in the paddling line and each rained from five to ten blows on my upthrust rear. Crushed and stung by the pain, I broke into an awkward gallop and because of it I had to return and retrace my steps while they beat me once more.

Once through the line, I stood up. The pain had taken my breath away, but as yet I hadn't cried out. Surreptitiously I put my hand to my posterior. I couldn't feel it: the first twenty blows had completely numbed me. But my hand was warm and sticky with blood. (This is getting ahead of the tale, but when I inspected the paddles next morning, most of them were caked with dried blood and some of them had long interesting streamers of hide attached.) Next we swallowed an oyster—the same oyster. It had a string attached and no sooner was it down than it came up—a pleasant sensation. I was number five on the oyster-swallowing list. Number six rudely kept the oyster, as the gastric juices of the gentlemen preceding him had so weakened the mollusk it wouldn't stay on the string. He got ten swats for that, poor devil!

Then followed the old branding gag, which did not frighten several of us as we had heard of it previously. You know—a red-hot iron is carried near the skin of the patient and then just as it is plunged into a piece of meat so it will smoke and smell, ice is put on the victim's hide. The yells of the unknowing were things to delight the sadistic heart.

The upperclassmen rolled us in glue next and covered us with feathers. Then while we stood about trying to appear nonchalant, they alternately froze patches of our hide with nitrous ether and drenched us with hot tallow. That exercise palled on the lads, however, and they turned to freezing portions of our anatomy solid and then giving them a smart blow with a paddle. The skin and flesh broke, of course, and the good red blood of Southern aristocrats flowed.

By that time a couple of hours had passed and some of the younger and weaker boys were fainting. I could hear them hit the floor and I could also hear them being revived with buckets of cold water.

But it was the electric shoes which got me down. I happened to be the first victim. They used too much juice and I am sensitive

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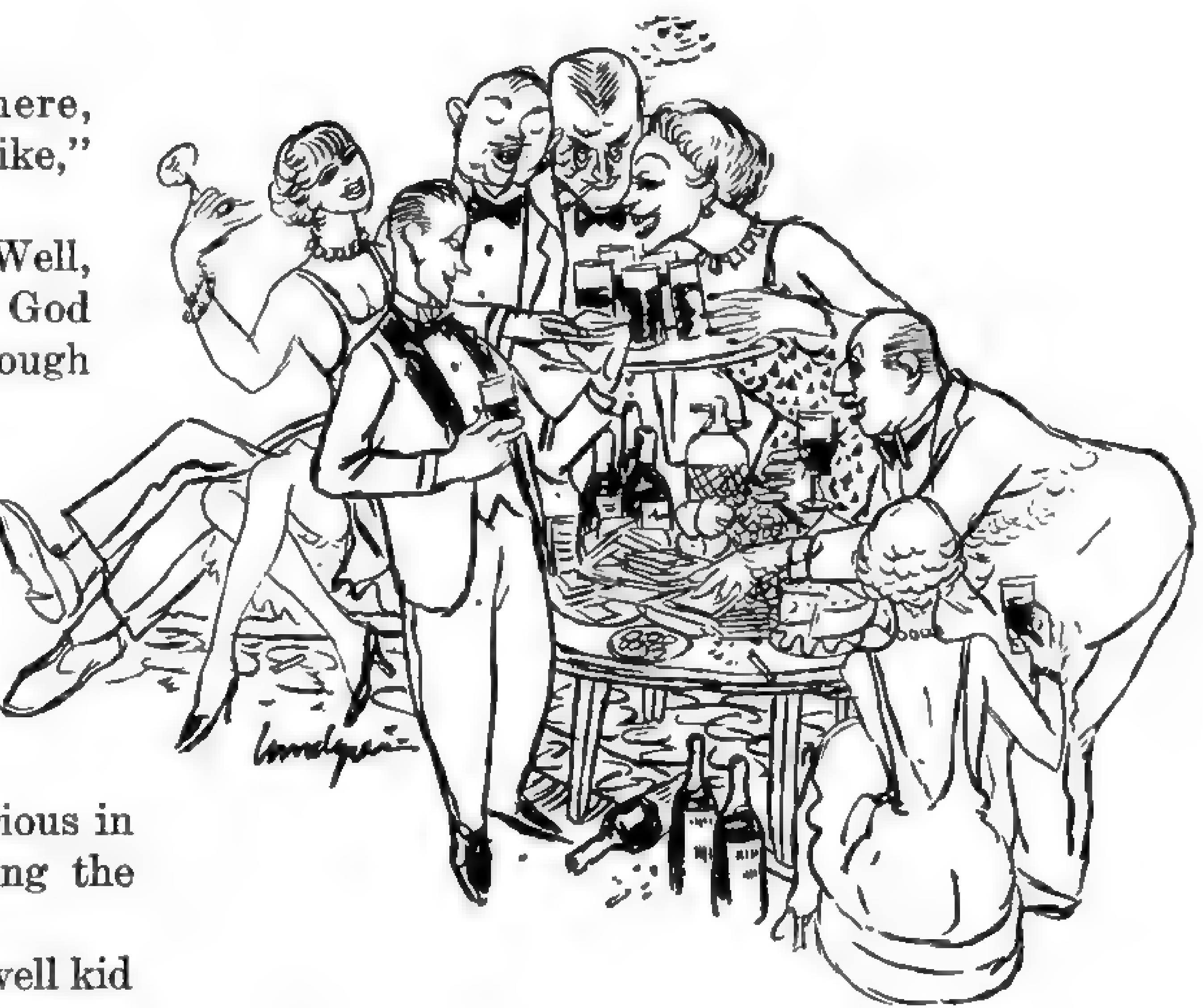
Fireman Save My Child

It was just one of those rowdy parties, everyone pleasantly lit, till things took the usual turn

by EDWARD HODES

▪ FICTION ▪

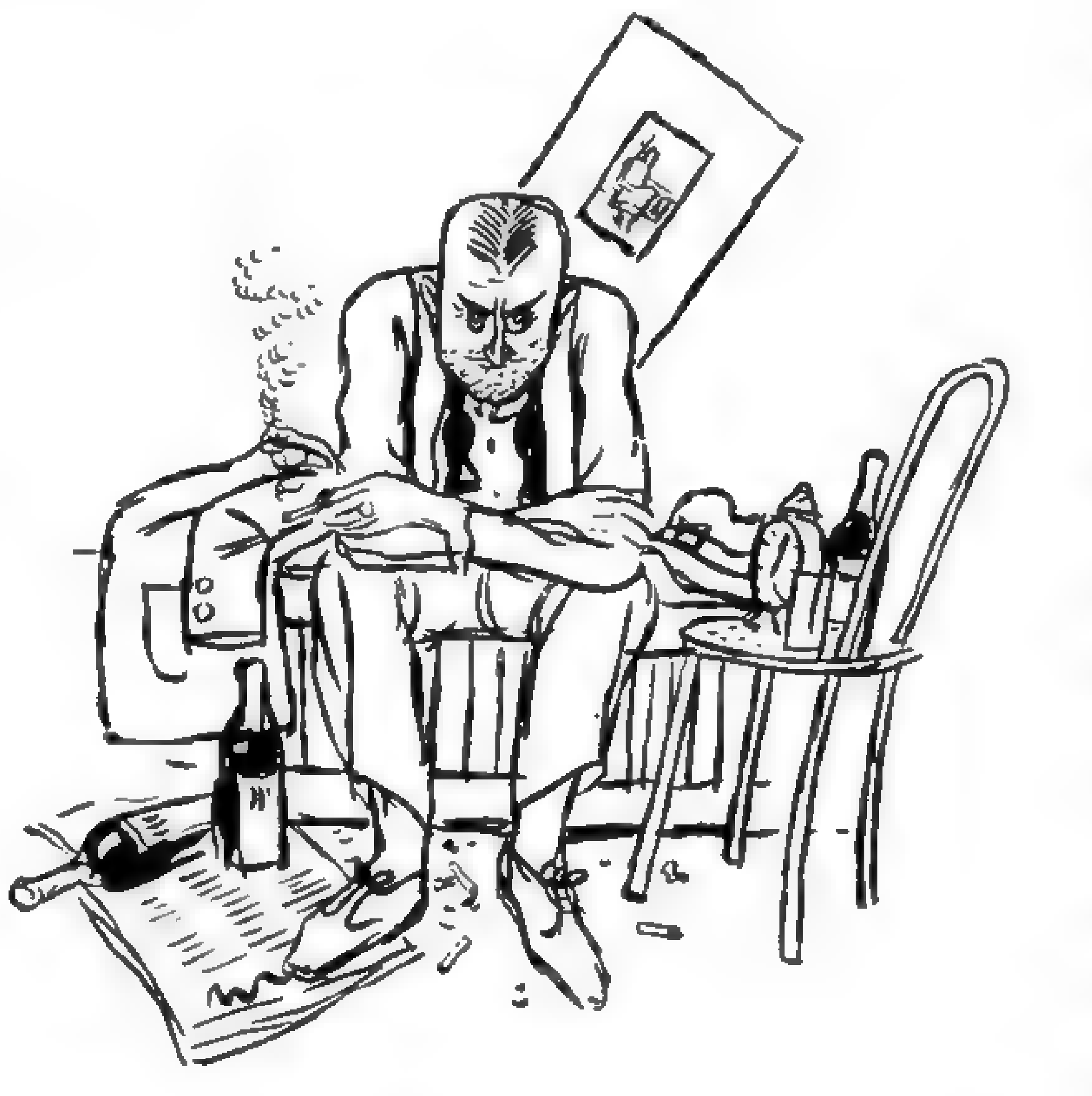


WHEN Mike Sullivan got home around one o'clock in the morning the party was going strong. "Ha! Listen to them in there," he said to Horace Granger who was with him. "I suggest—" as they put down their burdensome Sunday papers and took off their overcoats—"I suggest that we have one or two straight ones, in the kitchen, eh?" "A very good suggestion I think, Mike my boy," said Horace.

Mike stuck his head into the living room —"Hi soaks, I mean folks—" "Yea Mike!" the men—"About time you were getting here! You're missing all the dirty jokes!" "I'll join you presently folks, I mean soaks—" "Mike—" "Keep right on enjoying yourselves—Hi Babe—" to Jessie across the room. "Hi Babe," she answered without disturbing herself. Meantime loud-mouthed Joe Levy was—"We will! Hey Mike! We will I said! We were going to anyway!" and Mike asking, "You will what? What the hell are you talking about anyway?" Audrey, Horace's girl, was in it, trying to explain. "Ah, let it go!" Mike withdrew his head.

Audrey followed him into the hall. She put her arms round Horace's neck, and then offered Mike too her lips in friendly fashion. "You poor dear boys, slaving away all this time, you must be *so* tired—What's in the paper? Air bombs kill fifty-three in Madrid square—is that the best you could do? No more Mrs. Simpson?"

"There's the young Roosevelt-du Pont girl story," Mike said, "but if you find the *hors d'oeuvres* uninteresting turn right to the ads as most people do. It's a fact, Audrey—" "All the news that fits we print," Horace put in, "as the boys in the composing room say. Mike, how about that drink?"



They started towards the kitchen. Audrey put her hand on Mike's arm and, direct, sincere—Horace's British influence—"Jessie was out with Bill, Mike. I thought I'd tell you."

"Why shouldn't she go out with Bill? Anyway, why should you tell me?"

"I told her I was going to. They didn't come home till twelve. She called me up, asked me to come over early as she was going out and didn't want to leave little Jessie. When I got here, around nine, she was gone—" "What of it?" Mike interrupted. "Little Jessie's five and— See here, Audrey—" "She's two-timing you, Mike," Audrey said.

Mike looked queer for a moment. "Well, why shouldn't she two-time me, God knows I've two-timed her often enough and she knows it too—After you, Horace, with that—" He filled his glass, drank and said, "Einmal," refilled it—"Zweimal! Do you think for one minute that I care a damn?"

"I wonder—" Audrey, womanlike— "Perhaps you care more than you realize—" Horace, not curious in the least, took a drink and, breaking the pause—"Dreimal!"

"Apropos," said Mike, "you're a swell kid and all that, Audrey, and I appreciate the good intentions but, really, one doesn't—" "I know that," Audrey told him, "but this time I felt—" "Oh, for God's sake!" Mike cut her short— "This is 1936, our generation is—beyond all that! Oh—women are the devil, eh Horace?"

"I haven't the faintest notion of what you're talking about, Mike old chap," said Horace. "However, pay no attention to her. She gets that way and there's nothing you can do." "It's Jessie I was referring to," Mike said.

He poured down his dreimal, considered a viermal. The liquor wasn't taking hold. He was keyed up, tense as usual after work but uninterested somehow, finding everything distasteful. Yet he had to—

They went in then, joined the party. Mike, speaking to this one and that one—loud-mouthed Joe—"Behold! our noble host!" "What!" he cried. "What, call'st thou me host!

"Base tike, now by this hand I swear, I scorn the term.

"Nor will my Nell keep lodgers—"

There was a roar at this as Mike and Jessie's in-laws periodically came for long visits. "Attaboy, Mike!" With a surprised look on his face Mike went on, "That reminds me, I must go to her, I must e'en speak to my good Nell more currently hight Jessica—I must to her, where is she? Can you direct me, kind sir—"

Jessie giggled. "Go 'way from here, Mike—" as he began to—"Can't you see I'm necking Bill? Especially after that crack—" "But it is your Michael," he insisted, "your darling Mike whom you adore—" Giggling— "Go 'way!" she pushed him and in spite of himself he felt a twinge, of some sort—

"But it's Mike! Mike's here—" He was watching her, analytically—she was fairly high and Bill too for that matter. If they had been two-timing would they be necking now? They were just smart enough. Not that he really cared but—

"Mike, for the love of God!" Bill— "Let us alone! I have some rights—find Martha why don't you and neck her?"

"You're perfectly right, Bill," Mike said, "only Martha's necking with Gordon Sandler. You should at least, according to the code, keep an informative eye on your wife while necking with mine." "You're right, Mike," Bill— "Martha is necking with Gordon Sandler." And all eyes on Martha hiding her face in shame, throwing her skirt up over her head, showing her beautiful legs.

"Ha! I suppose I am to infer that there is adultery in this case," Mike— "Come, Martha, let us commit adultery you and I—"

Jessie said sharply, "Mike, if you're going to start cutting the fool—"She giggled nervously. "Why don't you tend to your business and make us some coffee?" Mike told her. "By God I'll cut the fool if I want to. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, my friends—Come, Martha!" And loud-mouthed Joe—"Nuts! I say you haven't got the guts!"

"And I say, *honi soit qui mal y pense*," Mike— "Phrase-maker!" Joe shouted. "You're a sucker for a phrase!" "Sorry, Mike, I'm leaving," Martha said. "My child is downstairs. Never mind, Bill, you don't have to—" Bill sat still. "How about you, Mike—or-line-and Gordon—" "I'll see you at the Hotel de Paris, Bray-sur Thames, Martha," Mike said. "Mayfair's favorite haunt—" "I'll go along, Martha," said

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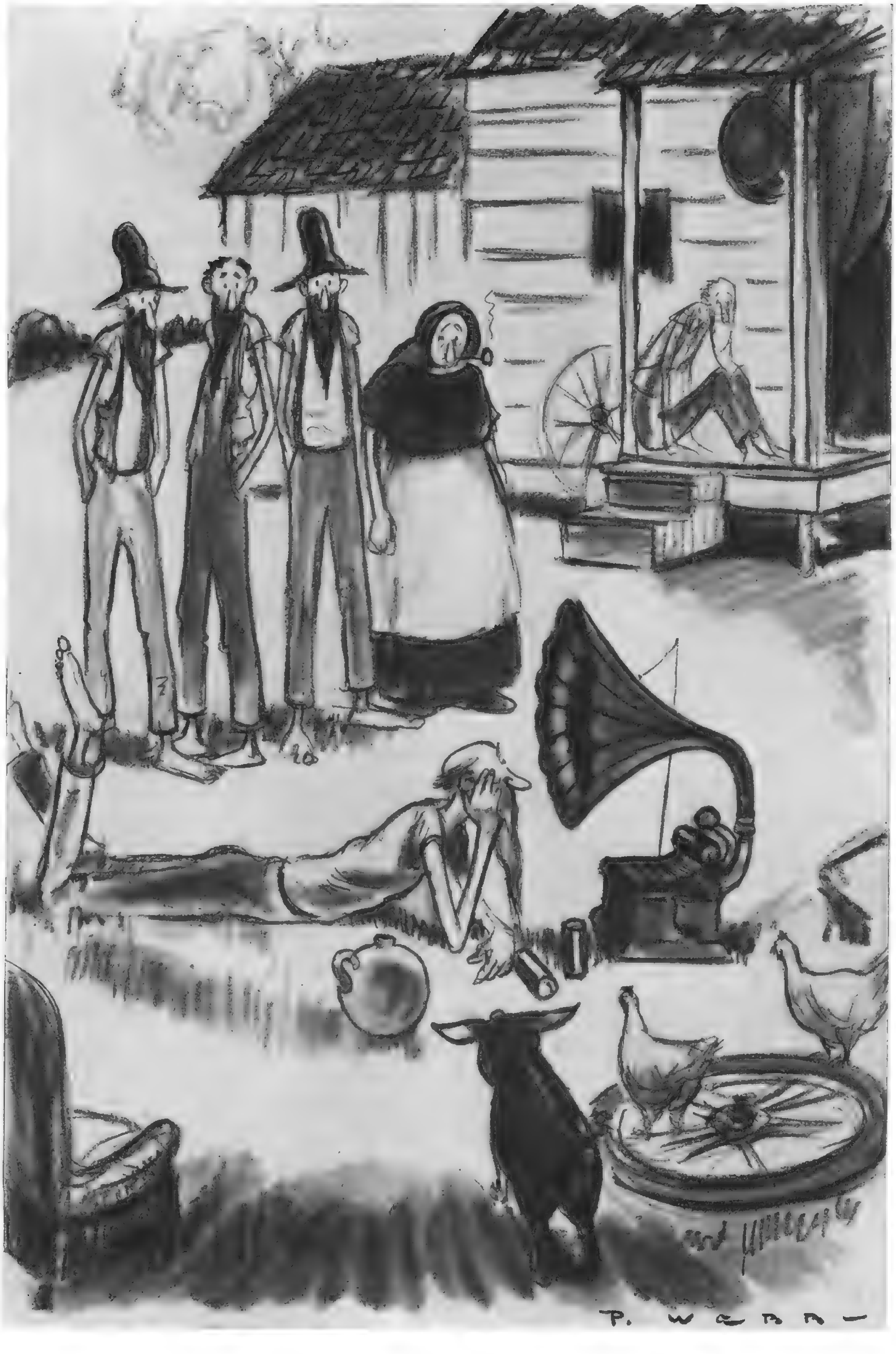


"Lookit Paw—the damn fool—still tryin' t' figger out what makes thet music come out'n thar"

Judo in the Dojo

It's modified jiu-jitsu, it's discipline, a code of ethics, a philosophy—but not fighting

by JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN

• ARTICLE •

No one knows how the fight started. I used to be a jazz-band clarionet player, and I know how some of those lads in dance halls are. They're itching to show the girls what tough babies they are, and if you happen to brush one of them accidentally in passing, you'll get a snarl and "Whyn't yuh look where yuh're goin'!"

Up to a short while ago I was convinced from experience that the only effective answer to that was to place the open palm of the right hand in the aggressive one's face and shove hard. Any talk whatever was only temporizing, and betrayed the fact that you were afraid. You might snarl back until the girl pulled her escort away, but at that you came off poorly.

I was a bandsman, so I wasn't bothered. Even the crowds in those 125th Street places are friendly to the musicians. But I can imagine very well what happened to my friend. An unintentional shove, a snarl, my friend's mild remonstrance, his less-than-five-foot stature—and the panic was on!

Well, the boys tell me he took on eleven—one after another—until the cops came and my friend ducked down the stairs. Something about a fight makes a guy like to try *his* luck. The trouble in *this* case being: It didn't happen to be a matter of luck. It was a matter of Judo against anything the boys knew about fighting. And that anything just didn't happen to be enough.

As a matter of fact, I don't know of any type of weaponless fighting that would be enough—unless it be Judo itself. And Judo, of course, is not fighting. It is a game. It's exercise, it's physical training, it's discipline, it's a code of ethics, it's a philosophy, it's modified jiu-jitsu, but it's not fighting.

No. Not fighting, but a swell thing to know if you see a fight coming.

Ever watch a bouncer in a bar? I don't mean a green kid—one of these big, red-faced young lads that's always spoiling for fight—but an old-timer. A quiet, soft-voiced, friendly fellow, with a twisted nose, perhaps, whose only reply to insults is a reproving, "Now, now, my friend, that's no language to be usin' in front of ladies." Watch him take the offending one over into a secluded corner, talk to him, quiet him, and—if this fails, toss him out so fast he smokes, with a minimum of braggadocio and effort.

Judo is like that. A Judo man can afford to be patient. He knows he's got something up his sleeve that's dynamite, and he doesn't have to swagger because he's not afraid, doesn't need to bolster his courage that way. Another reason why he doesn't swagger is that it is absolutely contrary to the principles of Judo. No Judo man would get very far without having the cockiness knocked out of him on the mat by some bland-faced second-degree black belt.

What is Judo?

In feudal Japan a system of defense and attack exercises without the use of weapons developed and was known as jiu-jitsu. Jiu-jitsu means *the gentle art*, and gets its name from the principle, embodied in many of the tricks, of appearing to yield, in order to get your opponent to apply his strength in the direction you wish to use it.

Say you hold your clenched fist out rigid from your side. I wish to make you lift that fist suddenly. Do I try to push it up? No, instead I push it down until I feel you resisting, trying to maintain your fist rigid in place. As soon as you are pushing against me hard enough, I stop pushing, and your fist flies up of its own accord—helped, if necessary, by such force as I may wish to apply. That is the principle of *the gentle art*—jiu-jitsu.

In feudal times Japan had many masters of this art—all teaching different tricks or variants of those tricks. Thus different schools arose. With the advent of gunpowder and modern weapons, the military uses of jiu-jitsu fell somewhat into obsolescence and for a time threatened to die out altogether.

Early in the 1900's a scholar and philosopher, Jigoro Kano, realized that if something were not done to give point to the study of jiu-jitsu, this valuable art might be lost entirely to Japan. He had studied at the various schools, from the best masters, and now sat down to devise some unifying principle which should give point to the study of the art.

First he revised and modernized the tricks. Many were no longer useful because either the counters were too well known, or because the trick itself placed its user in jeopardy. For example. In old jiu-jitsu books you will find players holding the opponent's sleeve with the fingers gripped inside the hem. It was found that by twisting the arm the hem could be tightened like a tourniquet and the fingers trapped, leaving the victim captured and helpless. Dr. Kano ordained that henceforth the sleeve was to be gripped from the outside only. He also increased the length of jacket sleeves to prevent mat-burns on the elbow when the player is thrown violently as happens constantly in Judo.

When he had devised a *kata*, or catalogue of the basic tricks, he announced his unifying principle that would give meaning to the study of Judo. It was this:

Judo is the principle of maximum social efficiency.

No longer were the tricks to be used as aimless weapons of defense or attack. No longer were the exercises to be performed simply for the purpose of developing a physique better than the next man's. Back of all this study and play was the ideal of building something that would help society, one's fellow man. Because they were anti-social, the dangerous, the fatal tricks were relegated to the background, to be taught only to the black belt man, the Judo player of high degree who had demonstrated by years of application, skill, and self-control that he was capable of being entrusted with these dangerous secrets.

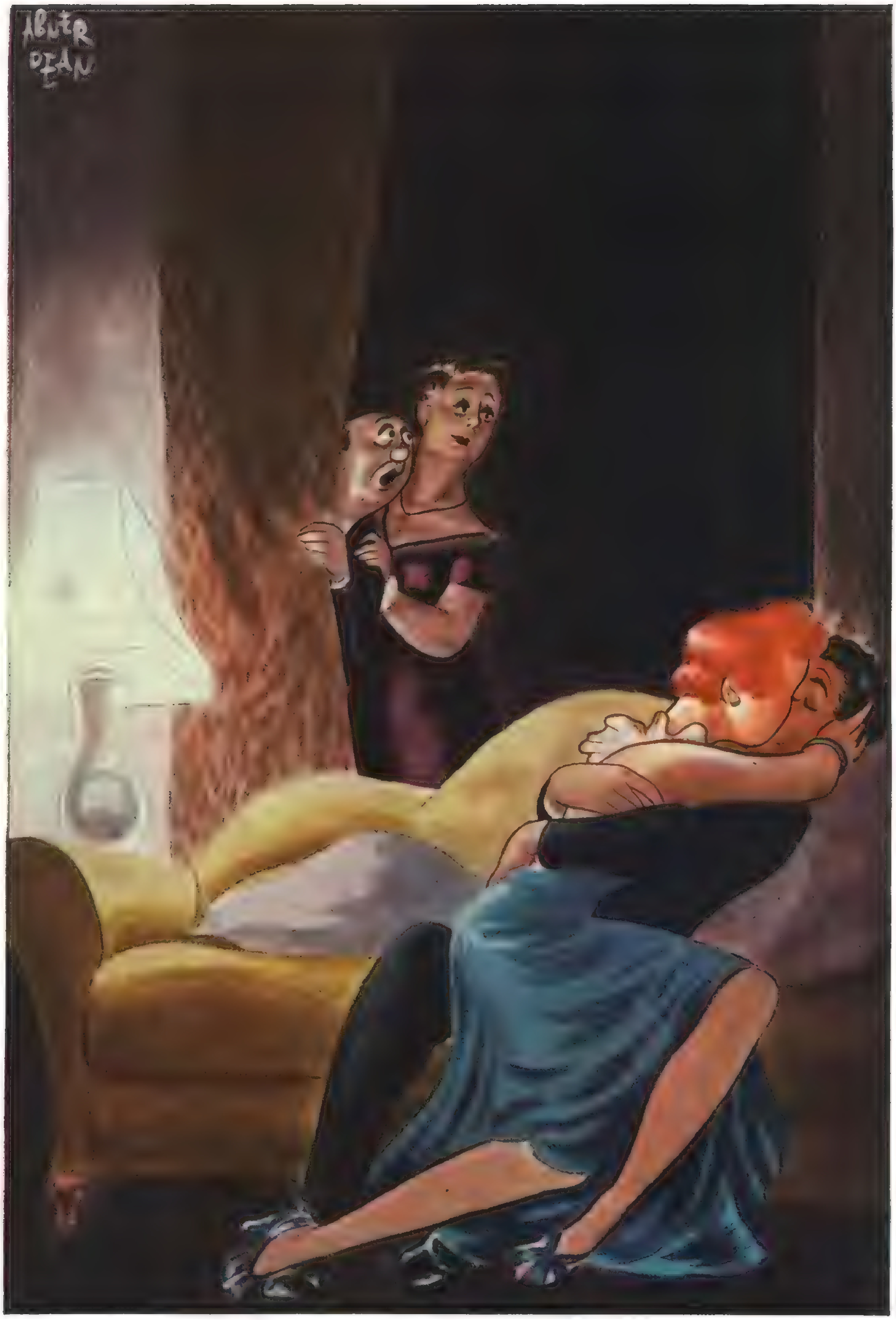
A Judo man who has attained to first black belt or higher can make you unconscious, painlessly, in three seconds. He knows how to knock out his opponent—or, if need be, kill him—in nothing flat. And because he is a Judo man, he does not employ these tricks. He can just as readily lock your various joints so that to struggle will only break your arm. If you'll call it off, then he will, every time. That's Judo. If you won't, then he can ultimately convince you you'll get nowhere with physical force.

How does one go about learning Judo?

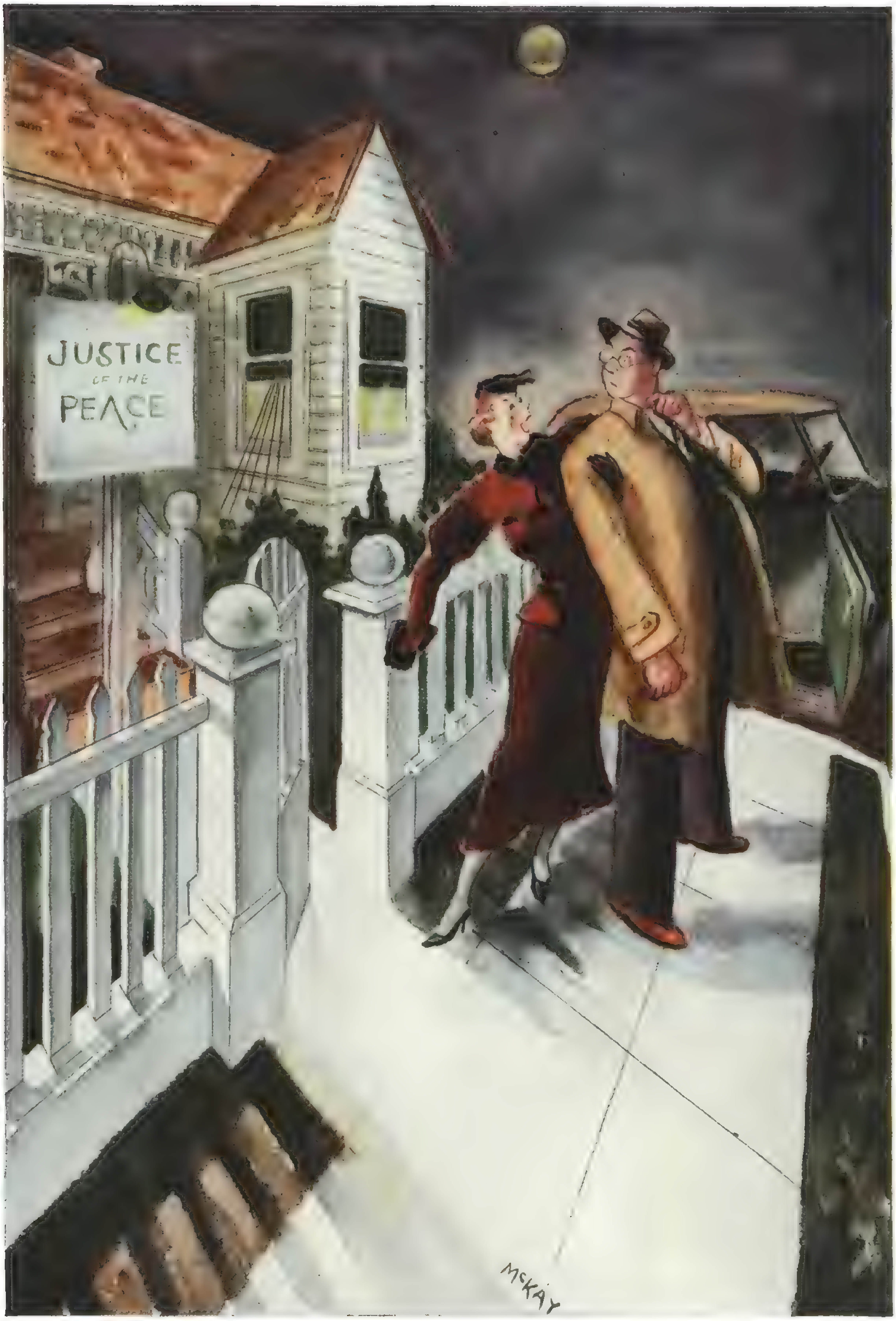
The Dojo of which I have the honor to be a member is on Forty-eighth Street, in New York City, next the old Friars' Club. I will tell you about my novitiate.

To begin with, the player must have a Judo suit—consisting of a heavy cotton tunic, a strong cotton belt, and trunks that look like shrunken pajama pants. The jacket has no lapels, like a kimono; instead it has a strong edge capable of standing great strain, for by it the player is swung off his feet in the play, or throttled in the mat work. The belt, similarly, is used in a great many

Continued on page 112



"How do you know they're in love?"


JUSTICE
OF THE
PEACE
McKAY

"Come on! It's only a social gesture!"

Advice to a Helpful Young Man

It's fatal to let anyone suspect how efficient you are, because once a handiman, always a sucker

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ SATIRE ▪

Perhaps when you were younger, you were known as the boy who was helpful around the house. You could fix the electric iron or replace a washer or get a clinker out of the furnace or spade up the flower bed or shovel off the snow or maybe run over the rugs with the vacuum cleaner.

Perhaps you enjoyed some of this. Maybe you built yourself a radio set or fooled around with photography or took manual training, and liked to make things. Possibly you were one of the thousands of high school boys who every year purchase ten dollars worth of odds and ends from a junk yard and create a sports roadster by sheer will power and the application of a can of yellow paint. Maybe you still like to build an occasional shelf or repair a broken chair or string up a lighting system in the attic?

But gentlemen, you are approaching a time of life when you must no longer give way to those constructive impulses. You are reaching man's estate and your cue is dignity and importance. Soon you will be married to that lovely girl of your dreams who, we all hope, knows nothing of your past. As far as she is concerned you are helpless, incompetent and clumsy when it comes to odd jobs about the house. You have no idea how to fix a door that sticks or put in a new fuse or stop a leaky faucet or change a spark plug or a tire. What she doesn't know will save you a lifetime of bother and nuisance. If people think you are helpless, they eagerly rush about to do everything for you. Why, I don't quite know, but they do. If people begin talking of you as "helpless" at an early age you can go off and read a book or play chess or drink Scotch, or sit at the window and catch flies for the rest of your life. When pipes burst or fuses blow or shelves fall suddenly from the wall, don't rush off for a hammer or a wrench and murmur reassuringly that you'll have things fixed in a minute . . . just make some appropriate exclamation such as, "My God, what was that!", or "You never can tell about these old houses!"

I realize that this is difficult. If you fancy yourself a master cabinetmaker, electrician, painter and hydraulic engineer, all your instincts will drive you into showing your skill. Moreover, it is difficult for the instinctively chivalrous American male to sit idle while his women-folk cope with some nasty and unfamiliar problem. But he must be severe. Better to burn out the wiring, flood the basement, or even blow up the house than to acknowledge a handiness with tools.

The trouble is that once your weakness for tinkering and mending is known, you are a marked man for life. When some unpleasant task appears, a chorus will arise from all your friends, relations and neighbors . . . "let HIM do it . . . he *likes* that sort of thing." But there is a second and more sinister result of making one's self useful. If you can do handiman chores you can also do housework! If you can put up curtain rods on that high window, why certainly you can do a simple little thing like peeling some potatoes and putting on the roast, because we won't be back from our bridge till almost six, and this is the maid's day out . . . and, why, don't be absurd, it's as easy as anything.

Do you want to be the man who is asked to move the piano, and lift the heavy table into the garden, and carry the beer-keg up the mountain for the picnic? Do you want to grow up to be the kind of fellow who is always chosen to ride in the rumble seat in the pouring rain? Or the man who can be egged into saying that he much prefers water with his drink when the soda runs out? Do you want to mind the neighbor's children for the afternoon? Do you want to be the one who runs out to the kitchen to butter rolls and clean celery and open cans because everybody "knows" he is such a good cook? Do you want to be the noble youth who runs out in zero weather for two pounds of hamburger so that the rest of the party won't get a chill? Or the one who gives up his girl to play the piano for the evening, because the regular pianist didn't come?

Be a grouch! Be a sourpuss! Pretend you are crippled, or palsied if need be. When the hostess moans that the refrigerator is broken and she would appreciate it so much if you would run down five flights and come back with fifty pounds of ice, mutter something about your sprained ankle and this being your first day out of a wheel chair. Once an ice-getter always an ice-getter.

It isn't that there is really anything wrong in being helpful. It's just a matter of thinking of your Future. One simple good deed and your life is ruined. The trouble is that fuse fixing leads to faucet fixing and faucet fixing leads to curtain hanging and curtain hanging leads to pea shelling and pea shelling leads to floor sweeping and floor sweeping leads to bed making, and bed making leads to a lifetime of domestic servitude.

I, myself, have been doing useful odd jobs for too many years now to turn back. At an early age I had constructed all manner of electrical gadgetry in the family basement, and now I have a scarlet letter burned into my forehead for all to see . . . "H" for handiman. And this is made worse because of the fact that I still enjoy hammering, sawing and tinkering. When I come into a room the hostess relaxes and all the guests look relieved. At last the man who is going up to the attic for extra chairs and down to the basement for firewood and out to the store for lemons, has arrived!

But all about me I see strange, God-like creatures who never do odd chores. Nobody ever asks them to cook a meal or paint a summer chair or mow a lawn. Around them cluster groups of worshiping women-folk who hasten to inform you that "poor dear" so-and-so is a darling but helpless, utterly helpless. And as they tell you this they glow with delight. He has no "gift" for carpentry or cookery or any kind of manual labor. He doesn't understand about the plumbing . . . so . . . won't *you* . . .? They run, they fetch, they cook and sew and scramble while the gentleman in question takes his ease. I look up to these masterful men with something like awe, only to realize that they are not masterful at all, merely artfully helpless. Such men go through poverty, wealth, marriage, divorce, fame, disgrace, promotion and unemployment without changing this situation in any way. They may own their own homes or live in boarding houses,

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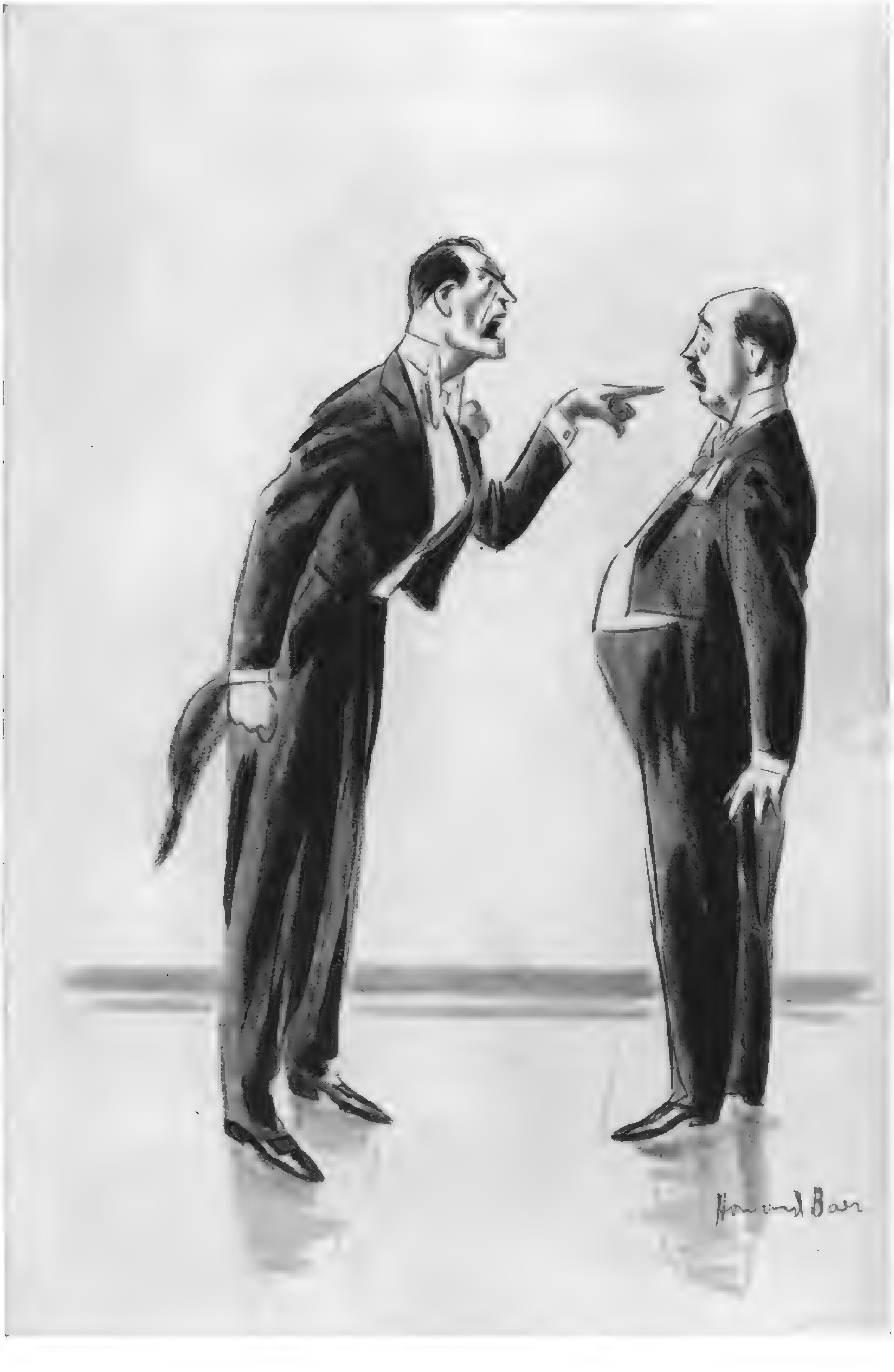
Howard Baer

"Leave your wife's name out of this, Kimball!!—I'll have no such talk about the woman I love!"

This Sinus Business

You may have a horror of sinus operations but doctors are very brave and cheerful about them

by CHARLES WILLIAMS, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

THE only correct idea about this sinus business that exists in the minds of most people is that it's bad stuff to have around. Grandmaws' back-fence consultations and medical fakirs have so garbled the picture that now mere mention of the word causes the knees of strong men to tremble and makes the widders turn on a fresh burst of tears. Politicians might say that it's new stuff—the result of the post-war depression, but that's all wrong. It isn't new stuff at all. In fact, it's old as the hills. The skulls of some of the old timers who lived back in the days when Cleopatra was doing her stuff show that the men of medicine even then were trying to figure out ways to help the poor devils who were troubled with it. We haven't heard much about it until recently because it used to travel under an alias called "catarrh" but in the past few years it has come into its own and now it's almost as fashionable as appendicitis was in the gay 90's.

If you're still interested, draw up your chairs, my chicks, and I'll discourse a bit on the subject. Before we go any farther perhaps Teacher had better introduce himself. Permit me to say that I'm a specialist in diseases from the necktie up in a city of about a half million people. I've got sheepskins from two of the leading American universities and was a "man in white" for four years afterward. I'm in good standing in the medical societies (my dues are paid), and to impress you still more let me add that I am surrounded with the halo of the American Academy. Therefore, I say with pardonable pride that I should know my "onions." I gotta stay incognito because if some of the old graybeards who run the medical society here caught me signing my name to this opus, they'd call it advertising and bounce me out of the charmed circle on my ear. If there *is* a Dr. Charles Williams, he didn't write this. It's a pen name, pure and simple.

To start with, what is a sinus anyway? Well, you might call it a cavity or hollow space in solid bone and those we're interested in are all connected with the nose, so if you want to be ritzy you can call them the nasal accessory sinuses. Why do we have them? you ask. That's a fair question, but since none of us were around when our domes were designed it's a hard one to answer. The best thought on the subject is that besides being handy places for hangovers to expand into, they are also useful in that they impart resonance to the voice, lighten the bones of the skull, and are an aid to the nose in the function of respiration.

There are several present in the head, just to give the bugs a chance to hop around a bit in case they get lonesome, and they're named after their anatomical location—thus the frontal sinuses are located above and behind each eyebrow, the maxillary sinuses in the depth of each cheek just above your upper molars or where they once were, the ethmoidal sinuses running backward along the nasal side of each eye, and the sphenoid sinuses located so far back in the head that you couldn't find them even if I told you where to look. Like your girl friends, they each have peculiarities and if you won't breathe it to a soul, I'll give you the lowdown.

The maxillary sinus, or antrum as it is sometimes called, is the biggest of the lot and the one most frequently causing trouble because Mother Nature slipped up here—I'll tell you how later. The frontals are the next largest, but since we got off our front paws and started walking upright they don't give trouble nearly so often as the antrum. The ethmoidal sinuses are the smallest guys on the team and number three to fifteen on a side. If you've ever seen a honey comb you've got a grand idea of what they look like. The sphenoid sinuses, the way back deep ones, you know, are interesting chiefly because they're next door neighbors to the nerve of sight, just before it enters the eye, and mischief here sometimes gets off the reservation and causes all sorts of eye symptoms. By the way, outside of the ethmoidal sinuses, all the rest are paired. That is, there is one on each side of the mid-line of the face.

Just a few things more now for our background and then we'll be ready to tee off. The lining of these sinus cavities is composed of what we medicos call mucous membrane. This is a pink moist glistening sheet which covers the inside of the nose and extends from here through the various openings into all the sinuses. Mother Nature did a swell job here. The membrane is covered with tiny finger-like projections which tend to wave offending substances out of the nose and sinuses. It contains many small cells which secrete mucus to help the above cause along and it also has numerous blood vessels which warm and moisten the air before it reaches our over-smoked lungs. You wouldn't believe it, but nearly a pint of fluid a day is put out by this apparatus just to try to keep us breathing more comfortably in the blistering heat of summer or the zero weather of winter. Keep clearly in mind what I tell you about this lining—it's the key to understanding much about this sinus business.

You remember what we said about the openings of the sinuses into the nose? Now then, the location of these openings is also important, so listen well while I tell you about them. Imagine a water bucket with an opening in the bottom. Pour anything into it and it runs right out. That's what happens in the frontals (the ones over the eyes). The openings are in the very bottom of the sinuses, hence any material can promptly drain out into the nose and we, therefore, have relatively few frontal sinus infections. Simple, isn't it? Now for the big chap, the antrum, or maxillary sinus, the one which I said was most frequently infected. Its outlet, instead of being in the floor of the sinus, is near the top so that now if we pour anything into the bucket, it can nearly be filled before anything drains off. This accounts for the frequent and often long drawn out difficulty in this sinus. The sphenoid sinuses have a similar high placed outlet, but they're located so far away from the main drag that they rarely receive callers.

The little fellas now, the ethmoids, have still a different situation. Here the cells will drain into each other in a series of two, three or four before they reach an exit. This you will admit is not such a hot arrangement so trouble here is also quite common and is inclined to hang on.

Now that we've laid the groundwork, we can blithely sail along to an understanding of the things that interest you more such as: what sinus trouble really is, how people get it, how they know they have it, and what should be done about it. Sinus trouble or sinusitis is an inflammation of the lining of these sinus cavities. Its chief predisposing factor is interference with the proper ventilation of the nose either through frequent local infections such as colds in the head or such general disturbances as influenza, scarlet fever and measles. It is aided

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Reunion After Adversity

When a fellow can't support his wife and son he shouldn't expect to see them very often

by FREDERICK WIGHT

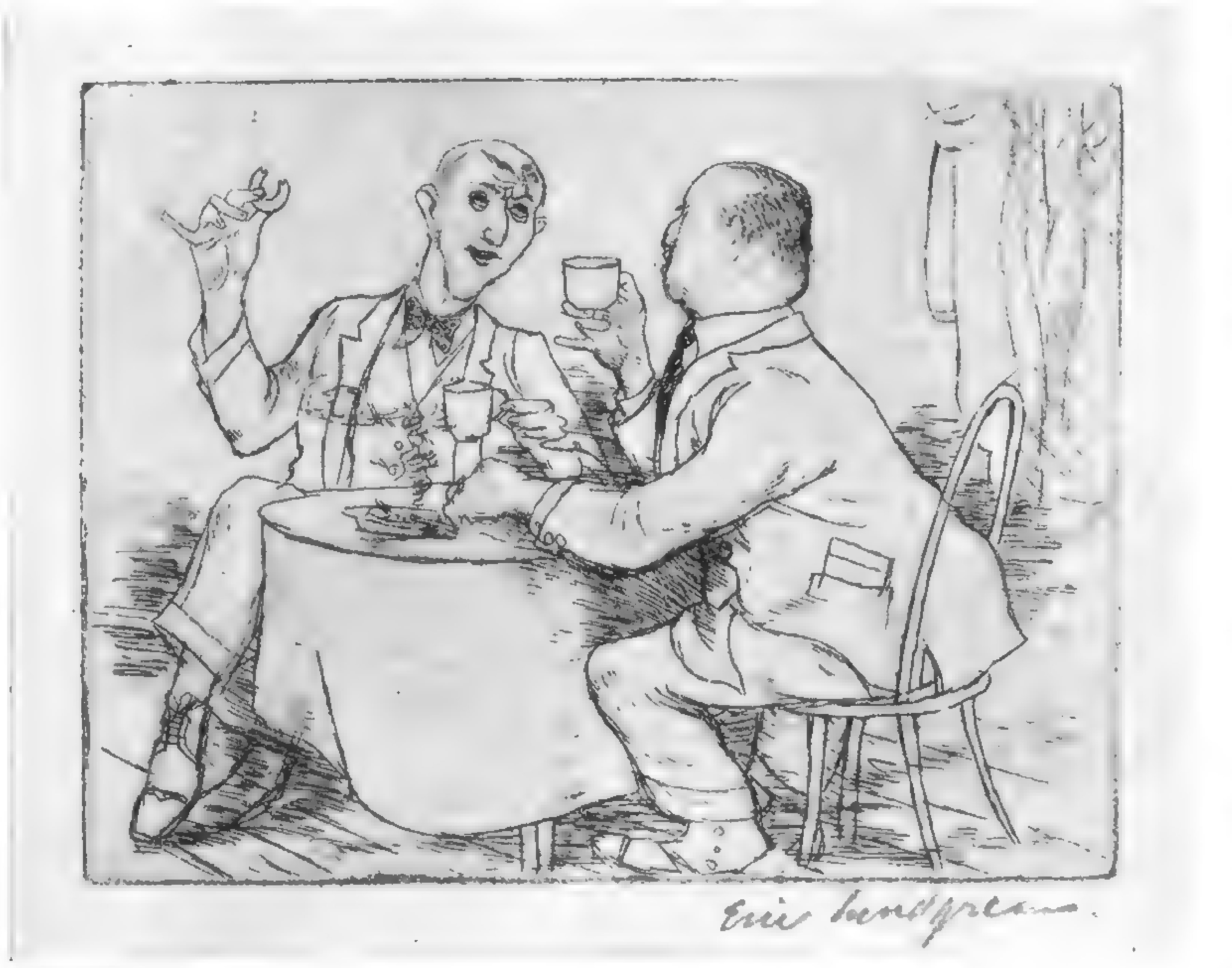
• FICTION •

A FAMILIAR back, huge, hulking in an orange green mixture of a shapeless coat: the man gazing into the window of a shop on Fifty-seventh Street. He looks into the eyes, apparently, of a brown opaque figure in a white unseasonable bathing suit. The neck of Chauncy Morton, if it were Morton, had grown fat: it bulged with the old time enthusiasm.

He turned about, the same blue green eyes in an orange face grown broader.

"Hello Morton," said Winslow quietly.

"Why my God. Hello Winslow—hello Fred." His face broke into creases. He put out his ingratiating hand like the overproffered paw of a dog that has learned how to shake hands.



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"How are you, Morton? It's good to see you."

"You caught me window gazing, old man. I've wanted to dramatize these windows for years. Some continuity with current events. A yacht race for instance; in steamer chairs on ship board; or have them along the fence of a paddock, or crowding the rail at the races. But I never could make 'em listen to me. The idea was O. K. But they wouldn't bite. I couldn't get it across. They just stick to the fool single figures. No continuity. Even a line of them with one foot on a brass rail wouldn't go bad." He had the old earnestness half grinning at itself; more sheepishly perhaps.

"I've had lots of good ideas, Winslow, you know that. I bet I could sell you some of them if I had you on the buying end. Where are you going?"

Even more now, or was it just seeing him again, he had a sprawled, drifting way about him, moving aimlessly among the hurrying people like a piece of driftwood rising over a succession of waves.

"Going," said Winslow: "A painting jag. Seeing all the canvas in the street. I've looked my fill for one morning. Have lunch with me."

"Good." Morton had the same boyish chop-licking anticipation. "Good. That will be swell. Now where shall it be?"

"Oh over this way somewhere," Winslow headed off toward Madison Avenue.

"Think of running into you smack; turn round and there you are." Morton beamed.

"Millions of people, and you here, smack. Last day in town too."

Standing for a red light, Winslow watched the glint of faces, brittle in the November bright blue and yellow cold driven air. The cold bite of the wind was part of the broken glass shimmer of the sunlight pouring like needles into the flesh. The sun reflected off the blank white checkerboard rows of windows opposite. A woman carrying a dress on a hanger stopped and looked out of one. She moved the tall pane and a spoke of sunlight swung with it and cut into the eyes.

"Sissy part of town, isn't it?" said Morton.

"The arts," Winslow agreed, looking at two emphatic middle-aged faces with sharp mouths under black hats and above brown fur, what was it, mink or muskrat? The red light turned green. Winslow and Morton crossed the avenue under the stern of the high green bus with the grey conductor whacking blue hands within the green spiral stair.

"There's a pretty girl," said Morton with frank unlecherous admiration looking at a bleak white blonde mincing in pursuit of a hurried lunch. "Winslow," he took Fred's arm bear-like. "How've you been?"

"Good enough, and you Morton? Things beginning to break better?"—this was vague—not to press him.

"Oh I," Morton laughed, mocking himself—this always seemed to nourish him. "That's a long story. Or maybe it's not a long story, Winslow, maybe it's just a long time. I followed one will-o'-the-wisp for a couple of years. You remember that advertising on the cardboard in the shirt from the laundry idea I had? Was I working on that when I last saw you?"

"And the list of theatres tucked inside dress shirts," Winslow smiled, "yes, you were full of it."

"But hang it, that was a good idea, Winslow." Morton frowned. "It is yet. Ten million shirts from the laundry every something—I used to know—and all that blank cardboard: a bill board in every shirt. But I had to let it go. I saw everybody and told 'em, but I couldn't swing it or make 'em see it."

Over the little table in the cavern-dim restaurant, in the half-booth Morton loomed against the wall like a penned bear, even after he had got out of the orange green coat. He was in pepper and salt and looked threadbare about the throat. Down the wall were two women, a man and a woman, two girls.

"You've got me where I can't see anything, Winslow." Morton struggled to peer around the booth wall. "Beer for lunch *is* friendly," he dipped into his glass, "besides, it's cheaper." He sighed heavily; then he brightened.

"Who do you suppose I ran into the other day—smack? Just like I ran into you. Old Walker Barksdale. Remember him? The fellow who made the bets?"

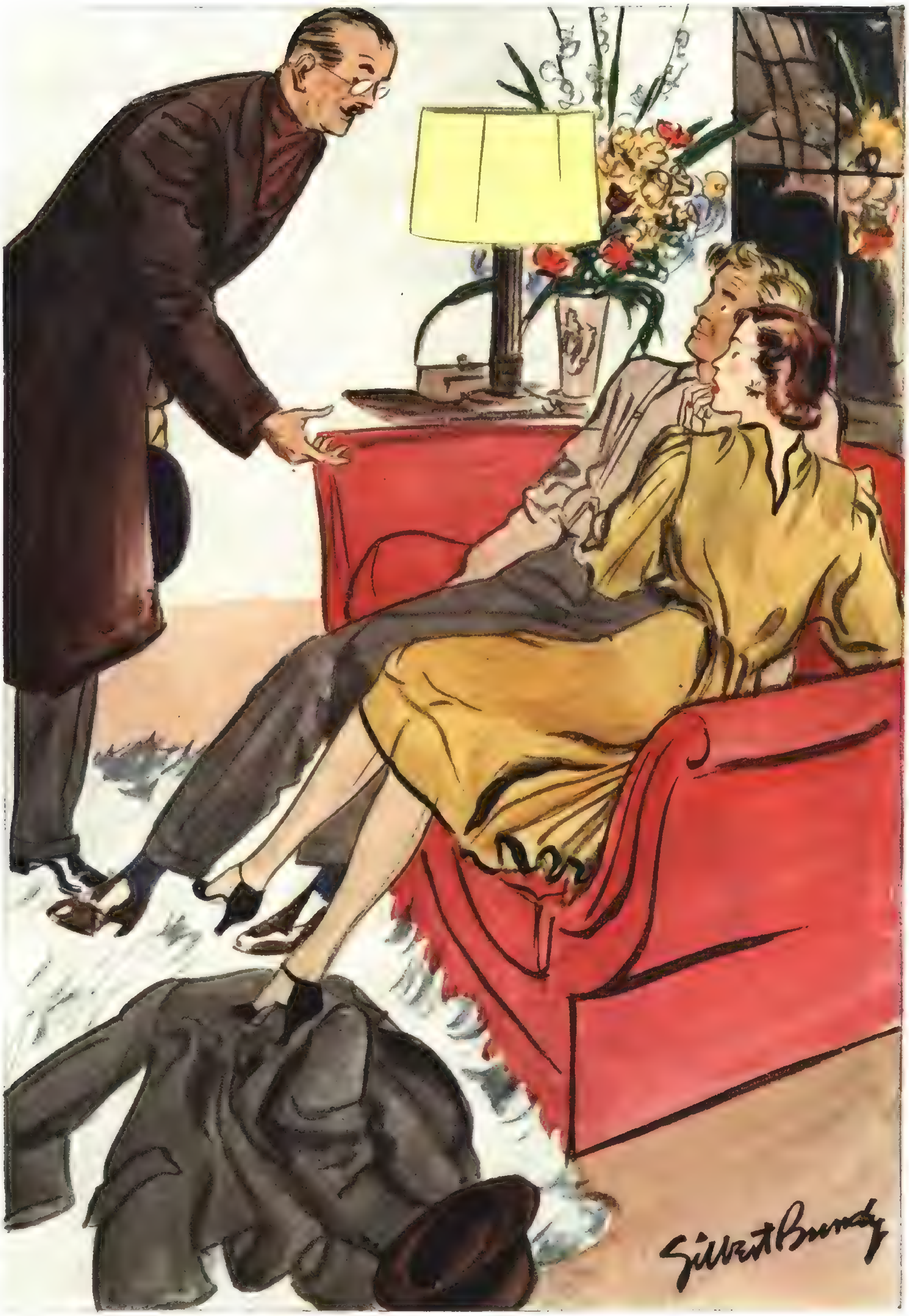
"Oh yes," Winslow groped back ten years. To a time that was like going back to an earlier hour of the day, to see the uncouth Walker who would bet on anything and always held his cards beneath the edge of the table. "What does Walker do now?"

"Why he bets on anything," Morton said, "you see him tearing up and down Wall Street, clerk or something. Of course I never go down there. . . . This is very good, I always did like a steak." It was good to see Morton carving into the red meat and spearing the brussels sprouts. "What a good idea they were. You were ahead of me there. I only thought of potatoes."

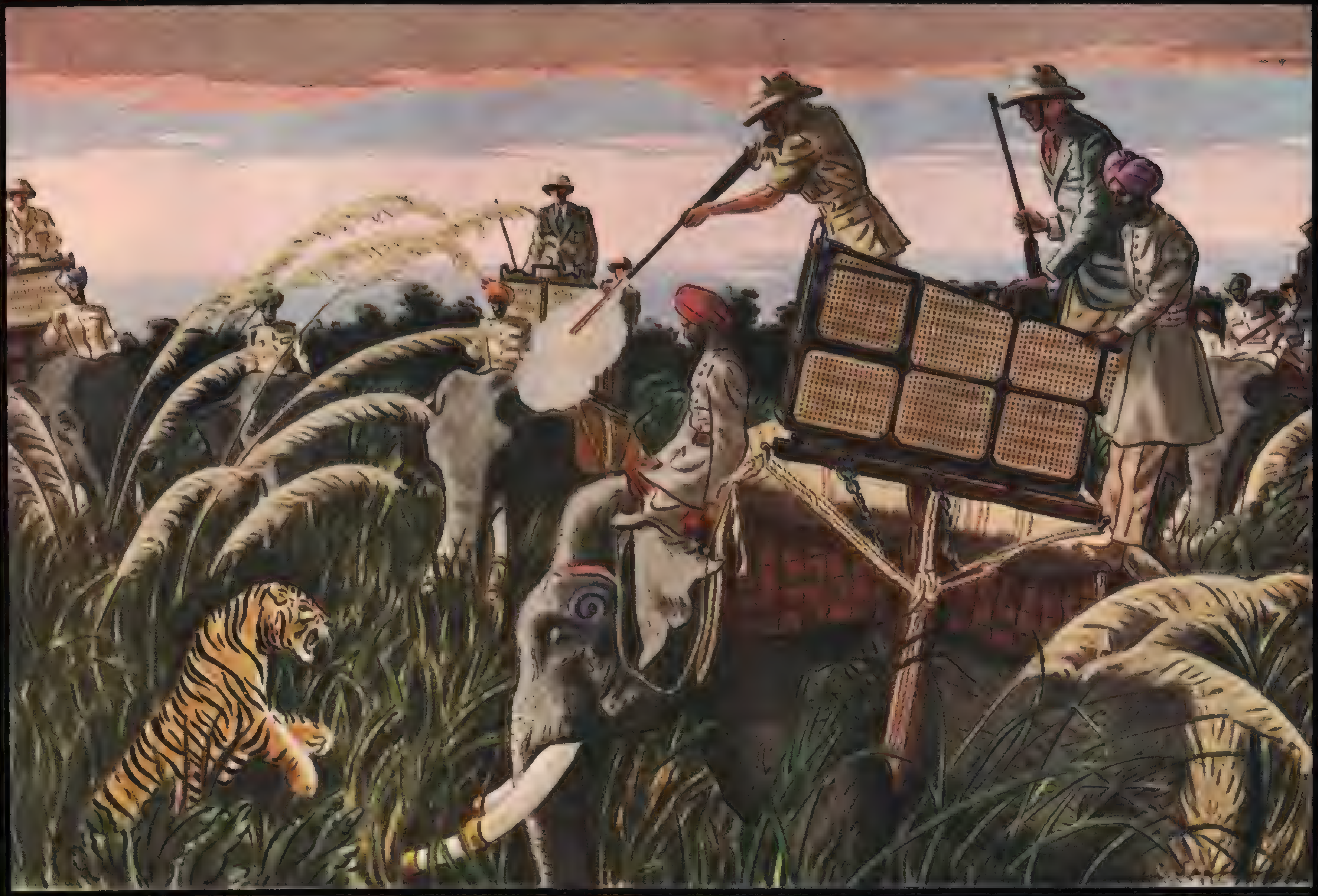
"Where do you live now, Morton, the same old place?"

"Why no, the fact is,"—Morton's knife and fork poised soberly in front of him at a

Continued on page 182



"Of course, if you want to contribute to her support, that's another thing"



Painted especially for Esquire by Leslie Saalburg

TIGER SHOOTING IN INDIA

Roping Lions for Fun

When you're hog-tying a two-hundred pound lion you don't want any slips

by JACK TOOKER

• SPORTS •

I HAVE often been asked what pleasure could be derived from the hunting of dangerous game, especially the roping and taking of lions alive.

My answer is: all men are natural born gamblers. Nothing in this life is sure. The bigger the stake the greater the thrill. Some men get a great thrill out of matching their skill with a gun or rope against a dangerous animal's cunning and brute strength. It is a case of brains against claws and fangs, and not nearly as dangerous as one would think when you know how. Almost anything can be done with some degree of safety if you go about it intelligently.

When on a lion hunting spree it would be difficult for any man to secure an insurance policy, but when I have explained several methods which have been used successfully for over twenty years, I think you will agree that there is more clean fun than actual danger in the undertaking. However, any kind of hunting with a gun is as tame as a Sunday School picnic in comparison to roping lions. Each and every episode is filled with breath-taking excitement and thrills and might easily have a tragic ending if the hunters involved did not understand the handling of dangerous animals.

A full grown American lion weighs two hundred pounds or more, measures from tip of nose to tip of tail as much as ten feet in length and has nearly ten times the strength of a normal man. The antelope is credited with being the fastest animal in both the old and new world, but I have personally witnessed races in which lions easily caught and killed both wild horses and antelope. And many times I have seen the signs plainly written in the snow where lions had caught deer and jack rabbits. But about two hundred yards is the limit of distance that the lion can run at top speed because of his limited lung capacity.

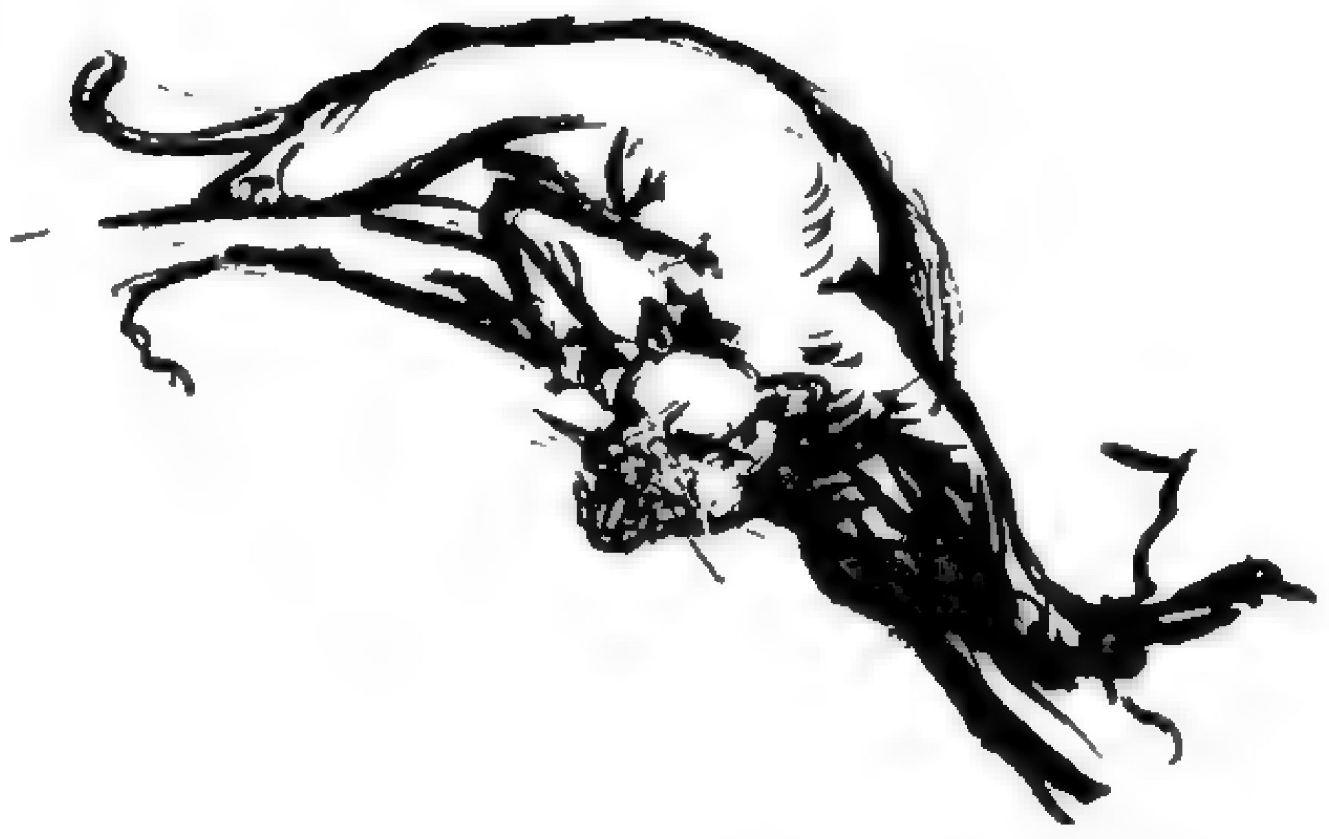
A lion is never roped in the same manner in which a cowboy ropes domestic stock. Knowing his limitations, the lion will always be found within two hundred yards or less of a canyon, rock pile or trees, and he can easily make any horse look foolish for a short distance. If he is bayed on a rocky ledge he will, if possible, find an extremely rough or brushy hiding place, where it would be very difficult to throw a rope effectively. If he takes to a tree the limbs usually interfere.

Any man, to be successful in this undertaking, must be resourceful, with many tricks at his command, and sometimes they will all fail, and it will be necessary to invent new ones. Fear should never be considered. Know your animals and respect them for their ability and great strength, but never fear them.

When a lion has time to choose he will, when possible, pick a large pine tree. A cub or half-grown animal will often climb to the very tip of a treetop, no doubt believing that tree to be his last stand. Not so with the adult lion; he will be found standing on a large limb thirty or forty feet from the ground, looking the dogs and men over with those cold yellow eyes, ready to spring out and give the dogs another short race.

Forty feet straight up is quite some distance to throw a rope, especially when there are interfering branches which make climbing necessary. If there is a tree near the one in which the lion is perched, the opposite tree may be used from which to throw the rope. While the lion may take the rope off many times, he will in time get careless and persistence will win. Often, if someone in the party will throw a stick or stone into the opposite side of the tree, or otherwise attract the lion's attention, he will bring success to the roper. If there are no nearby trees it is often necessary for the roper to climb the tree in which the lion is resting and poke the rope over his head with a long stick or pole. Once the rope is securely fastened to the lion's neck, the next move is to tie the other end to the same tree, then tie up the dogs who have been dancing about uttering a chorus of dog music. You can't convince your dogs that you are not in danger when roping a lion. After you get the lion on the ground the dogs will rush in trying to help you and be killed or force you to kill the lion to save them. The dogs tied and the lion roped securely to the tree, you give the lion a pull, which, if it doesn't dislodge him, will anger or scare him. He will try to escape or catch you. In either case it's your next move, and if you value your clothing and flesh you had better move pronto.

When the lion comes to the end of the rope he will change ends, sitting down awfully hard. If you have plenty of nerve and strength, rush in and get him by the tail and stretch him out. Keep him on his back if possible, because his legs are the most powerful parts of him. Two men could not hold one of them. Get another rope on a hind leg, and with a half hitch on another tree, you can keep him stretched. Few men will attempt the tail hold, but prefer to toss a loop on the ground under the beast, and when he steps into the loop, pull it tight and stretch him out as already explained.



The man who goes in close to tie the lion's feet and place a gag in his mouth should have the lion lying on his side and approach from the back, and he should be armed with a good six-shooter or modern pistol, be quick on the draw and a dead shot. For if by accident or design the lion gets the rope in his mouth, it will be cut through as if it were a thread, and more than likely he will have you the next second, since by this time he is raging mad.

Before the gag can be kept in the lion's mouth his fore paws must be securely tied, otherwise he will take the gag out with a single stroke of a mighty paw. A man must be extremely alert and cool. Buffalo Jones used to clip the claws with pincers, and I sometimes do when the animal is very vicious, for while the killer fangs are terrible, the claws are worse.

Standing at the lion's back, strong ropes are slipped over each front paw and drawn together with a double half hitch. The hind feet are tied in the same manner, and then all four feet tied together, which is commonly called "hog-tying." Then if possible, a seasoned oak limb about the size of a man's wrist is secured, and as he opens his mouth to hiss or try to bite, the gag is thrust into it. He bites down on the tough oak with such force that his jaw teeth are imbedded in the wood, then a strong cord or wire which is tied to either end of the gag, running over his head, holds it in place. Some lions will bite into any wooden gag, and no doubt all of them are capable of making a considerable gash in the hardest wood. But some do not seem to realize the extent of the great power in their jaws.

Continued in center of page 156

A Pocket History of Milton J. Wurtleburtle

by **ROBERT D. ABRAHAMS**

TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Contents of His Pockets at Ten

1 watch, lacking a main spring.
1 report card, badly frayed and unpresented at home.
1 much damaged cigarette, unsmoked.
1 penknife.
1 rubber band, for use in sling-shot.
Remains of an exploded toy balloon.
2 marbles.
4 caps of milk bottles, won in competition.
1 dirty handkerchief.
1 piece of chewing gum.
2 keys which do not fit locks.
7 pieces of string.

Contents of His Pockets at Twenty

1 cheap watch.
1 one dollar bill and twenty-one cents in change.
1 letter on lavender stationery from a girl in Worcester, Massachusetts, signed with numerous "X's."
1 letter on mauve stationery from a girl in Cleveland, Ohio, signed with numerous "X's."
1 photograph of a beautiful girl who does not live in Worcester, Massachusetts or Cleveland, Ohio.
1 address book, containing nicknames and addresses only.
1 letter from the Dean of .... College, regretting the necessity of again calling his attention to his deficiencies.
1 bank book, showing balance of $4.20.
1 pipe, marked with college class numerals.
1 tobacco pouch.
1 key to his own door.
1 fancy handkerchief for coat pocket.
1 pocket comb.

Contents of His Pockets at Thirty

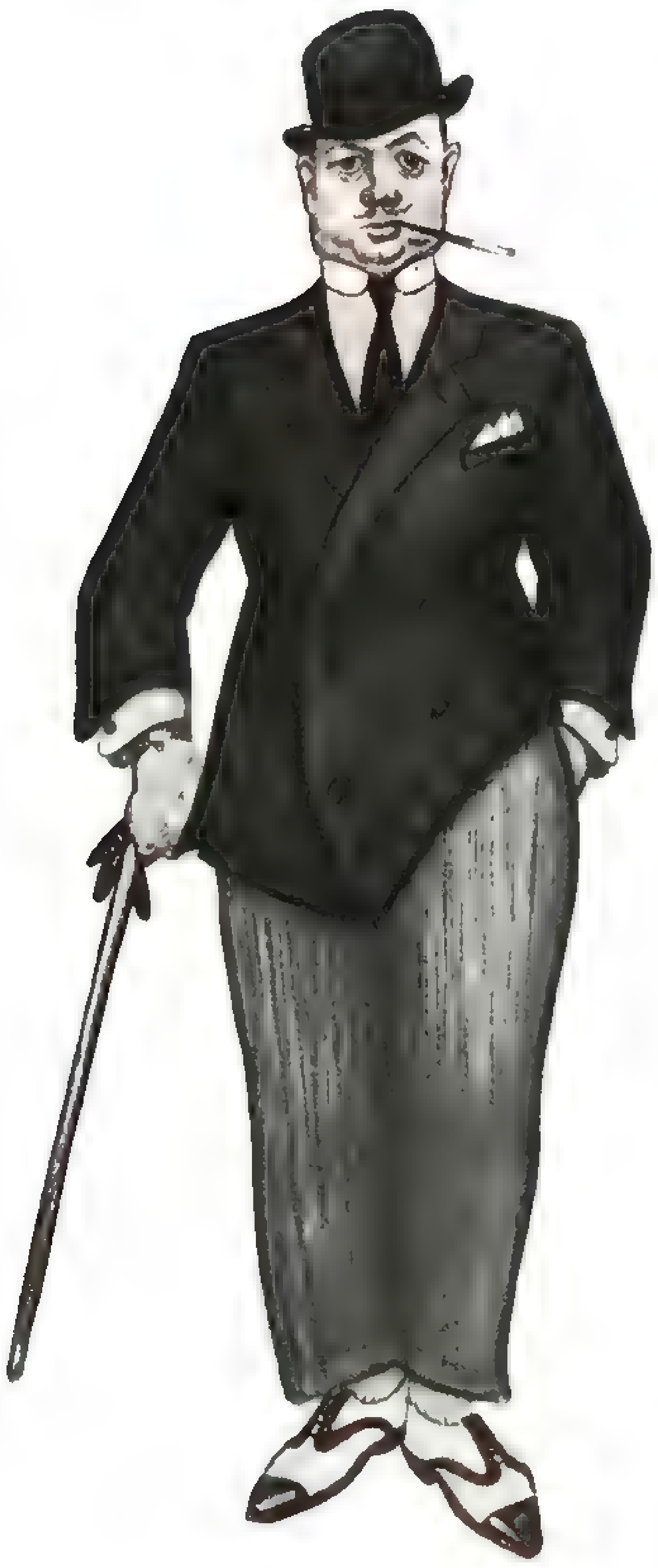
1 initialed watch.
1 five dollar bill, one one dollar bill, and forty cents in change.
1 picture of Mrs. Milton J. Wurtleburtle and both the children.
1 letter from installment house, reminding of overdue payment on furniture.
1 membership card in the Elks.
1 poll tax receipt.
1 Drivers and Owners Automobile License.
1 practical handkerchief.
1 accountant's statement of condition of four-year-old Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Co. business, showing improvement over previous year.
1 pocket comb.
1 package cigarettes.
Several keys on ring, opening—
    (a) his front door
    (b) his office door and
    (c) his automobile tire lock.

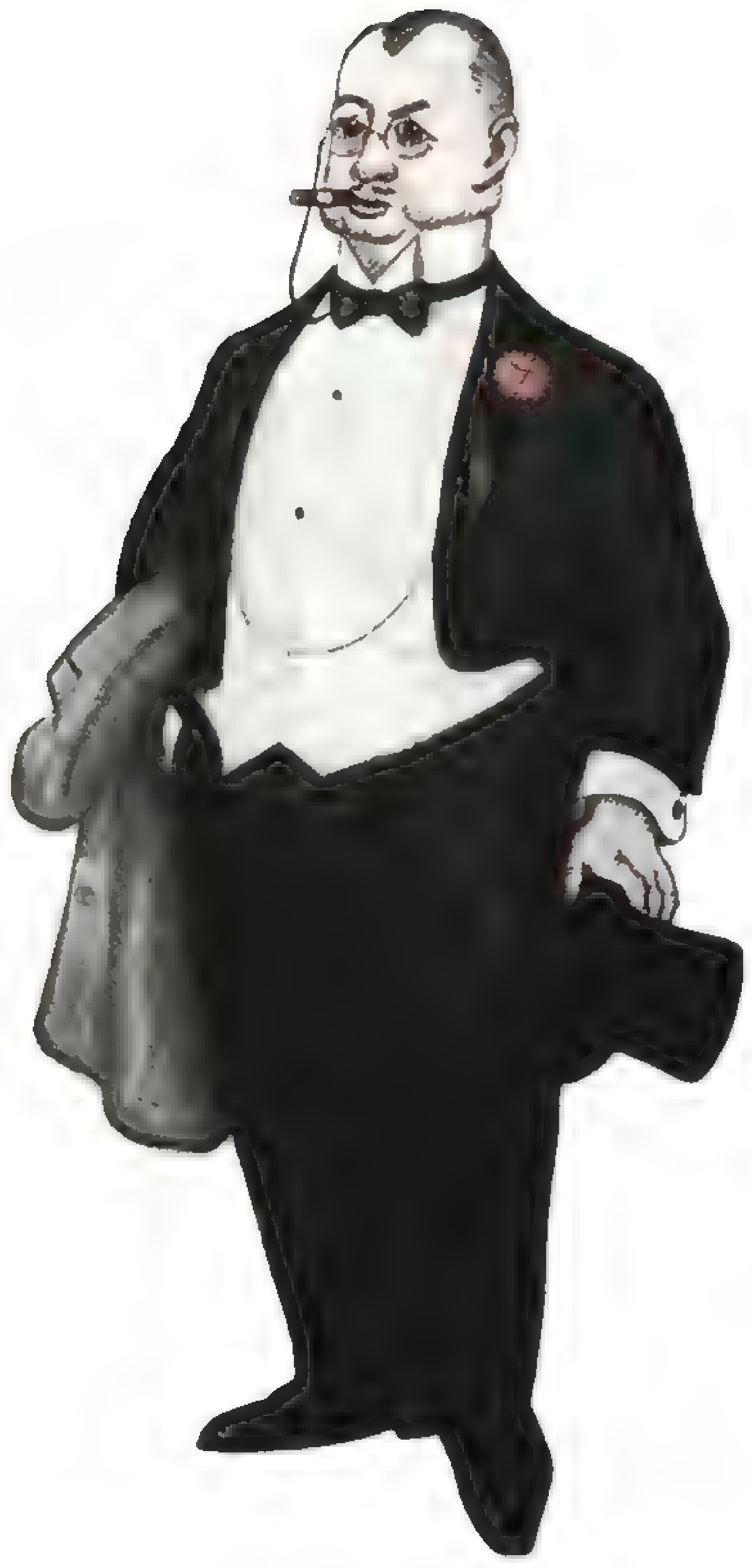
Contents of His Pockets at Forty

1 gold watch with jeweled movements.
1 roll of bills containing $84.00.
1 practical handkerchief and one fancy handkerchief in coat pocket.
The same picture of Mrs. Milton J. Wurtleburtle and both the children.
Membership cards in Elks, Moose and nine other fraternal orders and clubs.
1 accountant's statement of business of Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Co., showing net worth of business now high.
1 letter from Jake Hesser from Colorado, saying Wurtleburtle can expect to hear great news from that mining proposition soon; all that is needed is capital.
1 circular, advertising hair restorer.
1 letter from Welfare Chest acknowledging annual subscription.
1 memorandum from wife to stop and buy new goldfish, the old ones having died.
1 bill from summer camp for children's stay.
1 memorandum of a telephone number, with no name or address.
2 ten-cent cigars.
Several keys on ring, opening—
    (a) his home door
    (b) his office door
    (c) his automobile tire lock and
    (d) his safe deposit box.

Contents of His Pockets at Fifty

1 watch, inscribed "To the Chief from Affectionate Employees of Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Company, on the Occasion of His 50th Birthday."
1 roll of bills, held together with rubber band.
2 silk handkerchiefs and one for display.
1 picture of son in cap and gown.
1 picture of daughter in riding habit.
1 letter from son, asking for a little more money this month.
1 letter from daughter, saying she will be home after attending only four more out-of-town horse shows.
1 statement of accountant showing Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Co. has very large net worth this year.
1 spectacle case containing pair of reading glasses.
Life membership cards of twenty-two different fraternal orders and clubs.
Letters from receivers of Colorado-Hesser Mines, Inc., stating it is doubtful whether stockholders will receive anything from wind-up of concern.
2 quarter cigars.
1 memorandum of telephone number.
Memorandum of chauffeur's phone number.
Numerous keys on ring, including—
    (a) key to home door
    (b) key to office door
    (c) key to safe deposit box
    (d) key to country club locker
    (e) key to that little apartment uptown.



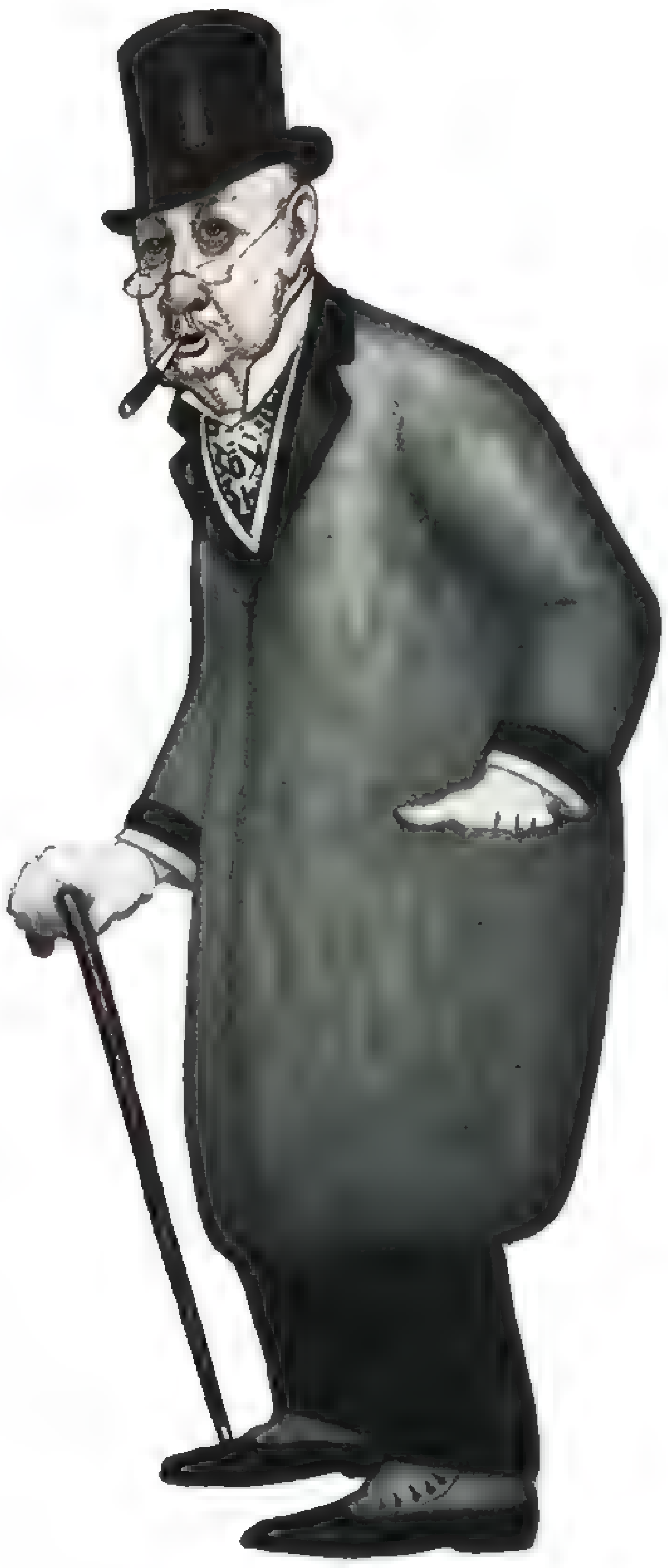


Contents of His Pockets at Sixty

1 watch, inscribed as before, containing, in case, picture of three grandchildren.
1 roll of bills as before.
1 practical handkerchief.
7 additional pictures of three grandchildren.
Letter from his lawyers, stating that his ex-secretary has surrendered all letters, and accepted the settlement as offered, and vacated the little uptown apartment.
1 letter confirming reservations for "Around the World Cruise" for Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Wurtleburtle.
1 copy of tentative president's report for submission to stockholders of Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Co., Inc., showing large dividends earned during the year.
1 bottle of liver pills.
1 spectacle case containing bifocal glasses.
1 recipe for cocktail, written by a friend.
Several keys on ring, opening—
    (a) his home door.
    (b) his office door.
    (c) his safe deposit box.
4 membership cards in fraternal orders and clubs.

Contents of His Pockets at Seventy

1 watch, inscribed as before, containing, in case, picture of Mrs. Milton J. Wurtleburtle.
Roll of bills as before.
1 dirty handkerchief.
1 spectacle case with glasses and one spectacle case with magnifying glasses.
Letters from three grandchildren from three different colleges, thanking him for Christmas presents.
Letter from Edenwood Cemetery, acknowledging receipt of check for perpetual care of Mrs. Milton J. Wurtleburtle's lot.
Letter of praise from Board of Directors of Milton J. Wurtleburtle & Co., Inc., on occasion of his retirement from active business.
Notice to report for jury service.
1 newspaper clipping, concerning grandson playing as substitute end for Princeton.
Two keys on a ring, opening—
    (a) his home door.
    (b) his safe deposit box.



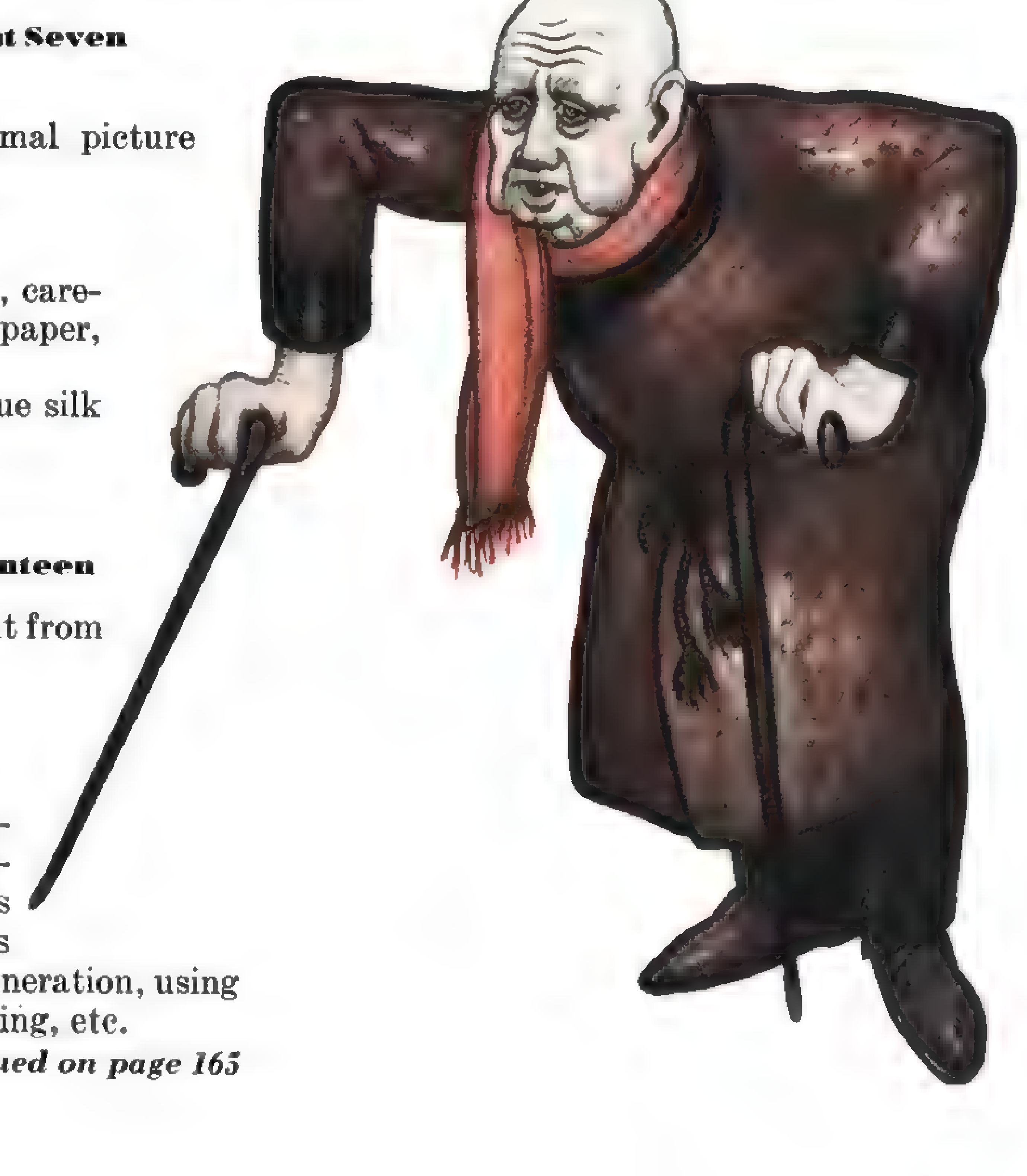
Contents of His Pockets at Eighty

1 handkerchief in coat pocket carefully folded, and placed there by the undertaker.

. . . and in a Hand-Bag

Contents of Her Bag at Seven

1 dime and two pennies.
1 handkerchief with an animal picture on it.
1 piece of a cracked mirror.
1 burette.
1 piece of used chewing gum, carefully wrapped in a piece of paper, for further use.
(The bag itself is a small, blue silk one, with a gold chain.)



Contents of Her Bag at Seventeen

1 picture of a movie actor, cut from a newspaper.
1 circular powder box.
1 lipstick.
Mascara.
1 letter from her father, addressed to her at her boarding school, telling her he is so happy to hear that she is not like some girls of her generation, using a lot of make-up and smoking, etc.

Continued on page 165

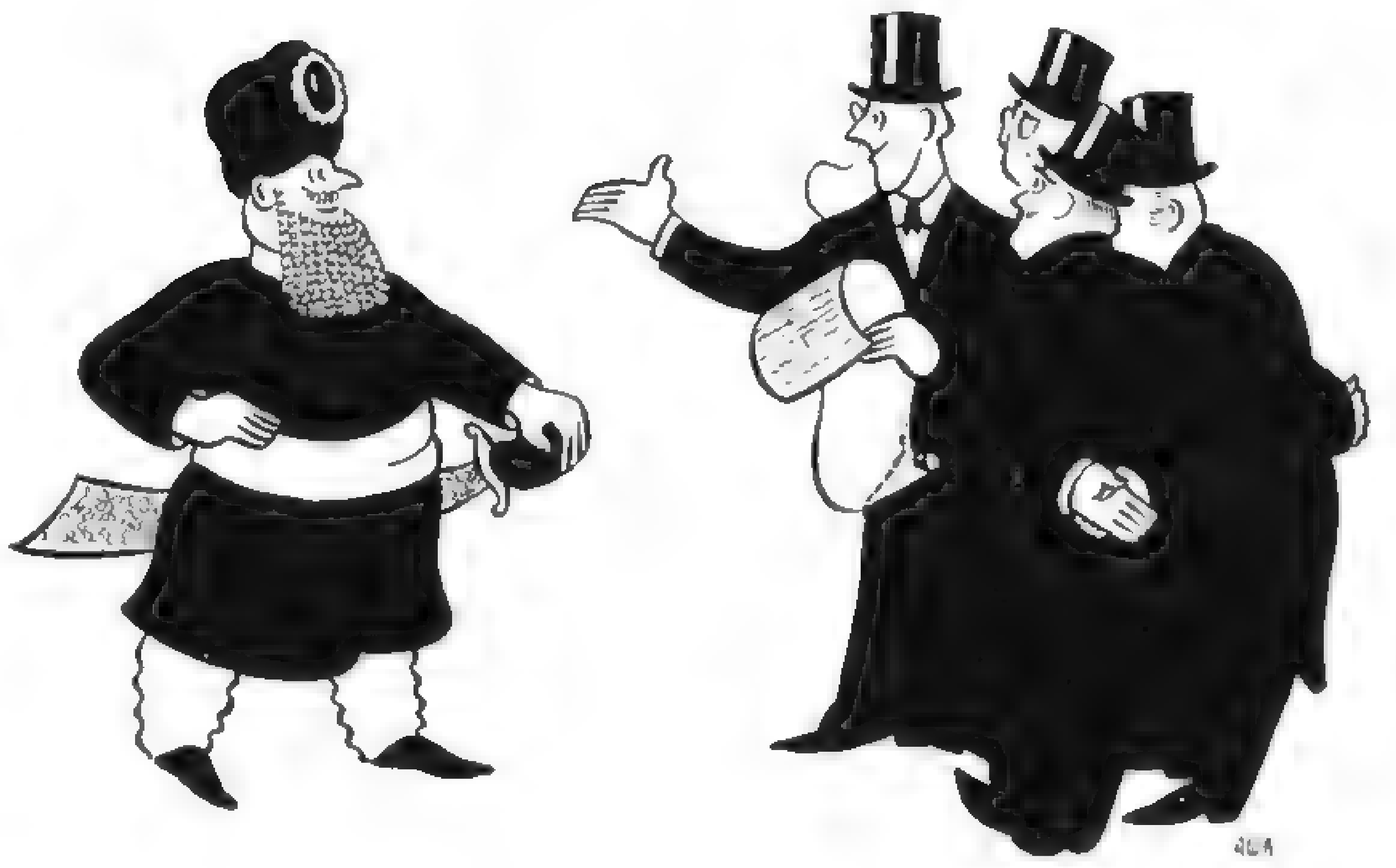
Practical Joker Number One

William Horace deVere Cole whose sense of humor did not weaken on his wedding night

by EMIL LANG

• ARTICLE •

On April Fool's Day when perennial pranksters run amuck with their diddles, dullards and wits alike are paraded through an expected routine of familiar tricks. The doodles, dizzards and dunderpates glibly trip, while the wiser ones calmly detour around the obvious traps. But when a merry hoax-monger comes along and changes All Fool's Day into every day of the year, life becomes more complicated for all alike. Then the wise and the meek, arm in arm, ascend the Olympus of Innocence to pay homage to the Goddess of Gullibility.



This quaint and merry procession was started upon its course by a peculiarly inspired Englishman—William Horace deVere Cole. Although a brother-in-law of Neville Chamberlain, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Cabinet, it was by his own merits entirely that Cole became at one time one of the most distinguished and best known men of London. Appreciated for his good nature, subtle taste and polished manners, he also wrote delightful verse, was known as a connoisseur of modern painting and himself had judiciously and painstakingly acquired a choice collection of canvases.

But when it came to relaxation, he dispensed entirely with all his repressions. From the turn of the century, when Cole was barely twenty, the playing of pranks became his most enjoyable hobby. Gifted with an inexhaustible capacity for the most fantastic practical jokes, he aimed his sharp darts especially at those in the upper strata of English society who pride themselves upon their sophistication, intelligence and dignity. Prankstering became his second nature and the most casual situation might provoke a dazzling, well fitting coup, instantaneously, as if by reflex action.

One afternoon, for instance, he was at home alone, bent upon hanging some fine Morland landscapes, the latest acquisitions for his collection—a touchy undertaking which he insisted upon carrying out personally. To complete this task he needed another length of string, and so, dressed as he was in his baggy house clothes, he stepped out to the nearest cutlery shop for a ball of twine.

On his way back, near an intersection of the Strand, he observed an immaculately attired gentleman approaching leisurely from the opposite direction. The nearing personage, so meticulously groomed, registered in Cole's mind as a perfect picture of polished uselessness. A neat prank might be a good thing for him. Without loss of time, Cole unraveled the many yards of his string and courteously accosted his man. He explained respectfully that he was a surveyor commissioned to align and level the curb of the entire block.

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to hold the end of this line a bit until I get around to the other corner?" Cole asked, as he graciously surrendered his end of the string.

The gentleman nodded graciously and gently took hold of his end. The improvised surveyor walked briskly around the first corner and the next one too, trailing the other end of the line behind him. He paused for a moment and decided to sever relations with it by tying it to the first door knocker he came to. But it was his good fortune that, at that very moment, he espied another immaculately attired gentleman, meticulously groomed, approaching leisurely from the opposite direction. But he couldn't meet him half-way for he was literally at the end of his string. But once the gentleman came near, Cole courteously accosted him, explaining about his surveying duties that he must align and level the curb of the entire block and blah, blah, blah, blah . . .

The gentleman nodded graciously and delicately took hold of this end of the line. Cole briskly retraced his steps around the corner to the first alley and went peacefully home, back to his picture hanging, minus the string, which, after all, he needed and shouldn't have dropped so carelessly.

After a few minutes, the two immaculate gentlemen became utterly weary with their new responsibilities. They became restless and wanted to give up. But, if they dropped the string and resigned abruptly the enterprise would collapse. Yet they were anxious to be on their way. They were caught between their sense of duty and their chronic indolence. Each compromised with his conscience—each would let go of the string if he could find a reliable person to take it over. They pleaded with every earnest appearing passerby to be good enough to hold the string a bit, but alas, there were no other Good Samaritans at large upon the Strand that day.

It might have seemed a bit unfair of Cole to detach himself so casually from his two inexperienced novices. But after all, he felt that he had left the string in perfectly good hands. Besides, the considerate Cole never had the heart to stand by and gorge upon the exquisite discomforts of his victims. So, for several weeks thereafter, he carefully avoided passing that square for fear of still finding his two well groomed surveying assistants zealously adhering to their prolonged duties.

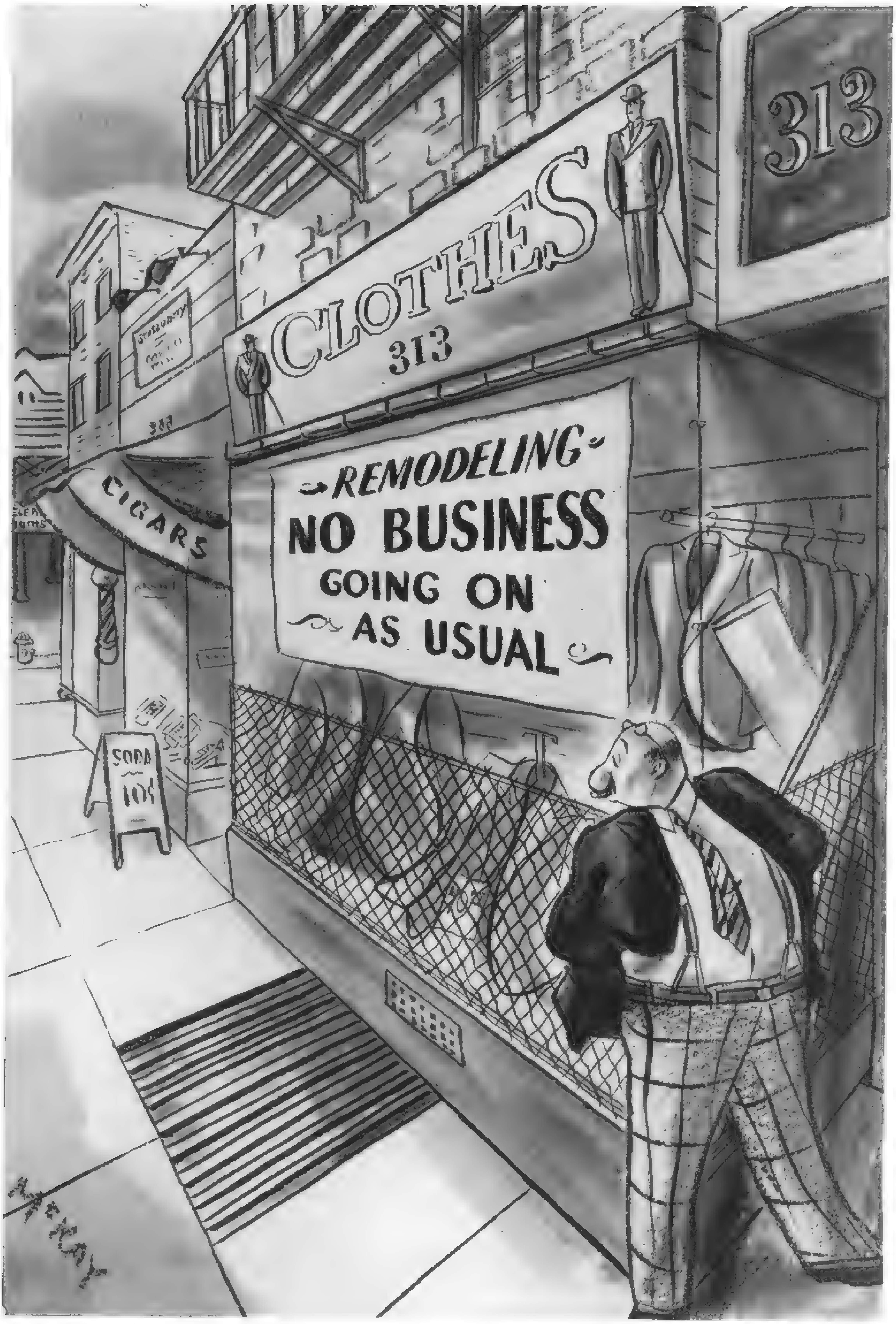
As a member of a cultured and wealthy English family, it was perfectly natural for Cole to prep at Eton and later, to attend Trinity College, Cambridge, which was to become the scene of his first major prank.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, the exotic, black skinned ruler of a little known island off the coast of what is now known as British East Africa, had come to England to attend to the renewal of the leasing of his island to the British Government. The pomp and honors which attend the reception of a sovereign potentate in England were showered upon him. His stay in London was climaxed by a lengthy business conference with officials of the British Colonial Office. The press did its part with elaborate accounts of his colorful life in his African domain.

While he was occupied in transacting his business, the officials of the University of Cambridge received a telegram from the Secretary of the Sultan, informing them that on the next day the Sultan himself would be pleased to visit their institution. As it is customary for foreign royalty visiting in England to go to Cambridge, the machinery of ceremonial formality for the reception was set into motion.

The next day, at the appointed hour, the university authorities decked themselves in their official robes and went to the railway station to receive the Sultan. When the train arrived, out stepped a regal figure, richly robed in purple velvet, his head bedecked by an elaborate winding headgear, his whole attire studded with glistening jewels. He was accompanied by his three native ministers, their black faces as shining as their master's, and their garments only slightly less resplendent. Only one of the party could speak intelligible English and he acted as interpreter. On the station platform the Mayor of Cambridge produced a scroll from his voluminous sleeve, and unraveling the well worn parchment, ora-

Continued on page 115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Man About Town

Olin was given to strange, sudden impulses but he had an elephantine conscience

by JOSEPH FELDMAN

▪ FICTION ▪

Olin Jennings had certain charms which none of the thousand odd males of the white town of Eastchester, Vermont, fully appreciated. But the fourteen women to whom an extraordinary thing was to happen considered him a man of rare parts.

Not that Olin liked women. For a long time he had a large tolerance of their fussy ways. But the slow poison distilled by a sluggish but unforgetting conscience during the eighteen years of his secret pre-eminence as a man about town finally created in him a slow burning hatred of females that fulminated in an occurrence which made more history in Eastchester than the French and Indians. Only none of it has found its way into the text books.

Olin who would rather have fished than eaten; rather have tramped butt in armpit through forest where the trees would never let the sun reach the ground than sleep, had no regular profession. He was a jack of all trades—and a good one. In the wintertime, he was a tower of strength and efficiency among the men composing the ice gang, cutting huge blocks of ice out of Lake Champlain. In the spring, the farmer who could hire his help in the early plowing and seeding called himself fortunate because in spite of the fact that he drew wages double average and ate enough for three, Olin did more in a day than any two hands you could hire. Summertime and fall he was the best fishing and hunting guide in the Green Mountains and he could, if he were minded, take his clients where white men had never before hunted or fished.

But it was his talents as mechanic, electrician and plumber that made all the trouble in Eastchester. Where Olin had found the time to learn all these diverse arts no one knew. But master of them he was from the day he strode into Eastchester carrying a huge gunny sack over one powerful shoulder and applied at the Ethan Allen House, Tourists Accommodated, for lodgings. He was only eighteen or nineteen then, but he could have raised a heavy black beard in ten days and he stood six feet three, one hundred and ninety-seven pounds in his woolen underwear. His eyes had all the transparency of an eight foot ice pack and about as much color. His mouth seemed made for ruminating rather than talking. But he didn't chew, nor did he smoke or drink. When he did talk, people who heard him for the first time would start with surprise. His voice was so soft it had the same pleasurable effect on their ears that virgin camel's wool would on their backs.

But for all his sturdy and phlegmatic appearance, Olin was given to strange and sudden impulses as irresistible as they were unexpected. For two weeks he might be working as implacably as a tractor on Tom Slater's farm and with another good week's work ahead, suddenly drop his tools, trudge over to where Tom Slater was operating the horse and plow and, as he passed, say "I'm going." And Tom Slater to whom even corn liquor d. t.'s were not strange would watch him, mouth agape, until he had disappeared across the road and into the hills. He might be gone for a week or a month. His returns were as unheralded as his goings. He would come to collect his wages and go to work on another job. Everybody supposed he had a cabin way back in the mountains but although adventurous boys would occasionally attempt to follow his huge stride through the underbrush none had come upon it or dared chance losing themselves as far back in the mountains as his trail would lead them.

It may be that his disappearance had something to do with the proddings of his elephantine conscience. At Tom Slater's place he stayed with Tom's wife. Not really slept, mind you, because Olin had slept alone nearly every night of his life. But once or twice during a two-week stay and on those occasions when Tom, feeling the plowing was sufficiently under way to allow him a little relaxation, would get so filled up with corn liquor that he would lie like one dead for twelve hours, Olin would fulfill his duties in a manner that would bring tender sighs up from the rather flat bosom of Elizabeth Slater when Tom had recovered.

It was that way at the Slaters. And no different at the home of Mr. John Martin Browne, president of the Eastchester National Bank; and the same in the green thatched cottage of Paul Cole, fresh meats; in the Colonial front red brick house of Mr. Phillip Dike, owner of granite quarries; in the pretty brown and white dwelling of widow Raines; in the hilltop mansion of the S. Carey Moltons of New York to which Mr. Molton came only weekends during the summer but where his wife and daughter (thirty-nine and eighteen respectively) spent part of June and all of July and August; in the rambling old Ethan Allen Lodge where Howard Clune's sleep was constantly disturbed by late tourists but not by bad dreams of himself with horns; in the modest, green shuttered bungalow of William Draff, principal of the Chester High School, built on the town line between West- and Eastchester; in the water-lapped snuggery of Robert Hicks who piloted the auto-barge back and forth across Lake Champlain; in the shack of horny handed Dave Hicks who worked nights during the busy season in Mr. Dike's quarries; in the beautifully kept greenhouse that was such a hobby with Dr. Ellery Sanders who had to spend more time away from it than he liked at the County Hospital; in the modish stone establishment of Attorney-at-Law James Wilton, occupied for days at a time in the County Court House; in the rather ramshackled domicile of Hillary Lyons, conductor of the Rutland Railroad.

There may have been and probably were others, but for reasons of his own, these were hearths and homes destined for the visitation originating in the unrevealed soul of Olin Jennings.

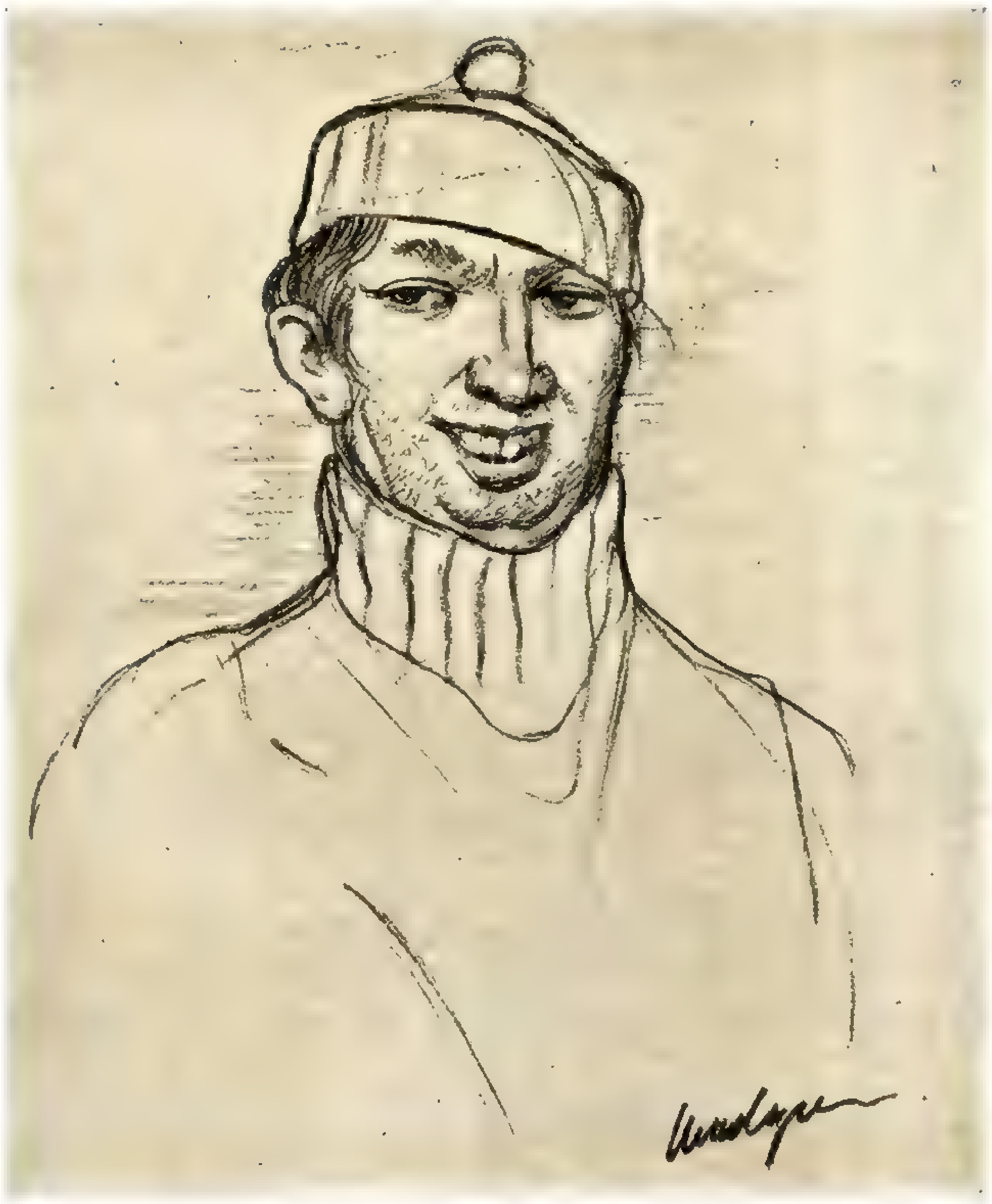
It was surely a matter for wonder that this one strange man could have meant so much the same thing to so many different women. Olin himself could not have explained it. No one of these women could justly have accused him of making improper advances. Nor could they in all honesty feel that they had done anything less natural than if they had reached out for a nearby tree when stumbling over a rock. The wonder of it was that all these attachments, "affairs" does not fit these situations, could have continued simultaneously, some of them for eighteen years without a breath of suspicion touching them. It may have been the extraordinary character of Olin Jennings, or the odd nature of the attachments.

Each of them had started under the same circumstances. At the palatial Molton home, Olin had been called in to help with the landscaping and the gardening. Sylvia Molton, long conscious of his towering bulk, came upon him one evening as she walked toward the pool at the top of the hill behind a large clump of willows. Olin had just finished transplanting a large bed of petunias when she came up beside him and stopped.

"These are lovely," she said.

Olin nodded. Inside of him something quivered. He knew that if he reached out at this moment for this smartly dressed female by his side she would not be surprised. She would close her eyes and let her weight go on him to feel how easily he supported it. He felt it as surely as the stag knows it is the doe's time. And feeling nothing for this woman save as a male he knew her then. Under varied circumstances that was essentially what happened to Sylvia Molton's daughter. And at one time or another that was what happened to any woman who was conscious for any length of time of Olin's presence. It might be a day or a year before the occasion and the psychic moment arrived simultaneously. But when they did Olin was as much in thrall to them as any woman he might know. The whole transaction in its beginning was so natural and animal as to lie below the level of any human consciousness. Afterwards, for Olin the female was again a woman, strange, alien, with whom no liberties might be taken and from whom no familiarities might be expected. The woman, however, no matter how pricked by conscience, feeling the safety of this man's silence and remembering with a subterranean shiver the ecstasies of this complete possession would look forward no matter how covertly or unwillingly to another encounter.

Most of these women were nominally virtuous wives who had known no other men save their husbands and for them there were early agonies of remorse. But time aiding their feminine practicality gave their relations with Olin a certain authority. With the others, a good time was a good time and with this man, an inexhaustible delight. Mrs. Molton, for instance, had had lovers in many ports and during the winter in New York kept a handsome young man in pocket money. But she quickly dismissed the idea of subsidizing Olin. Her highly developed social intelligence told her at once that his reaction to that might as easily be a punch to her jaw as not. She had no idea that Helen, her daughter, had known Olin. If she had found out, she would unquestionably have given up her Eastchester residence and promoted to its immediate conclusion a marriage between Helen and some eligible young man. The dangers of a connection with a man like Olin were apparent to her in whom he had aroused after ten years of a mere playing at the sex game the ardors of her youth. What would the effect then be upon the future marital happiness of Helen? It would transform the most ardent young man into something of a pallid leaping automaton.



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Olin's manner and the absence of customary pledges and preparatory tenderness had largely prevented the development of woman's proprietary instinct. Only Mrs. John Martin Browne, whose passion for exclusiveness, fed by the importance of her position in Eastchester, had grown to monstrous proportions, began a scene when Olin refused to take a position as chauffeur to Mr. Browne. And when he had stood looking down steadily at her left breast and saying nothing she had blushed and stammered: "If you don't think that's good enough for you—I'm sure I can persuade Mr. Browne to place you in the bank." Olin, without changing the direction of his look, stood for a moment and then without any show of emotion, for indeed, he felt none, he turned about and walked out. He left Mrs. Browne in an eruptive stew made more volcanic because she had carefully powdered and rouged her cheeks and dabbed perfume behind her ears and received him in a most revelatory and easily got out of negligée. It was some months before Olin entered her home and then only on the invitation of Mr. Browne who asked him if he wouldn't see what was wrong with the confounded water heater. Mrs. Browne went down into the spacious cellar after Mr. Browne left and both maids were busy upstairs, and with a humility made real by her need, put herself on a former footing with Olin.

Betty Draff, who found the domestic manners of her mate on a par with his schoolroom manners, insufferably dull, once hysterically begged Olin to take her with him to his mountain retreat. She would be his slave, his woman, laboring for him while he was out hunting, bearing his children, cradling and comforting him when he was weary and rebuffed. Olin was apparently not attracted by the prospect or was insufficiently grounded in the ethics of true romance. Having located and repaired the leak that was staining the ceiling under the toilet, Olin had listened without speaking, said goodbye and disappeared into the mountains for two months.

Probably the widow Raines appreciated Olin's attentions more than any of the others. Her husband having left her with an insurance income of two thousand a year as long as she lived, Mrs. Raines was enjoying in a sweet and womanly way her freedom from the domination of males and finances. Only thirty-five, plump and with a very youthful and energetic maturity, she would not have married the Prince of Wales, although she would have said yes to Olin immediately after he had held her in his arms. But she was glad he never asked her. When she knew he was coming, she would take some pains to prepare a substantial supper because unless there was some work to do at her house he would come long after dark. Sometimes he would catch her by surprise since for years he had made it a practice to end his trek through the mountains at her rear door to which a key for him lay under a small rock next to the granite first step. The forest came right down to Mrs. Raines' little garden and Olin, lightfooted in spite of his bulk, would leap over the picket fence and come in. She knew his step and would not stir while he went to the bathroom and for half an hour splashed around in the tub, like a whale in a tank.

Afterwards, she would tell him in a low sleepy voice of what had happened to her and the townspeople during his absence. Fighting the languor that would have sent her deliciously into sleep she would invite him to have a snack and would find for him Mr. Raines' dressing gown which came almost to his knees and left a large tract of his chest exposed. She no longer asked him to stay the night. After eating he would say goodbye without kissing her and Mrs. Raines would slip into her bed and enjoy the sleep of a warmly contented body and an untroubled mind.

It could hardly be said that the strange termination of Olin's career came about out of a sudden access of religious feeling because all of his religious emotion was his oneness with nature in the breathing forests. Nor was it entirely a conscious determination to avenge for all men and all time the perfidy of womankind. But it may well have been an odd combination of both.

Nothing outraged Olin's deepest feelings more than to see woods afire because of the carelessness of men. To see the bony welts in the side of a mountain made by the power company as it stretched its high tension lines across to towns beyond the mountains, would make his guts ache. Among the insects, beasts and trees of the untouched forest he was as much at peace and at home as any old bishop in his church. The forest life, prodigal in growth and decay, teeming with creatures that lived chiefly to reproduce, stood in his own mind contrasted with his own fruitlessness. For Olin had no son—nor even a daughter. Often he had thought of making one of the fourteen women bear him a son.

One other consideration served to stir whatever vestige of normal human conscience he possessed. All of the men whose wives he served looked upon him with the greatest admiration and respect. That alone would have been insufficient to disturb him since in the forest the strongest and fleetest won out in sex as in everything else. What finally became cankerous was the furtive, nasty way in which these women took their pleasure. And for the sake of convenience he had abetted them.

The person that precipitated the calamitous visitation does not to this day know of her responsibility for the bombshell that fell on Eastchester. Olin had been working at Tom Slater's place on the spring seeding. The work was going well, Tom was frequently drunk and Elizabeth, his wife, was aglow.

Then one night she whispered to Olin that it would be a very simple matter to drive Tom in the old Ford to a grade crossing on a sharp bend and leave him there until the one o'clock train, that thundered through Eastchester without stopping, had passed. Then after a decent interval, she and Olin could marry and he could have the farm.

Continued on page 138

Parachute Jumpers Are Heroes

Slow motion picture of a death leap that netted three cents a head from the gaping crowd

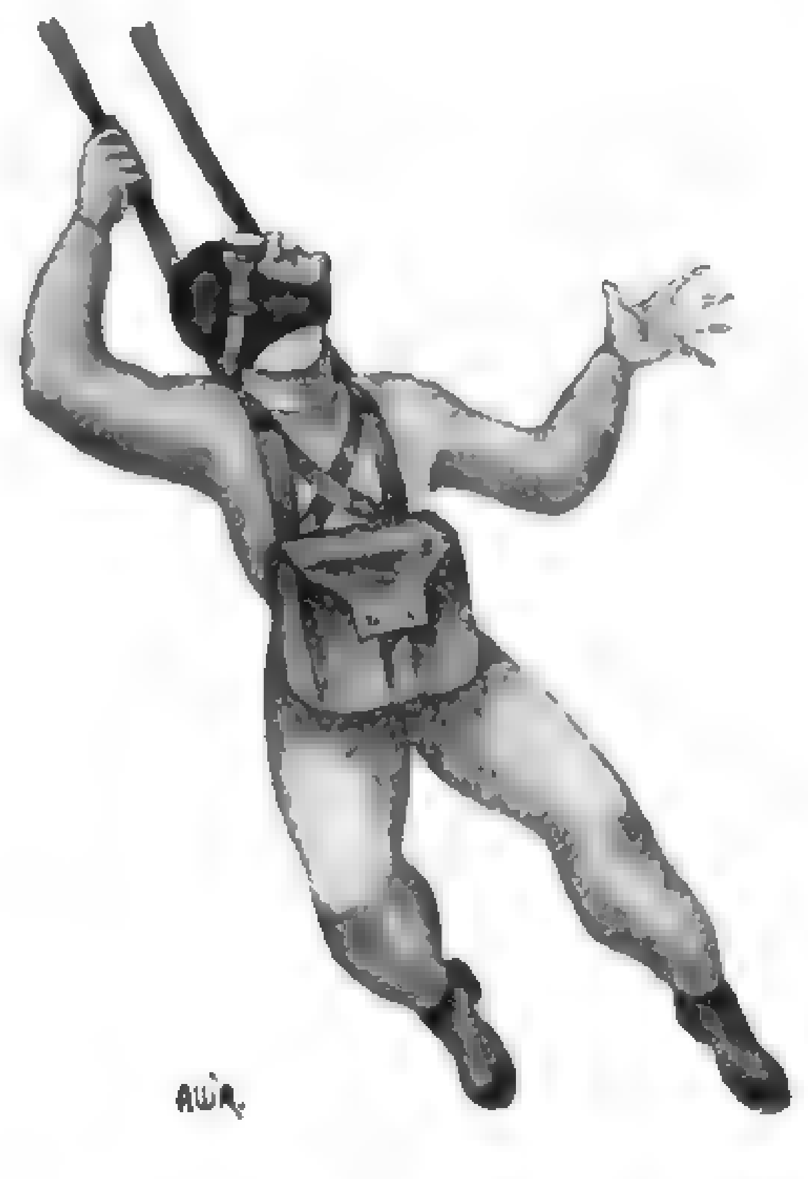
by WILLIAM L. HOPSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

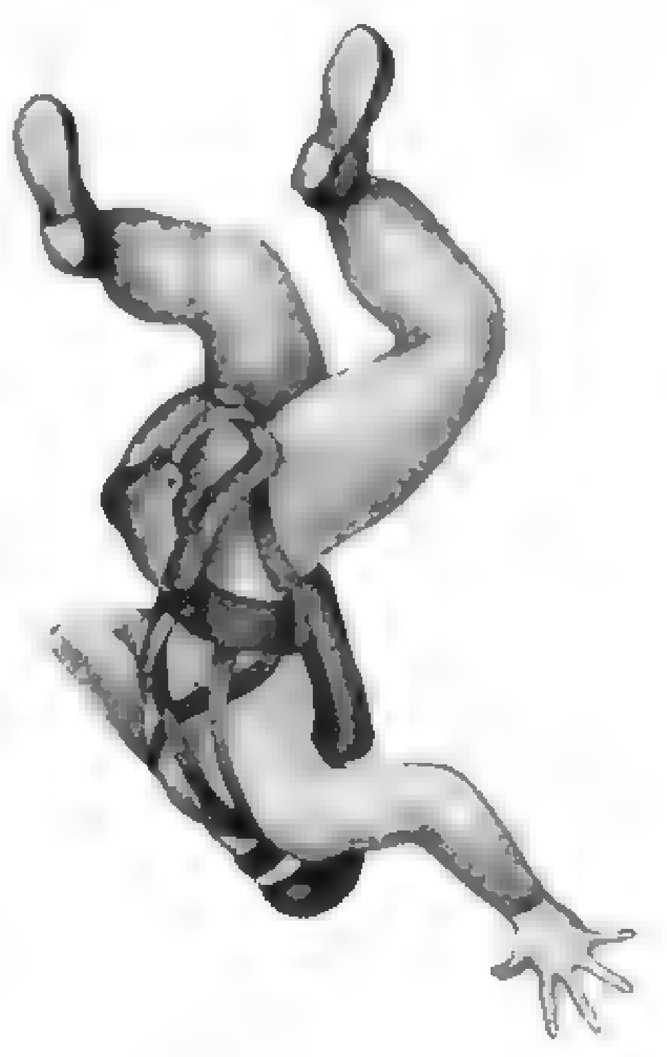
The ship is climbing fast, for there are only two of you aboard. In the front cockpit you look out by green painted struts along square feet of shiny cowling. The motor is spinning the steel propellor eighteen hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. You don't see the prop; just a sort of silver blur; but you feel its terrific blast pressing against your goggles, tugging at your helmet, whipping back over the low windshield at the collar of your white coveralls. You always wear white coveralls when you go up to jump; makes you look more heroic, like an airman. A tall, bronze faced airman.

Under you like a tightly balled pillow is thirty pounds of parachute. Twenty-eight feet across when open and made of Japanese Shamoi silk with a tensile strength of one hundred twenty-five pounds to the square inch. The "rider" chute. Under the soft accordion folds of silk are silk shroud lines, twenty-eight of them. They lie neatly folded back and forth on a square, rigid canvas frame and are held in place by snaps like those on kid gloves. On the outside and just under the flaps that form the pack cover is the pilot chute, a few inches in diameter. Its four steel ribs lie closely folded like the wings of a huge bluebottle fly. *Its* job is to spring out into the air stream and help tug the big chute out of the pack (as though it needed any tugging); also to keep it from blanketing against the underside of your body as you fall; like a newspaper that clings to the windshield of a speeding automobile.

Khaki colored web harness with steel snaps and rings encases your body over the coveralls. It runs over your shoulders and down your legs. It runs up your back to the top of the shoulders again and back down again to the pack below. It runs around your waist. And it fits tight—too damned tight, for loose leg straps sometimes will burn hell out of your crotch when the chute snaps you upright.



Under your left armpit like a movie gangster's shoulder holster is a square steel ring four inches long and two inches wide in a holster of its own. The rip cord ring. From it a thin steel cable leads under your arm through a flexible metal hose and down to the packed chute you're sitting on. On the other end of the cable are steel pins running through metal eye-holes on the pack cover flaps. From the short exhaust stacks ahead come almost invisible spurts of grey smoke; the odor of burned oil fills your nostrils. And there's a queer taste in your mouth, too. A dry, sickly taste. You've floated down safely a couple of hundred times before and still there's that tight feeling that grips the stomach; a tight, empty feeling. You know the pack will open. If it doesn't there's another on your chest that will—the emergency chute, though you fervently hope you won't have to use it. For it's twenty-two feet across and will set you down hard—so Goddamned hard that the soles of your feet will burn and the bones in your ankles and calves will sting for a week afterward.



You think of Abie the little Jew; see him sitting on the sloping roof of a fair building in a tangle of harness and silk and shroud lines. He's grinning crookedly and trying to light a cigarette with an arm that's queerly twisted. Three years later you barnstorm into a county fair ground and go over to a carnival "juice joint" for a soda. A man grins crookedly and comes out from behind the counter—hobbles out—to shake hands. Abie. The brace has been on his leg two years now. No, you're not afraid the chute will fail. They don't.

You lock around at the pilot, sitting serene in the rear pit; two goggled eyes, sleek helmeted head, wind blasted face. What a soft job *he* has! He thinks you're a fool—though five others like him don't fly anymore. Two of them burned. "How much altitude we got?" you bellow and the sound is drowned out in the roar, carried away in the slip stream. But he understands and holds up four fingers, crooks one.

Forty-five hundred feet. Almost a mile—straight down. Five hundred more to go. You look over the edges of the outspread wings. Long evening shadows are everywhere below and the hard packed field is grey. You always make a Sunday jump about sundown. You advertise it for three o'clock and then put it off as long as possible to hold the crowd while the pilot hops passengers. The galvanized tin hangar is only a square grey dot below; small; too small for you're going to have use for it in just a few more seconds. You use it as a distance-from-the-ground indicator. The cars are just a thin L shaped line bordering two sides of the field and the gaping crowd, tiny dots that merge with the grey.

The ship is banking gently now, heads into the wind as you instructed before the take-off. You twist around in the cockpit and put a left knee in the soft leather cushion, look out over the trailing edge of the left wing. A few short feet from you yawns space, five thousand feet of it; the X runways in the field are far behind. In the rear pit he watches you closely as you judge your drift distance, watches his instruments, the nose of the ship, waits for the signal to close the throttle. You give it.

"All right—cut her!"

The din partly ceases and you struggle out of the cockpit to the left wing, weighed down by fifty pounds of silk and web harness and steel and canvas. Two chutes, the emergency on your chest and the rider hanging at your hips. The terrific blast from the prop almost breaks your hold on the strut; your hand begins to slip. The motor is only half throttled.

"Cut her down some more!" you bawl at the pilot. "That Goddamned blast is about to knock me off into the stabilizer." The din ceases.

The ship suddenly seems to poise on a cushion of air, hanging motionless as though suspended from invisible steel cables. Except for the whistle of wind through flying wires and the drone of the idling prop all is quiet. But the blast continues somewhat. You're standing alongside the cockpit with your back to the pilot, your left hand crossed over your chest and gripping the side of the front cockpit. Your right hand is gripping the ring under your left armpit—hard. The tips of your booted toes are on the thin edge of the wing and under your heels yawns emptiness. You look down. The field seems miles away and below your feet are green and brown checks criss-crossed by lines that are fences. It reminds you of a gigantic jig-saw puzzle.

"Hurry up!" roars a voice from behind and clearly audible now. "I can't hold her level much longer without the gun." He catches the instinctive tightening of your body as your fingers loosen their hold on the cockpit rim, shoves hard on the left rudder; kicks the tail out of the way. You plunge off backward—into nothing.

For a split second the lower wings flash above as you lay on your back in space,

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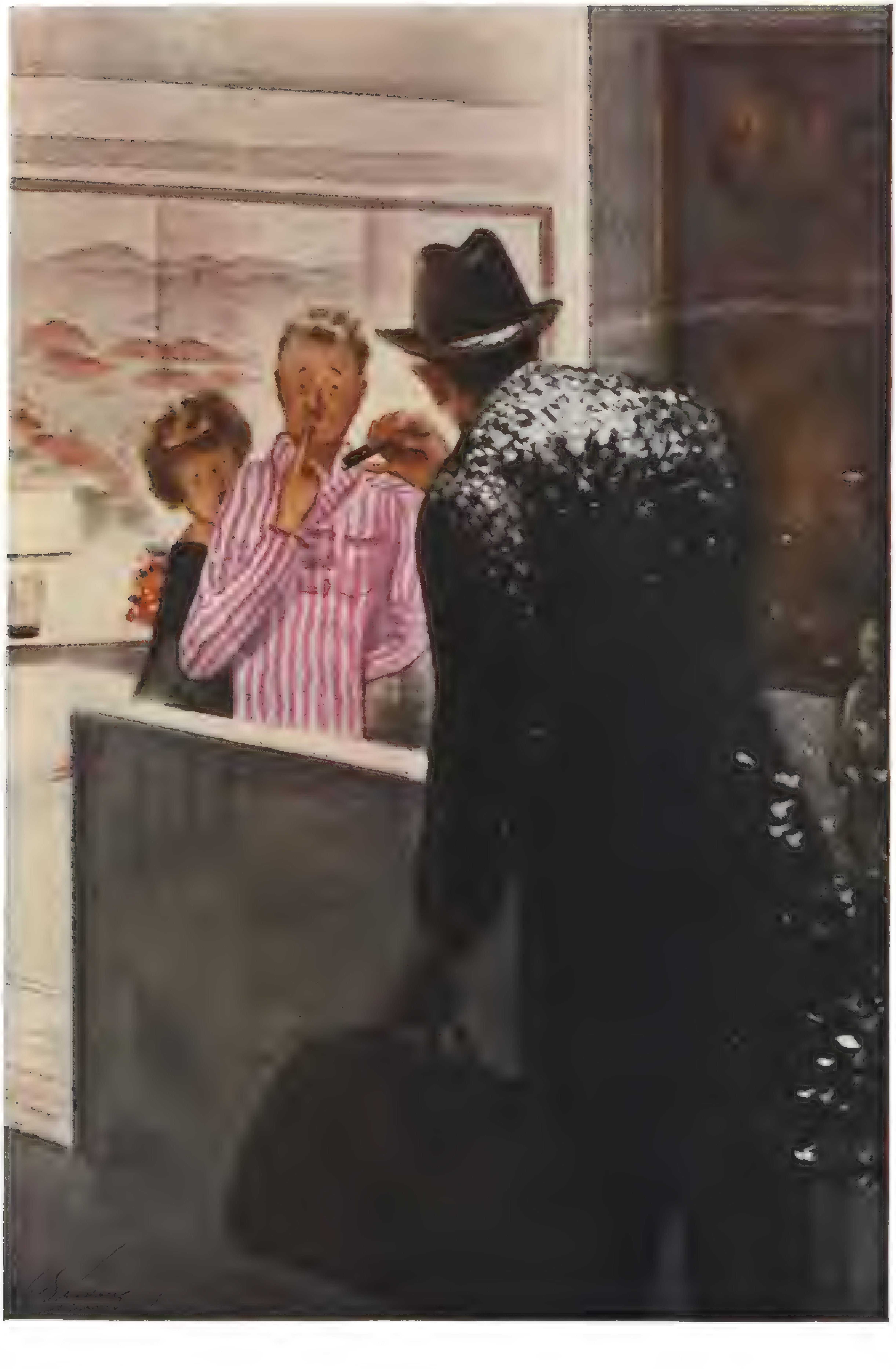
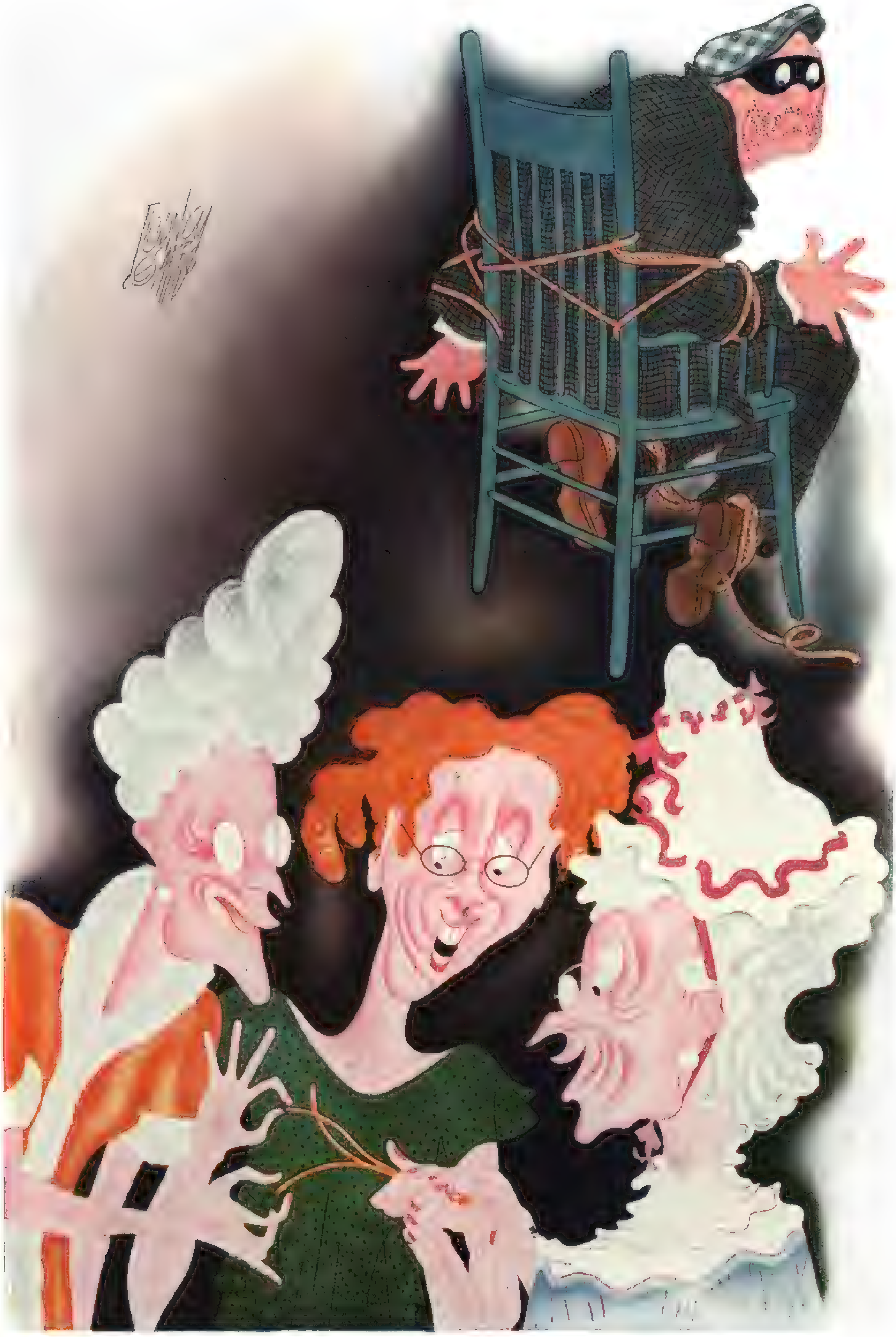


"I bet you think I'm awful"



The Idiot in Cell 33

Life in the prison walls was an empty thing, told, quite truly, by an idiot

by JON EDGAR WEBB

• FICTION •

It was two-thirty in the morning and the idiot in cell 33, the end cell on range five, was sitting at the foot of his bunk rolling a cigarette in the dark.

Every morning, between two and three o'clock, the idiot would wake up craving a smoke. He would turn over on his back and lie perfectly still for several minutes, staring up into the darkness above him. Then he'd say something out loud, like: "I will smoke. Yeah? . . . Okay." Then, slowly, he would get up out of his dirty bunk and roll one.

This morning the idiot had not been able to find his package of tobacco and had finally ripped open one corner of his bedbug-infested mattress. With a handful of damp straw in one hand the idiot began searching for his cigarette sheets. The sheets were inside his package of tobacco and the idiot knew this but it did not occur to him that if he found the sheets he would also find the tobacco.

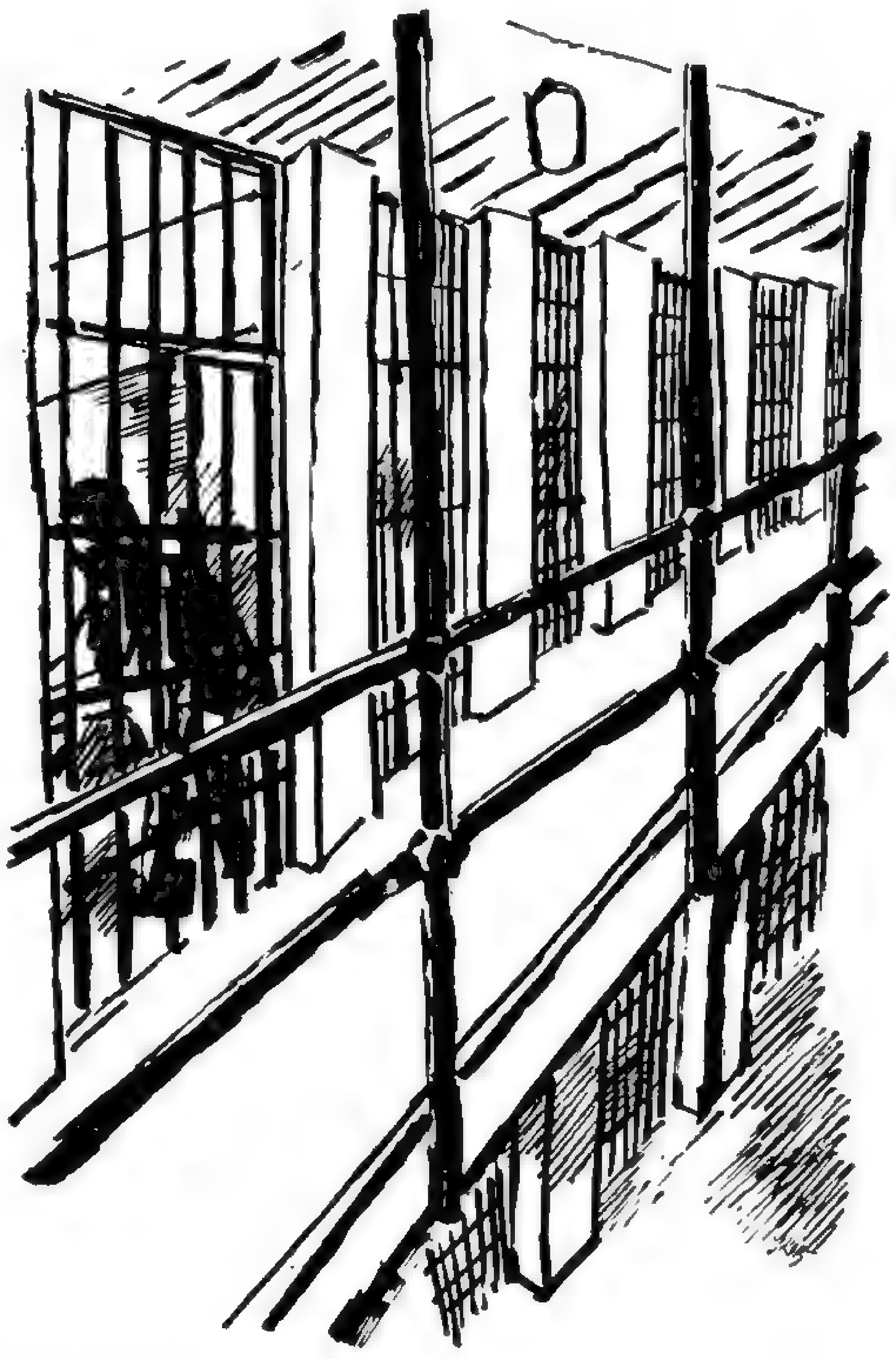
Getting up, he bent over the small stand opposite the bunk and tried to remember whether he had put the package on top the stand or in the stand drawer.

The package was lying right under the idiot's nose and the idiot's hand came near touching it several times in its slow zigzag journey over the stand's top. Once the idiot reached down to scratch a bedbug bite on the bulging calf of his right leg and in doing so bumped his forehead on one corner of the stand. He opened his lips, baring his teeth a little, and said, "Yeah? . . . Okay."

For almost a minute he stood thus, his forehead just touching the corner of the stand, the fingernails of his right hand held in check two inches above the calf of his right leg. Abruptly he straightened and began searching again.

Finally, with a grunt of exasperation, he waddled over to the toilet bowl and picked up the roll of paper off the stone floor. He placed the roll between his chest and his chin and ripped off one of the square sheets. Then he went back and sat down at the foot of his bunk.

It took the idiot ten minutes to roll the square sheet of paper around the damp, unwieldy straw. It was a big cigarette when he finished. He examined it contemplatively in the dark, thinking how big it was and wondering which end to put in his mouth and which end to light. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had nothing to light it with—he had taken his lighter apart just before taps and in trying to put it back together in the dark had lost the parts all over the floor.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

He stood up and put one end of the cigarette in his mouth. He stood there, squinting into darkness a full minute. Then he waddled up to the cell door and knelt down.

He put his right ear up close to the bars in the cell door and listened.

He heard the skeleton in cell 27 coughing in his sleep. There was a lot of snoring going on all through the block, with here and there a troubled sleeper letting go with a few disconnected words.

"Yeah? . . . Okay," the idiot said, and doubling up his right fist gave the stone wall on his left a terrific bang.

The wall gave back a flat stony belch and the idiot, after a two-minute pause, gave the wall another terrific bang.

"For Christ's sake!" said the inmate in the cell behind the wall. His name was Pedro and he was tall and stoop-shouldered and thin, with an enormous head.

"Hey, Pedro," the idiot said, grinning, "gimme a light."

"I ain't got none, you bastard." Which was true, for Pedro didn't smoke. But he knew the idiot—how sometimes he'd bang the wall until his wants were satisfied. He would have to wake up the inmate in the cell next door, and that inmate was no friend of his. "Dammit!" he said, and got up. He shivered in the cool early morning air circling into the cell from the open windows in the cell block and stepped up to the cell door. He tapped the wall on his left with the knuckles of his right fist and waited. He tapped again and waited.

Butch was a short stocky man with dirty-red hair and a bull neck. He had two teeth missing top front and an ugly scar curled upward from one corner of his wide mouth to the lobe of his right ear.

He had a peculiar habit, which may or may not have been the offspring of a repressed conscience. His alibi had been that he had killed his mistress in his sleep. It hadn't taken. Anyway, he had a habit of jumping up out of his bunk at the slightest sound in his cell—even a mouse chewing the leg of his cell chair would bring him up headlong into the leaden air.

Now, as usual, the instant his bare feet landed on the cold stone floor he woke up. He let out a gasp of fright and raised his fists automatically in readiness for combat. Standing thus, he heard the *tap tap* through the wall on his right. He lowered his fists and straightened up. His head cleared more and he sat down on the edge of his bunk and ran a pudgy hand through his coarse, dirty-red hair. He heard the *tap tap* again and he began chewing the inside of his lower lip. Abruptly he stood up. He stepped up to the bars in the cell door and listened.

Tap tap.

He went back to the bunk and sat down. He scratched his stomach, his back, his legs, and finally his head.

Pedro had heard the dull plop of Butch's feet on the stone floor. After five minutes of tapping he put his mouth between two bars in the cell door and whispered, "Hey, Butch, you awake?"

Butch stood up and yawned

"You awake, Butch?" repeated Pedro.

"Damn you, what the hell do you want?" said Butch.

"Gimme a light, will you?"

"What the hell for?"

"That damn idiot's up again. He wants a light."

"Oh, yeah?"

Pedro squirmed. "Butch," he said tenderly, "gimme a light and I'll give you a pack of B. D. tomorrow night."

"You got it there?"

"No, it's out at the shop. I'll bring it in tomorrow."

"All right, damn you, wait a minute."

Butch went and got his lighter, but it was dry—plenty of sparks but no flame. He stood in deep thought for a moment and then

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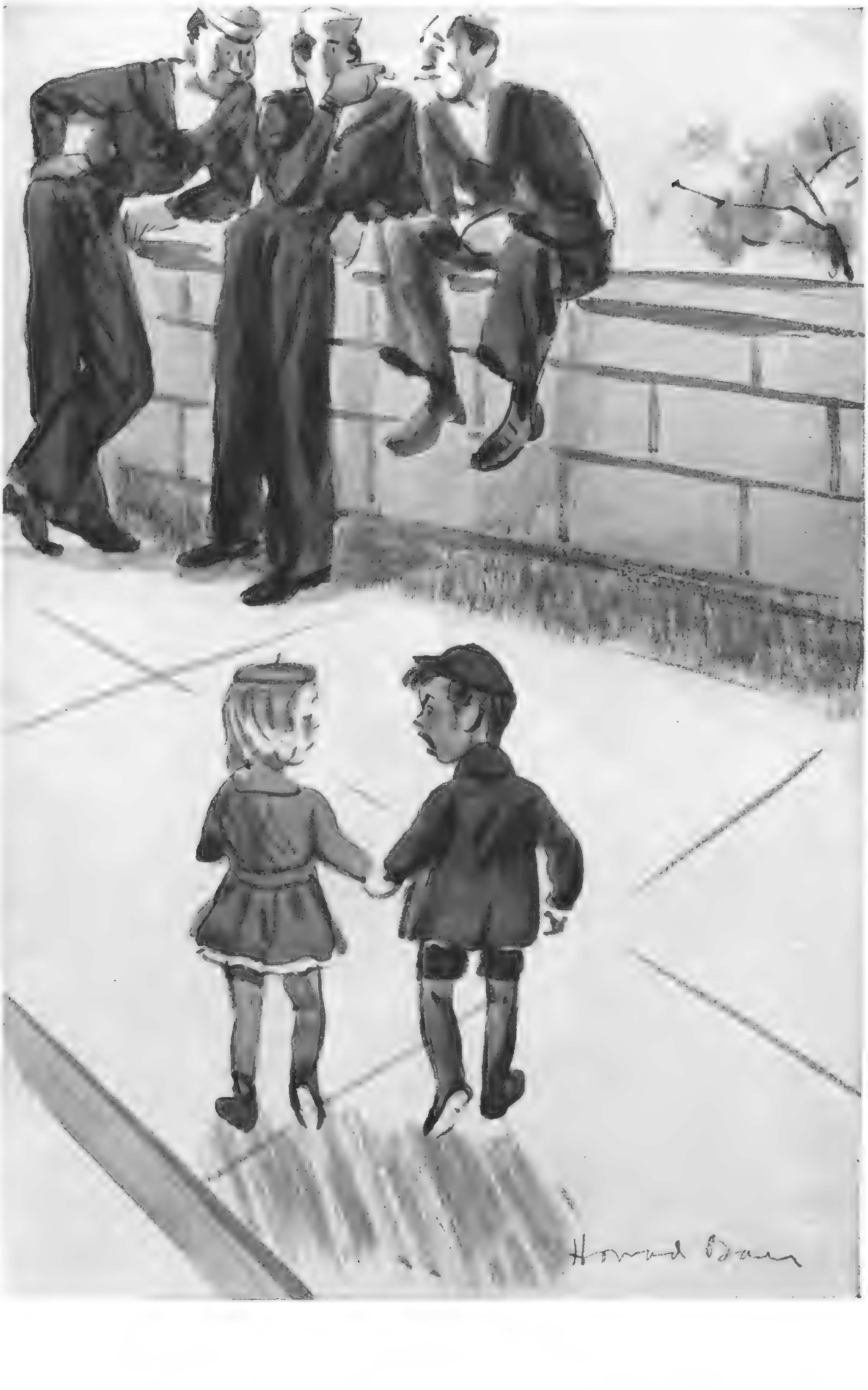

Howard Baer

"Don't worry—if they make a pass at ya it'll be just too bad!"

The Grand Champion

When one subscription is all that stands between a boy and a bike, let the buyer beware

by ELDON ROARK

▪ SATIRE ▪

"All right now, boys," slim Mr. Griffin, the circulation manager, was saying. "If everybody has finished their ice cream, we'll get along with the program. We now come to . . . Hey, you boys over there in the corner! Sam, you and Alvin cut out that monkey business . . . You, too, Wilbur—you and Johnny.

"All right now, fellows, let's all find seats and settle down. We've got quite a lot to do here yet before we go to the show, so let's not lose any time. This, as you boys know, is . . . Gilbert, you come up here and sit on the platform. We got to have the grand champion sit up here in front where everybody can see him, eh, fellows?"

Gilbert, a little duck-legged boy, went forward, grinning broadly, his big brown eyes sparkling.

"Speech! . . . Cham-peen Gilbert! . . . Ole Sparrow . . . You can't ride that bike, Gilbert. Your legs are too short! . . . Don't let 'em kid you, Ducky . . . He's got his hair combed!"

Gilbert's ears got red, but he kept on grinning. Let 'em razz. He'd take a razzing any day to get that nifty blue and white bike. Boy, what a wheel that was! And in just a few minutes it would be his. Man—man!

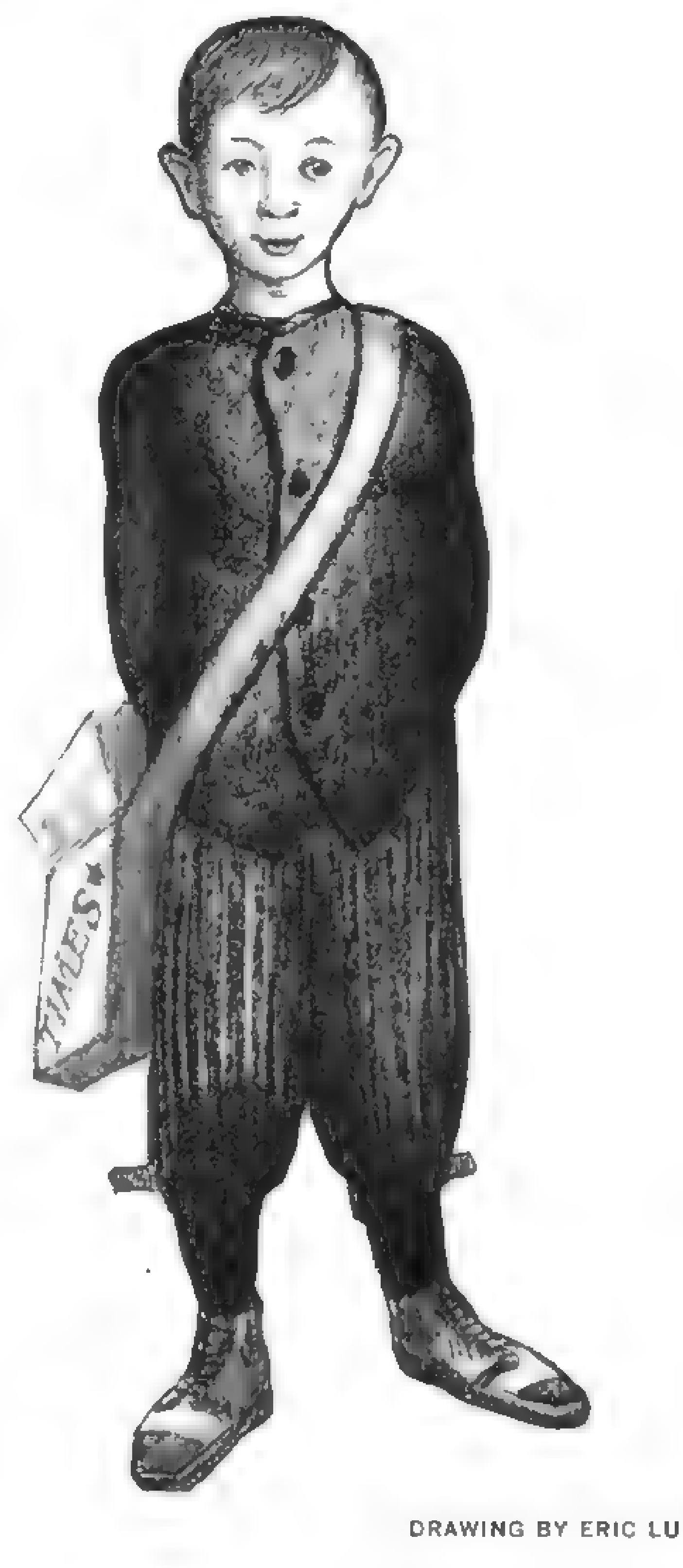
Gilbert didn't look at that giggling, nudging, kidding mob of fellow carriers as he took the seat indicated by Mr. Griffin. His eyes were on that bicycle. There it was—propped up right there by him! It was close enough for him to reach out and touch it. And it was just like the picture, too—just exactly like it.

His right hand moved around slowly to the hip pocket in his faded corduroy pants—and patted it. He had a picture of the bike in that pocket—a crease-worn, smutty, greasy picture. For more than two months he had carried it. He had placed it there the day Mr. Baker, the district manager, had handed out the circulars about the big circulation contest. "Go to it, Gilbert, and show these bigger boys up. I'm for you, son."

Gilbert had gazed at that picture in school behind his geography—and thought of the many places he would visit when it was his. He bet he could even go to Canada.

And many a night after he had finished his supper of grits, black-eyed peas and cornbread, he had lain on his bed in the shaft of soft light coming in the window from the street light—and feasted his eyes on that picture. Often he had fallen asleep with it in his hand—and dreamed. In one of the dreams he was riding down Main Street at the head of the big annual Playground Festival Parade, waving to Goofy Davis and Mack Hicks. Another time he had little Edith Godolsky on the handlebars, going lickety-split to a big fire, beating the fire engines.

Now his dreams were going to come true. He was not only going to have something he had always wanted—but a new, swanky, streamlined bike with electric lights hooked up to a regular battery. All he'd have to do would be to touch a button. And a horn, too. Seat almost as big as a motorcycle's. Chain guards. And built into the frame, a little water-tight compartment to carry things in.



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Yessir, it was just exactly like the picture.

"So it has been a most successful campaign," Mr. Griffin was saying, "and the *Times* is proud of all its boys. You've really gone out and sold the paper. It's too bad all of you couldn't win prizes, but, of course, the number had to be limited. As a matter of fact, though, all of you are winners. By building up your routes you make more money. You'll be winning on this work all the rest of the year.

"But, as I say, fellows, you couldn't all win some of the prizes you see here before me on the table—or the big grand prize over there. There is something more important than winning, though, and that's the manner in which you win or lose. You boys have shown fine sportsmanship throughout, and I'm mighty proud of you.

"Now, in awarding the prizes, we'll start—" A baldheaded, thick-chested man entered the room and slipped into a rear seat. Mr. Griffin immediately spotted him. "Come on up on the platform, Mr. Hawkins," he called. It was Mr. Hawkins, the publisher—Mr. Hawkins who was always making speeches to the advertising department.

"Just go right ahead, Grif," he said with a grin and a wave of the hand. "When you're ready for me, give me the signal."

"Where was I?" said Mr. Griffin, resuming his talk. "Oh, yeah. As you know, we offered a number of prizes. First, we offered a flashlight to every carrier who would bring in at least 5 new subscribers during the contest. Next, we offered a pen and pencil set to every carrier who brought in at least 8. Then we offered a baseball glove to every carrier who brought in at least 12. And, finally, we offered a grand prize—a bicycle—to any boy who worked his route up to 100 per cent saturation.

"All you old newspaper men know what that means, of course. If there were 100 homes on your route, for instance, and you sold the paper to 90, you would have only 90 per cent saturation. 100 per cent means every possible subscriber. But that's all been explained to you boys before.

"Well, now we'll start in and award the smaller prizes and work up to the grand prize. So I'm going to ask Benny over there to read out the names of the boys who won flashlights. And as your name is called, come forward quickly and get your flashlight."

Benny, the assistant circulation manager, droned off 73 names. The room instantly was in a hubbub as the boys pushed their way out to the aisles, tripping, stumbling, laughing and kidding.

"They better take them flashlights and go try to find them fake subscribers," one big-mouthed carrier hollered from over on the right side of the room.

"Yeah," came from another over in the center, "they get five new uns and lose ten old uns."

Mr. Hawkins squirmed in his seat—and mopped his brow.

"Cut out the remarks from the peanut gallery," said Mr. Griffin. "Don't make me take back what I said about good sportsmanship . . . All right . . . Now, Benny, read out the names of the winners of the pen and pencil sets."

Once more Benny droned out a list of names—42 of them. And once more the hubbub broke out.

Continued in center of page 160

Pure Painter: Bernard Karfiol

He is slow to exhibit and his pictures, which have a rarity value, do not sell for peanuts

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Yesterday Bernard Karfiol began painting for tomorrow so that today he has come, so to speak, into the middle of his recognition. This is to state the position of Karfiol with caution and decorum and in deference to the natural ignorance of the public, for which the artist himself is partly to blame, of the place which he holds in the esteem of artists. The painter by whom other painters swear is virtually unknown to the public. There would be nothing ironical, or even unusual, about this if Karfiol were a John Marin or a Georgia O'Keeffe, devoted to the abstract painter qualities in the gaunter landscapes. But irony does definitely rear its head in this case, for the artist almost nobody knows is probably America's greatest living painter of the lush and sensual nude, and one of the warmest colorists of all time.

He has traveled a considerable distance since he began painting those long-limbed, virginal, cool and spring-like forms, those too clearly defined Quattrocento figures that suggest derivation from Maestro Botticelli. Today his female figures suggest not dawn or morning, but the warmth of high noon, the splendid magnificence of matronly maturity, the blossom become ripe. Purely as painter he may have come into the glowing maturity which his present treatment of the female figure suggests. This is to write about a pure painter in literary terms, but Mr. Karfiol himself has said, in talking about Renoir, that it is nothing against the painting of a female nude that it makes you wish you could caress the flesh of the original. As it is nothing against an old woman by Rembrandt or a lusty peasant wench by Hals that you would rather see her on canvas than come within smelling distance of the original.

Perhaps the introduction of Mr. Karfiol in this vein suggests that he is a neglected aphrodisiac artist, which is false, for his values are painter's values not immediately perceived upon an introduction to modern art, but only slowly penetrating the consciousness of the museum and gallery visitor upon whom these values may insinuate themselves. The proof of this lies in that this hypothetical gallery visitor first becomes aware of Bernard Karfiol the artist and then of Bernard Karfiol the painter of the female nude. And as the writer of one monograph on the art of Karfiol has put it, he paints not like one aware of Puritanism who disputes it, but like one without knowledge or consciousness that there is such a thing as Puritanism either to accept or dispute.

Modesty is an alibi for neglect, deserved or undeserved. It is used both by painters who pull all the strings at their command and by those who do not pull any strings, not by principle, but through ignorance or lack of enterprise, which privately they regret. The pretense of modesty is used by many painters (to put it crudely) as a way of resigning before they're fired. Not from painting, of course, but from the avenues of success. They think they rob neglect of its sting by pretending to be above use of the methods of attention-calling. Even painters who find it difficult to conceal their obvious devotion to their scrap books will bleat about their indifference to galleries, critics, museums, the public. It is true that the public, by itself, will not beat a path to the door of a great solitary artist, but other artists will, eventually, and thus show the way to others.

But Karfiol is essentially modest, not as a man who regrets that he hasn't the facilities or inclination to play the social game, but as one who does not know otherwise and does not care to hasten the pace of the normal processes by which a man's work becomes known. This emphasis on modesty may have nothing to do with art. It is possible that a modest man may be a rotten painter and a wire puller a great one. When the modest man and the wire puller have gone to their rest, their pictures will do all the talking for—or against—them.

Whether or not a man is modest may have nothing to do with aesthetics, but it is part, at least, of his personality sketch. As a rule, the less concerned a man is about the factors extraneous to his work the more integrity is his work likely to manifest. No one artist has a copyright on integrity. It isn't hard to have integrity because the job of painting is essentially fun, not in the sense of running a toy train, but in the highest interpretation of that word. However, the possibility of cakes and ale, or even bread and butter, may tempt a clever man into the hypocrisy of expressing integrity with his right hand only, while with the left he tacks with every shift of fashion.

Bernard Karfiol works and thinks less in terms of market than almost any other painter of equal prestige in America. He may work fast, but he exhibits slowly, so slowly that one is justified in assuming that he also works at snail's pace. There is hardly a finished painting, water color or drawing that has hibernated in his studio for less than a year—and often two—before it is sent to the gallery to be shown and, maybe, sold. It is not enough for him to paint his pictures, he must be satisfied with them, yet there is no smell of the lamp about any of them. They have the spontaneity of the emotion expressed. Perhaps the slowness with which his pictures are permitted to appear in public gives Karfiol a rarity value denied the work of more prolific and market-eager artists. Whatever distress the artist may have experienced, there have been no distress sales; it is a long time since Karfiols went for peanuts, if ever there was such a time. For at least the past five years I cannot recall a single one-man Karfiol show. Perhaps this is a treat deferred or denied, but whoever wishes to see Karfiols must see them singly, as part of group shows, or in the museums which own them. His gallery is more than willing, for his dealer regards him as the finest figure painter in America and is even indiscreet enough to make no secret of this preference to the other artists whom she represents.

Karfiol lives quietly and says little. It is difficult to learn from him about that part of his life which may not be seen on canvas. It is from others that one learns that he is a man of family, that he likes to travel, that he lives in Maine in summer—unimportant and unexciting things like that. He does not jump into the breach of controversies, although he has principles and a philosophy, which he is perfectly ready to elucidate to his friends and students and only upon the occasions fitting. He entertains little, I am told, goes out rarely, is averse to cultivating social contacts and does almost no portraits, except of children, and then only upon the understanding that he will have freedom. He is slight of build, scholarly in manner and retiring in his habits. On first view he may be called unprepossessing and there is no escaping the fact that he is neither handsome nor dominating. He had eyes in which there is both *Weltschmerz* and a twinkle of humor, although not at the same time. He is like many other painters in that he feels that his life is in his art and the rest isn't worth talking about. He has had hard times, but it is not from him one learns that during a certain difficult period he made part of a living by weaving on a loom.

Bernard Karfiol was born in Budapest fifty-one years ago, of American parents. While still a broth of a lad, he was brought back to the United States and spent his early years in Brooklyn and Long Island, indicating his life career at a precociously early age. At the age of fourteen he had begun studying at the National Academy of Design and by the time he was eighteen he was studying at Julian's in Paris and exhibiting his work at the Grand Salon and in the following year at the Salon d'Automne. He was practically a beardless youth when he began his career as teacher, in which role he spends part of each summer today at Ogunquit, Maine. At twenty, with the habits of the expatriate far from fixed in him, he returned to these shores to paint and teach, suffer and struggle—

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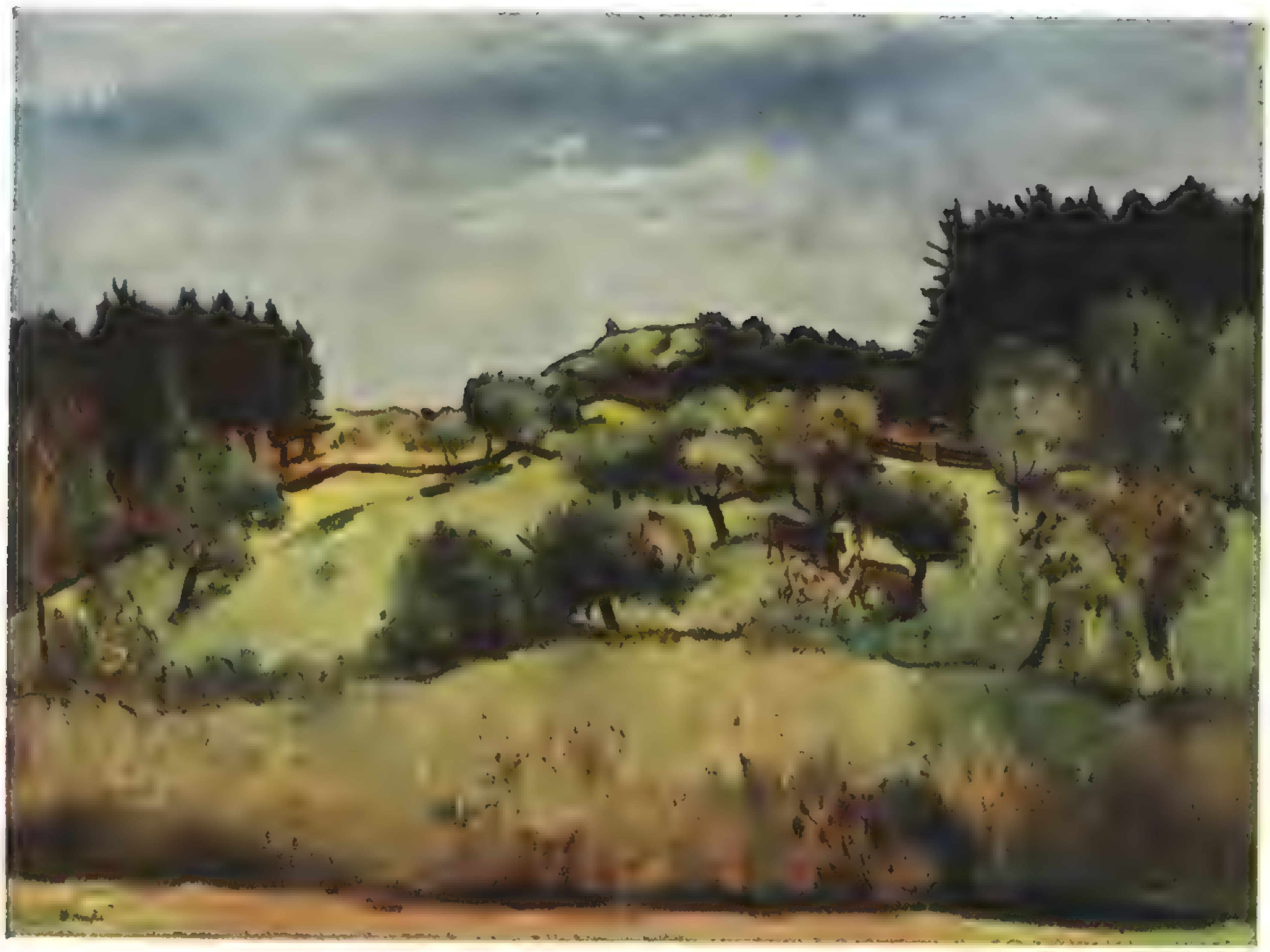
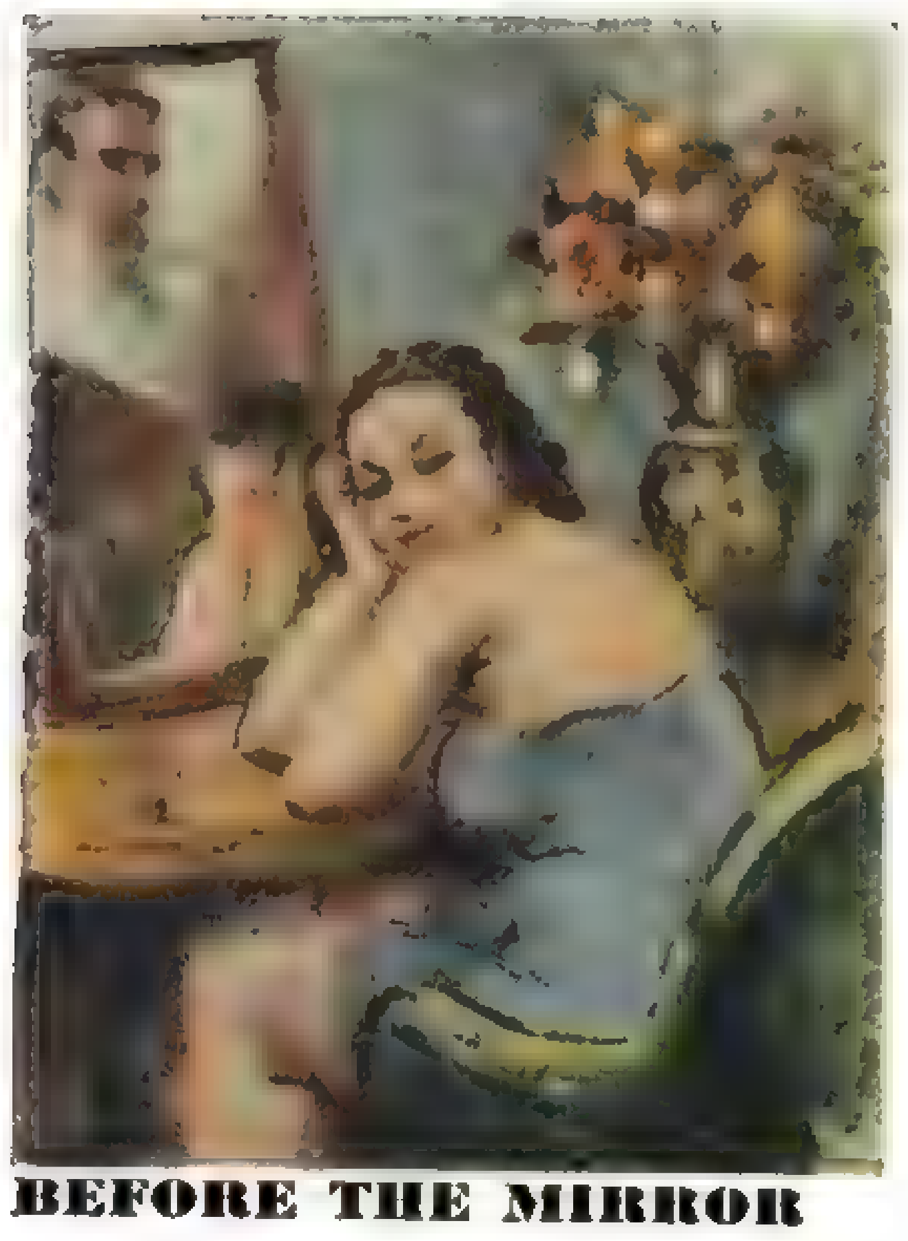


MAINE LANDSCAPE

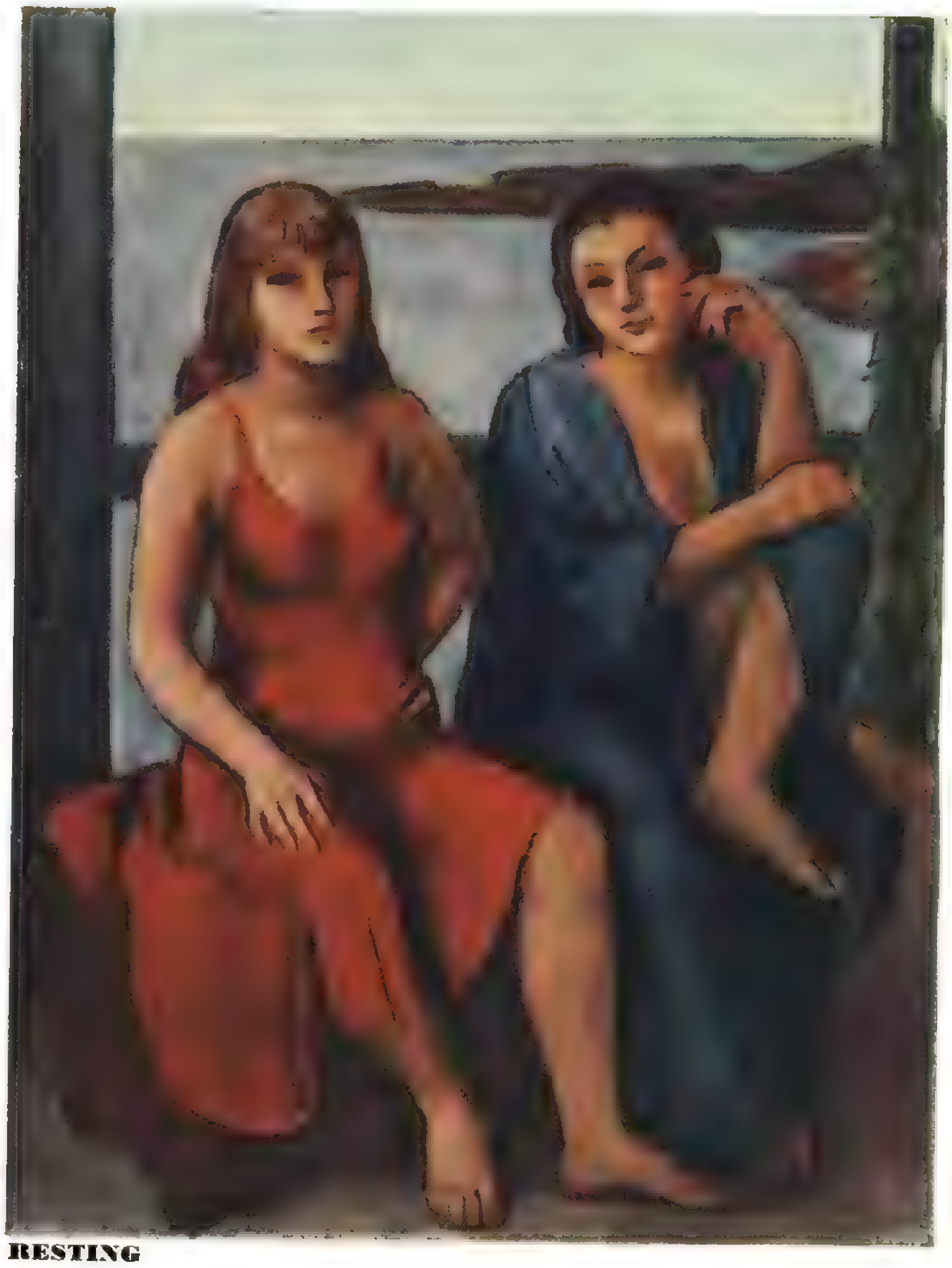
A Selection of Paintings

by BERNARD KARFIOL

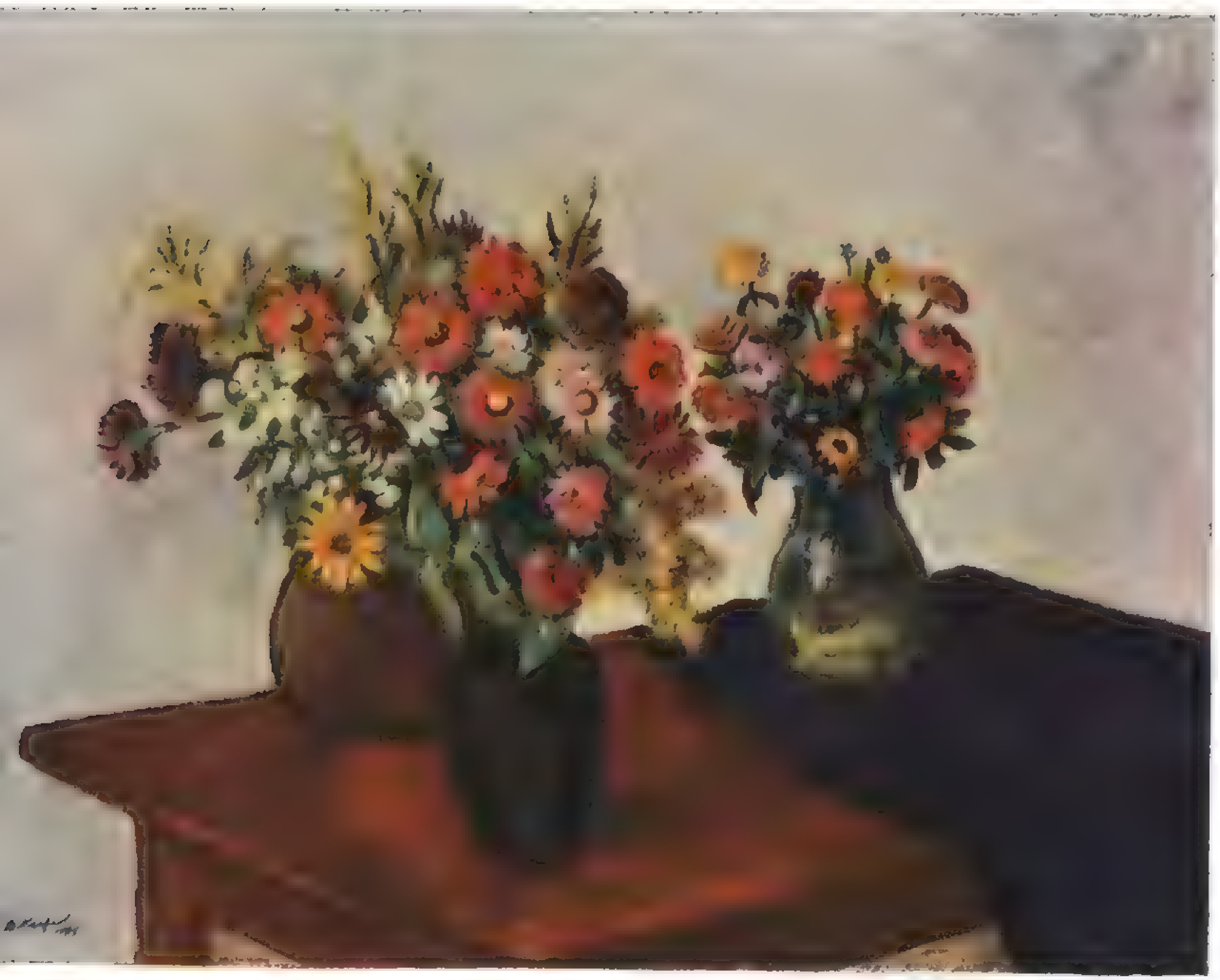


BEFORE THE MIRROR

The paintings shown on this page were reproduced in Chicago for Esquire from the original paintings which were loaned for reproduction by the artist's representatives, The Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13th Street, New York City, where Bernard Karfiol's work is on permanent exhibition and sale.

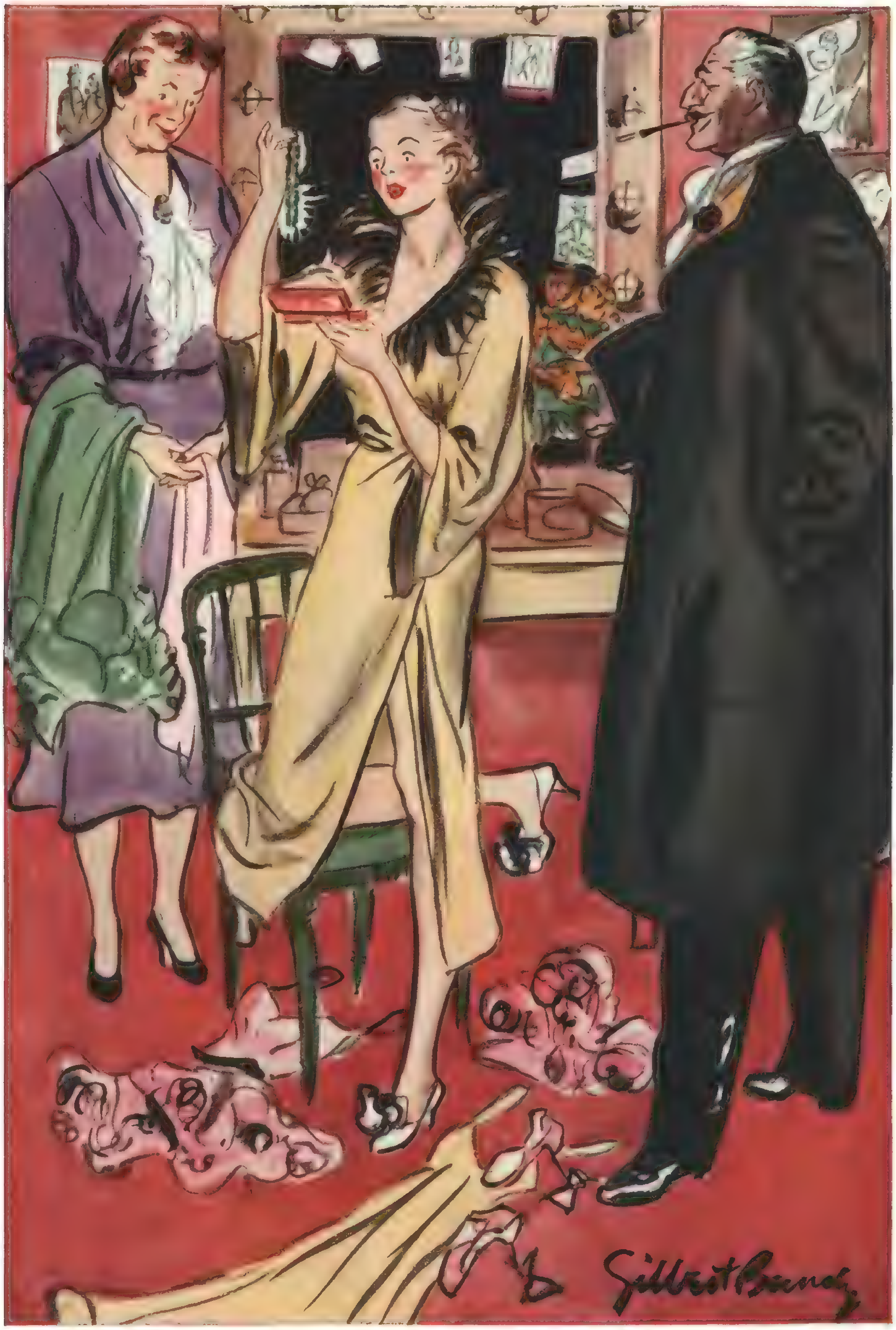


RESTING



THREE BOUQUETS

Resting is included among the paintings shown in the Whitney Museum Third Biennial Exhibition at the Whitney Museum of Modern Art, 10 W. 8th St., New York City.


Gilbert Bundy

"Now, darling—what do you say to the nice man?"

Utopia in Japan

Where life is reduced to its simplest terms and there is no poverty nor unemployment

by BUNJI OMURA

• ARTICLE •

THEY have never heard of Sir Thomas More or of Fourier. Freud and Judge Ben Lindsey aren't even names to them. Yet the people of the twenty-four hamlets of Higashitori-mura in Japan have for centuries led the idyllic life that exists only in treatises. Without any ballyhoo they have successfully out-Marxed Marx, and on the social side, trial marriages are *de rigueur* with a vengeance, and there is nothing the spasmodically anxious moral censors in Tokio can do about the situation.

It's a place to dream about, Higashitori-mura is, when keeping-up-with-the-Joneses makes you wish for Tahiti and points south. To live far from a railway station with only a rabbit path to the next village; to have neither telephone nor radio nor newspaper; to go with your axe into the forests or to dive into sunlit waters for seaweed, and thus in a few weeks to have worked enough to ensure most of your living for a year; to be content with a minimum of the three R's and the most fleeting glimpse of Madame Grundy—who wouldn't like to take the next boat out?

They'll be hospitable. They won't charge you tourists' rates. But curiosity seekers aren't particularly welcome, and they won't let you pitch your tent. Even neighbors, even other Japanese, can't come in to take part in their hard-earned blessings. It's a strange quiet place, this union of two dozen villages which compose the 119 square miles of Higashitori-mura. It is as adamant as it is unique, and only the faithful and the sons and daughters of the faithful shall reap its peculiar rewards. Only because the villagers have been true to an unwritten creed are they free from the burdens of concentrated wealth and unemployment. Only because they have carefully conserved their natural resources for the common good does that section know neither riches nor poverty, neither envy nor worry, nor gnawing ambition. Work and pay have always been on a strictly communal basis, and social responsibility has reached a degree that a Kant might envy. There isn't room or time for strangers who are generations behind or ahead of such an economic and social code.

Where the trolleys and taxis whiz madly down Ginza Street, the Broadway of Tokio, they will probably shake their heads when you ask about this Eden. Most of the Japanese haven't heard of it; the old if not ugly duckling hasn't received much publicity, and since Higashitori-mura is near a naval station where cameras are taboo, pictures of the locality are few. Utopia flourishes unmolested on the Pacific shore of Shimokita peninsula, that northern end of the largest Japanese island. Up there where in the 19th century American whalers sometimes skirted the shores, live the 7500 simple people whose life makes the dreams of philosophers and economists seem like nothing more than empty cerebrations.

The work and pay question is easy because it remains earthbound. Hamlets which lie close to the shore have larger fishing privileges and fewer land rights, and the inland ones reverse this order. Those who live in the wooded sections get their living from lumbering. Besides the cooperative undertakings, private households carry on enough farming for their needs.

White-collar services are imported: Higashitori-mura respects creative physical labor only and leaves troublesome intellectual toil to less contented folk beyond its borders.

From June 18th to 22nd all able-bodied men and women fifteen years of age and older in every village turn out to harvest tangle, a variety of black and narrow seaweed. This crop grows abundantly along their beach, and is used by the Japanese as an ingredient in a kind of chop suey and as a flavoring for soups. Since the name for tangle, *kombu*, sounds like the word for joy, it is in demand on happy occasions such as wedding and birthday feasts.

During those five days, old and young, men and women assemble on the shores at dawn, divided into several units, each having its special duties to perform. They eagerly await the flag signal at which they begin their part in the harvest. Some dive into the water and sever tangle from the rocky seabottom, others assist the divers to lift the weed into the boat, and carry it to shore, where the rest arrange it for drying. These activities go on every day until the bright summer sun reaches the western horizon. When the *kombu* has dried sufficiently, the secretary of the community store sells it to the wholesalers.

The income from this product, which is the most lucrative of the coastal section, is fairly divided among all the inhabitants, a woman receiving half as much as a man. If a man or woman be sick or if the infirmities of age or public duties keep him from work, he still gets his full share. Sea-ears and other marine products are also included in their joint enterprise. For these only the men go out in the community boats and each draws equal pay for work done.

Naturally there is a premium on males because of their larger earnings. Since drownings are frequent on the fishing expeditions, men from the same family are placed in different boats, so that if the sea claims a vessel or two, which often happens, at least some will return to contribute to the household expense and keep the family tree alive. Male children are adopted from outside for this reason.

The management of work and distribution of the income in the wooded sections is conducted on similar principles. Lumber is in constant demand in Japan because frame houses are preferred, but the people of this region practice conservation as much as possible, be it of wood, sea-ears or tangle. Rather than risk eventual devastation, men as seasonal laborers leave home every year from March to May, inclusive. The fishermen go to Hokkaido sardine fishing camps and canneries and the lumbermen to the Sakhalien Island lumber colonies.

Thus a minimum subsistence is guaranteed to all. Despite the fact that generous treatment of the sick and aged would seem to encourage laziness, there are no slackers. Tradition has made it an honor to participate in the common tasks, and the annual seaweed harvest or wood-cutting expedition is in the form of a general holiday. At the same time migration is made almost impossible. Outsiders just aren't permitted to settle, and any native who misses his chores in the yearly harvest is considered a permanent deserter. His departure at that time is simply voluntary withdrawal from lifelong material security there. The only exception is temporary absence for official service whose tentacles reach even this remote corner of the Empire. If the army or navy or other public duties call a man away from home, he does

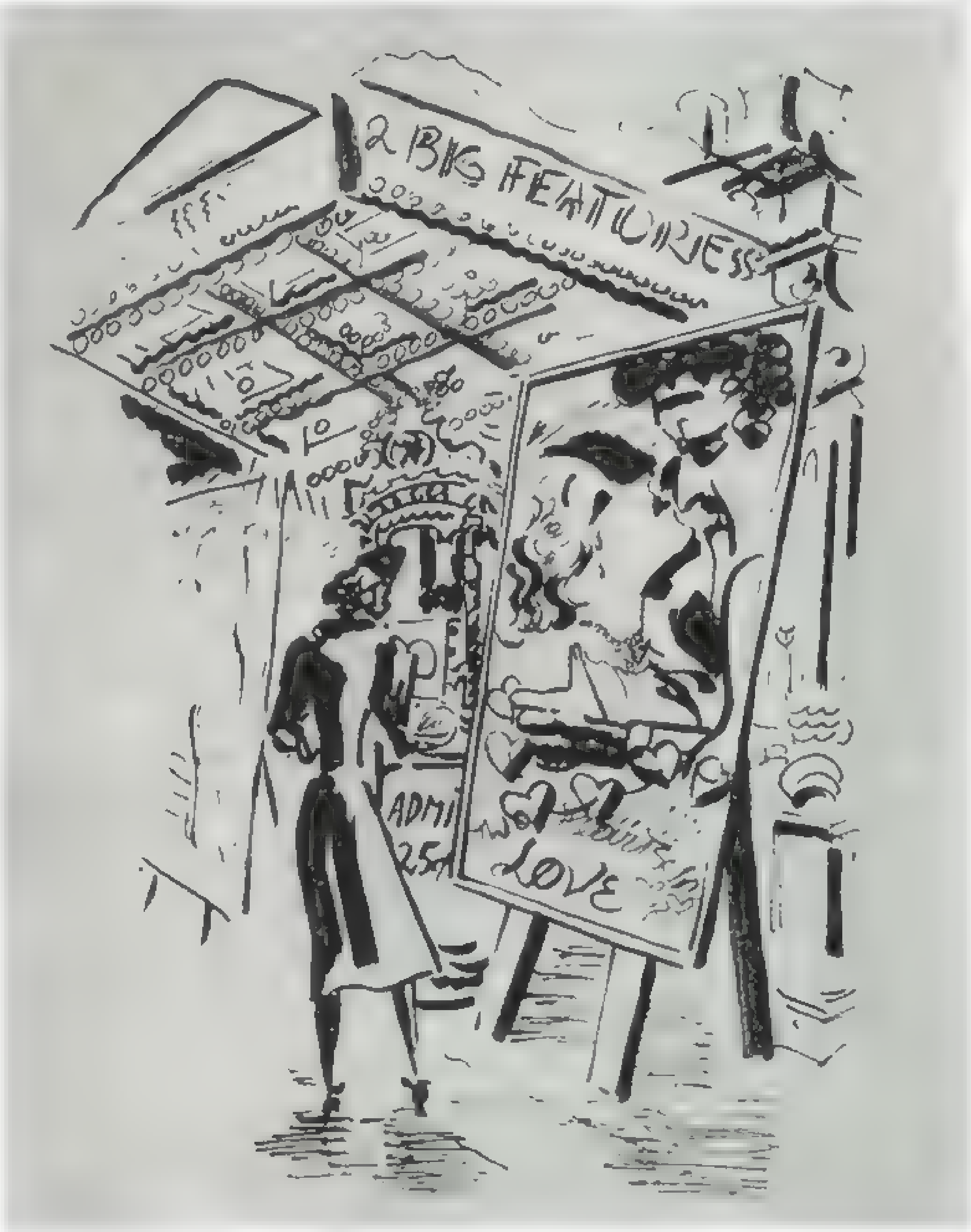
Continued on page 153

Nocturne in a Minor Key

She said she was from Louisiana where folks are soft and don't put much value on a meal or a bed

by ALLEN McGINNIS

• FICTION •



She came out of the theatre, blinking at the twinkling glitter of its brilliantly lighted façade, turned and started down the street.

The movie had been like all the others. About love. A broad shouldered man and a firm bosomed girl who did all the things you had seen done before. Sometimes they sat at a table covered with snowy linen, a single tall rosebud in a silver vase between them. There was food—expensive food, you knew—and perhaps that was champagne in the slender-stemmed glasses. But they neither ate nor drank. They never did—in the movies. They just sat there and murmured things into each other's face, and presently the man would reach over and take the lady's hand and press it tenderly. Then it would change and other scenes would follow. A deep divan before a log fire—and the flames making tiny lights dance in the man's eyes. And soon it was all over. The lady of the rosebud and the champagne and the log fire was his forever.

It was the same old thing. The girl knew it hadn't fooled her—but she liked it. The picture fed you a line, but you wanted it. Once you were inside, seated in the darkness, it eased things for you. The rosebud. The log fire. Your insides melted. You didn't feel choked, cramped, unwanted. But it always came to an end. Sooner or later you had to start back to your room, back to nothingness, back to the business of exhaling and inhaling called life. Tonight it was worse than it had ever been. The picture had stirred in her the old hunger which was never appeased. It tore at her insides. It made her eyes glassy with suppressed tears.

The cold wind struck her with cruel force as she went on down the street. It was a lonely, sobbing, despairing kind of wind and it whirled bitterly around the girl as though it mocked her with its own futility. She bent her head. She would not cry. She would never cry again.

"Hello, darling."

It was a voice, the voice of a man, somewhere above her bent head. A voice that was strong, low-pitched, casual.

She glanced up into the smiling face of an utter stranger. Before she could speak he swung in beside her.

"Here I thought I was the one who was going to be late," the man went on, "and I've been standing here a good fifteen minutes. What kept you?"

He was crazy or he was a masher of no ordinary ability. She stopped short and faced him. He didn't turn with her but took her arm and moved her along, and as he did so he talked to her out of the side of his mouth.

"Let me walk with you to the corner and don't say nothing. There's a dick behind us. He's been trailing me for a half-hour. Look for yourself."

She glanced back and saw a figure strolling casually about a half-block behind them.

Her throat contracted. "Are you a crook?"

"The flatfoot thinks so. These guys are great at figuring people. Me—I'm only a bum. But if Philo Vance back there picks me up on suspicion I'll have to lay out a vag sentence."

She dared really to look at him then for the first time. He was a head taller than herself, and his shoulders did wonderful things to his shabby coat. There was a pronounced pallor to his face which heightened the burning blackness of his eyes. On his upper lip he wore the vague promise of a moustache.

"What makes the policeman think you're a crook?"

"Been on the streets too long. All evening. In a half-hour he's followed me into three different drug stores. Jees, they're funny about bums in these little towns."

A faint wonder crept into her voice. "Don't you mind calling yourself a bum?"

"No, I guess I don't."

"Where are you from?"

"Chi."

"Where?"

"Chicago."

"Oh." She meditated on that for a moment. "What are you doing here, so far away from your home town?"

"I didn't have an overcoat."

She laughed slightly. Perhaps that was supposed to be funny. But her curiosity got the better of her. "Meaning?"

"Meaning that it's a hell of a lot warmer down here this time of the year than it is in Chi. And believe me, babe, it's easier to ride the rods down here than find an overcoat up there."

He was still holding her arm. The pressure of his fingers was strong and sure. They had passed three corners now, turning each time in a different direction, and walking fast. Somewhere back they had lost the plain-clothes man.

The man stopped and released her arm.

"Thank you," he said and tipped his hat. When he did so the wind caught his hair and blew it down in his face. He brushed it back and shivered slightly. The gesture made the girl draw her coat closer about her. It was a miserable night. She wondered if he had any place to stay.

"It's all right," she said. "I didn't mind helping."

"You're a good sport. Most dames would have smacked me or yelled for the dick."

The black eyes held her own, and suddenly the mood of the pictures was back upon her.

He was so nice-looking to be—to be just a bum. She opened her purse and dug into it. "I don't have much change but if—"

He backed away a little. "You've done enough. This really ain't a new way of putting a touch."

She closed her bag and tugged at her gloves. "You're hungry, aren't you?"

His eyes shifted. "A little, I guess."

"Well?"

"I've never mooched a woman."

She drew in her breath with sudden inspiration. "I've an apartment of sorts in a private home. I cook there. If you won't take money you could—"

There was the faintest hint of surprise—or interest—in the black eyes and the blacker brows that lifted slightly. "Could you get away with it?"

"Not if they found out."

"Then we'd better forget it. Goodbye."

He started away from her, the wind billowing out his pants legs like long vertical sails.

He bent his head down and took giant steps forward.

Suddenly the girl ran after him and caught his arm. She was a little breathless with her own daring. "It won't make any difference. You see, it's got a private entrance—stairs that come up from the alley. At this time of night—"

He turned and looked down at her—and grinned. "It's oke with me. Lead the way."

There were no lights on in the house when they got there. Cautiously they tiptoed up the creaking outside stairs. Once inside the girl turned on the radio, a little one that sat on a desk and vibrated maddeningly.

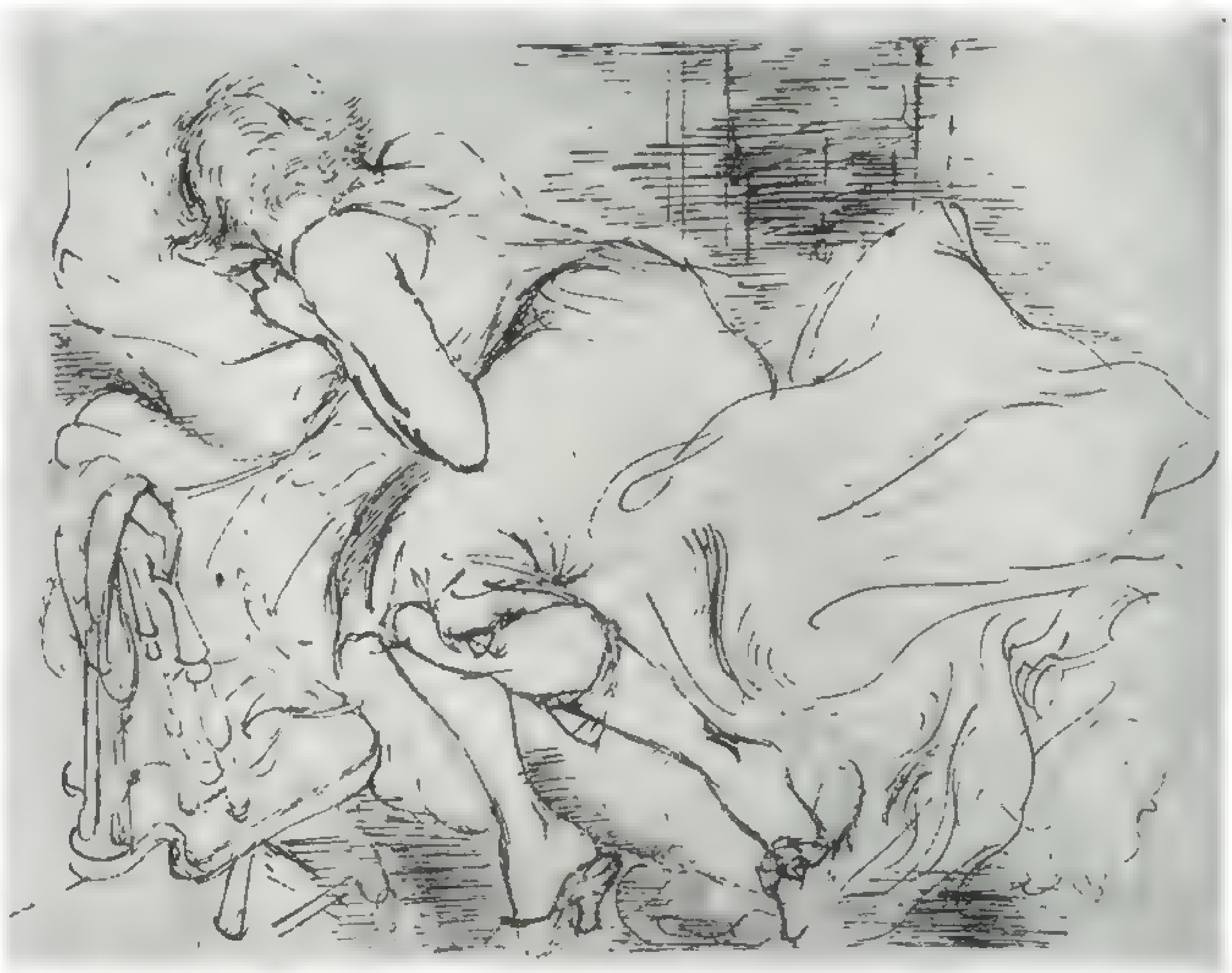
"I play it all the time," she explained. "They're used to it and the sound will kill all the other noises."

The man put a match to the gas heater and sat down before it. He stretched out his hands and sniffed vigorously.

She went into the tiny kitchen. There were only the two rooms, with an almost infinitesimal bathroom on the side. The kitchen was in reality part of the other room, exaggerated book cases being the only partitions that separated it from the rest.

She made him two sandwiches from the remains of a cold beef roast, poured out a glass of milk, and took down a whole quarter of an apple pie from the cupboard. She took it to him on a tray, not letting him get up from the fire, and spread a dainty embroidered napkin on his knee.

He ate silently and slowly—surprisingly so for a hungry man. The girl, watching him from the corner of her eye, laid it up to the beef sandwiches. Even a starving person would hardly find them appetizing. When he got to the pie it would be better. But he pushed back the pie untouched.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"Don't you like apple pie?"

He patted his stomach with exaggerated solemnity. "Do you want to kill me?"

She took the tray back to the cupboard and then came back and turned down the volume of the radio a little more. "We don't need to keep it so loud now."

The man laughed. "Did I make that much noise chewing? What if it had been celery?"

She wanted to laugh uproariously at that but she kept it down to a chuckle. You never knew just what he was going to say. You might have known him for years. Suddenly she realized that she had never felt the slightest strangeness around him for a moment.

"Do you have any smokes around?" he asked.

She got a pack of cigarettes from her dresser drawer and handed it to him.

He took out three, put one in his mouth, and the other two in his shirt pocket. "The next time I'll be able to offer you one of mine," he said.

She laughed again. It was nice that he didn't make a big fuss about her charity. He must have been somebody once or else he couldn't be so poised.

"Do you have any folks?" she asked.

"I can remember my old man."

Her eyes brimmed full suddenly. It was silly to cry, but he had said it so simply.

"Have you always been alone? Don't you mind?"

"No, I don't mind it very much. What you have never known you never miss."

"What do you do?"

"I guess I'm just a scuffler."

"A scuffler?"

"Yeah. Just—well, just scuffle from one day to the next. A buck here and a buck there—and somehow it all adds up to something—or nothing."

"Haven't you ever worked at a regular job?"

"I was in the army for a while."

The army! Then that was where he got those shoulders. Perhaps he had been an officer. That would account for his air of breeding. They taught you things in the army.

Silence settled on the little room. Outside the wind whistled eerily under the eaves of the old frame house. The girl got up and turned off the center light in the room. That left only the lamp and the light from the gas heater. If you used your imagination a little it might be a scene from the very movie you had seen tonight. For a moment they were shut in and the world could beat in vain on the door.

"I gotta start managing for a new pair of kicks."

It was his voice. It had broken the spell.

She glanced at him to see him staring intently at his shoes. "Kicks?" she echoed.

"Yeah. Shoes."

She stared at the articles in question. They were practically soleless, misshapen, and the heels leaned crazily to the outside, but they masqueraded gaily behind a thick coat of Shinola. She thought, in a way they are a wordless epitome of the man who wears them.

"We've a bargain counter in the basement of the store where I work and if you tell me your size, I—"

"There you go!"

"Sorry," she murmured and sat down again opposite him.

"I'll manage," he went on. "I'll scuffle along in these until something breaks—and it always does."

There it was again—that word. Scuffle. Somehow it expressed everything about him. Someone, something had forced him to scuffle for what he wanted.

She looked again at his shoes, then at her own, then at the pattern of the worn and faded carpet, and finally she raised her eyes and knew that she would find him looking at her. He was—intently. Of a sudden she was afraid of the silence between them. He was remote, strange—yet very near and real. Looking at him she knew he did not feel embarrassed. He was not uncomfortable. His eyes told her that. His eyes were twin, eloquent orators, but she was not fluent in the language they spoke.

She found her voice suddenly and blurted: "You weren't hungry, were you?"

He grinned. "No."

"Then why did you come?"

"You were hell-bent on helping somebody. I thought it might as well be me."

She got to her feet and she was satisfied that she did it with an air of wounded dignity. "Then you'd better go."

The grin was still in evidence. "Oke," he said quietly, and untwined his long legs. He got up from his chair and stood very close to her.

"You don't really want me to go, do you?"

She looked up at him. His grin was gone. He was the man in the movie now. His eyes were dark with a kind of brooding tenderness, and he was so close to her that his breath made a faint moisture on her cold forehead. In that silence she heard the alternate crescendos and diminuendos of the wind outside, and shivered.

"No," she answered.

He awakened to the sound of water running from the faucet into the bathtub. She came from the little kitchen, fully dressed, and stood beside him. She did not look at him, although he took her hand and kissed the palm.

"I thought you might want to take a bath before you left. I was going to waken you. It's awfully early, not even light yet, but you'll have to go before they get up around here."

"Sure." He threw back the covers and jumped lightly to the floor.

She glanced at him involuntarily, and then turned away, a sudden redness dyeing the back of her neck.

He reached for his clothes. "I'll skip the tub. I'd better go."

She went back to the sink in the kitchen without turning to him. He went to the bathroom and turned off the water in the tub. Then he dressed hurriedly. She came back from the kitchen while he was combing his hair.

"Where are you going from here?"

"I don't know," he said and struggled with the part in his hair. "Hop a freight for some point farther south, I guess. Too much winter in this stretch of timber."

When he had finished combing his hair and stepped back from the dresser, she went over to it and took her purse out of a drawer. She glanced inside it although she knew what she would find. One five, two ones. And payday was a long eighteen days ahead. Her mind made rapid calculations. Minus the five, the lone two meant walking to and from work no matter what the weather. It meant no lunches and no fingerwave between now and the end of the month. It meant no movies. It meant—

She took the five from the purse, her fin-

Continued in center of page 134

The Silver Fleece

How to be a social success and earn your way through college by learning a few simple tricks

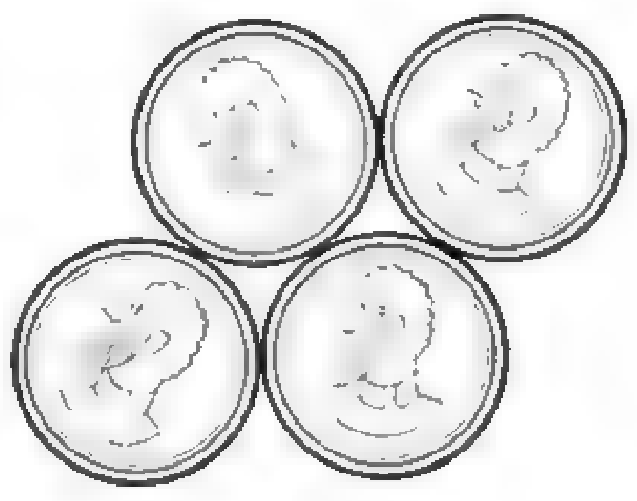
by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

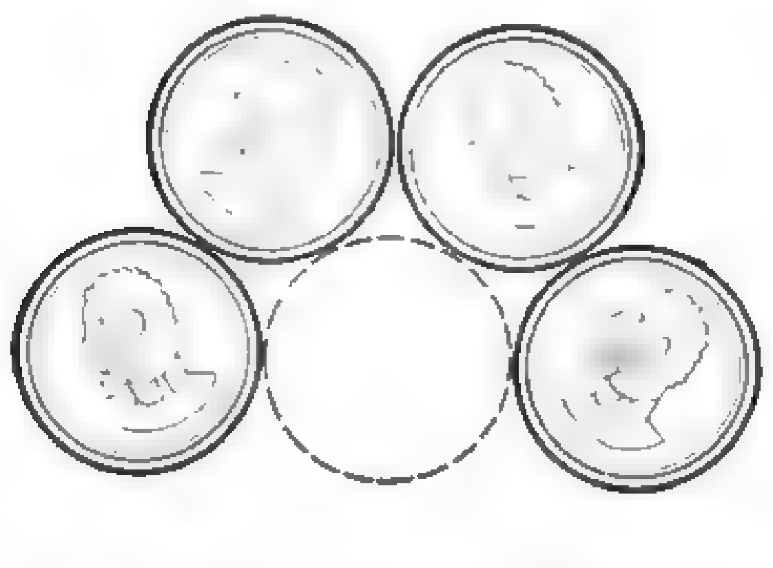
THE QUESTION OF WHAT TO DO WITH THE CHANGE in one's pockets has ever been open to many answers. You may give it to the poor. You may play the slot-machines. You may stick it in the baby's bank. You may buy another drink. You may stick your fingers into your pocket and rattle it around.

But when you are (momentarily) not in contact with the poor; when there are no slot-machines; when the baby's bank is at home; when you have had enough to drink for the time being; when you are with people who are not impressed with jingling silver and copper; then some of the devices offered herewith may serve as pleasant exercises or (who knows?), if you are lunching with the right sort, the foundation for some small but profitable bets.

One amusing little stunt with coins is to start with four—pennies or twenty-dollar gold pieces, as long as they are all alike—arranged like this:

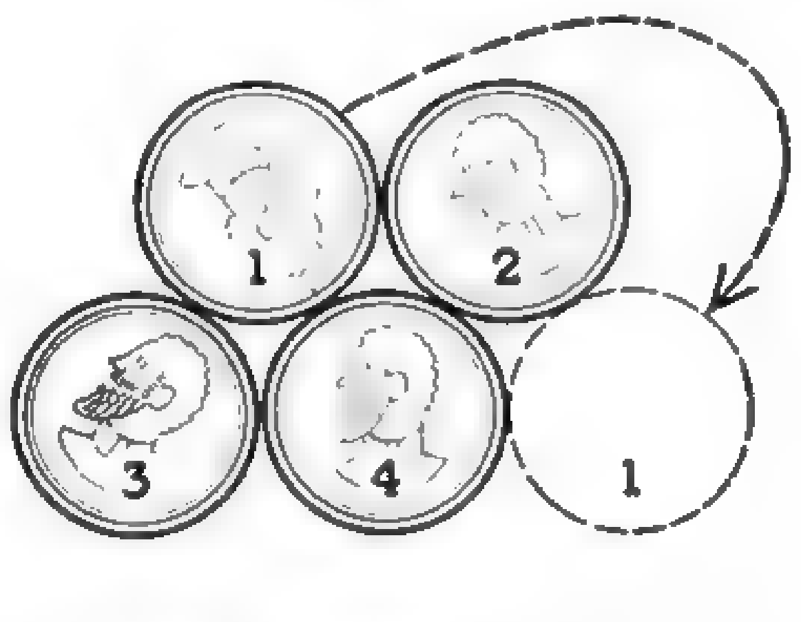


—and by sliding them about, without lifting any of them from the table or employing any extra coins, get them into this position:

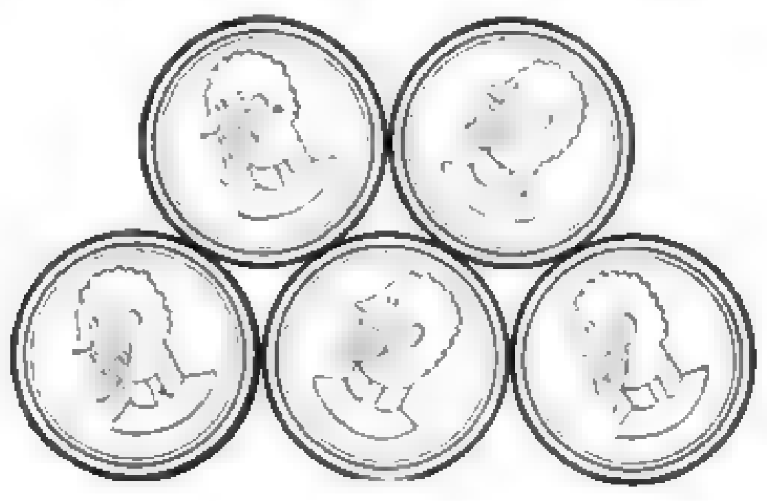


That is, arrange them so that if there were a fifth coin in the position shown by the dotted circle, all the original coins would touch it. It won't do to slide the lower right-hand coin over until it is as nearly in correct position as you can judge by eyesight; the position must be exact, not approximate.

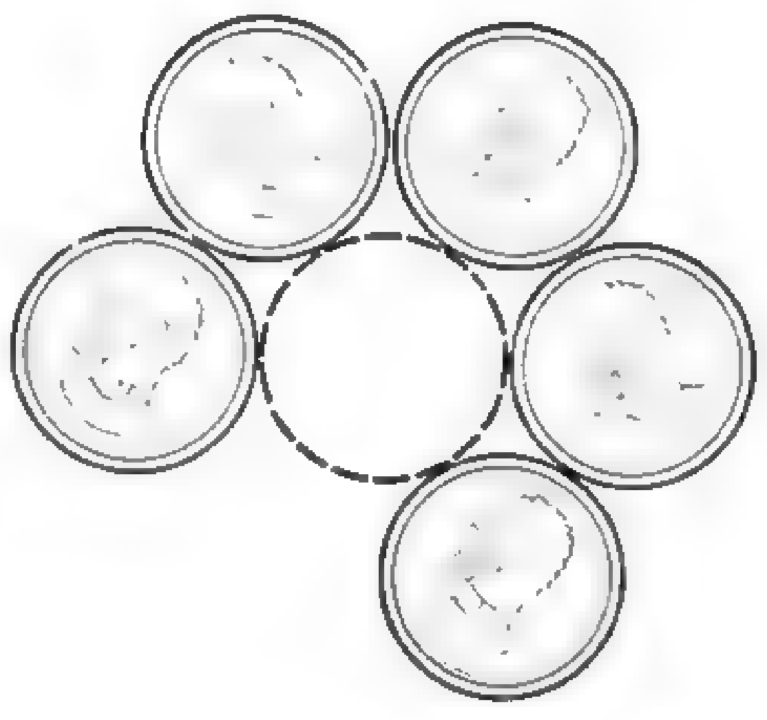
It can be done in two moves, as shown on the right. Move coin 1 around as indicated by the arrow; then carefully slide coin 4 out of its place and up to the position left open by coin 1.



Nothing much to that one. Ah, but wait! Your friends are by this time interested; take five coins and arrange them like this:



—and then challenge anyone to arrange them so that they would exactly touch a sixth coin, like this:

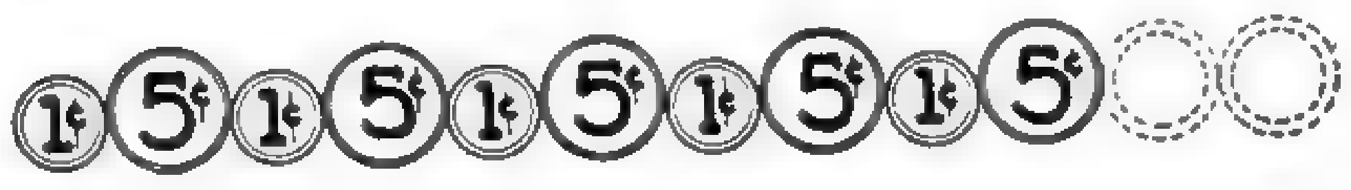


—keeping to the conditions already laid down and accomplishing their object in only *four moves.*

It's not too difficult to perform this stunt in an unlimited number of moves; seven is what the novice usually requires. Others, a little more observant, will do it in six moves, and there is what I believe is the standard solution in five. I make bold to state that I have never seen my own solution in four moves published anywhere, and to that extent I claim it as an original triumph; though bitter experience has taught me that armies of claimants have a way of arising to combat any such boast. Armies or no armies, I still stick to this. I discovered it independently and shall claim it as my own until priority has been established by somebody else.

Enough of such frivolous matters, however. The answer is given elsewhere; meanwhile you might like to try it yourself; and given a reasonable time limit you should enjoy several lunches at the expense of ambitious friends, if you handle the matter properly.

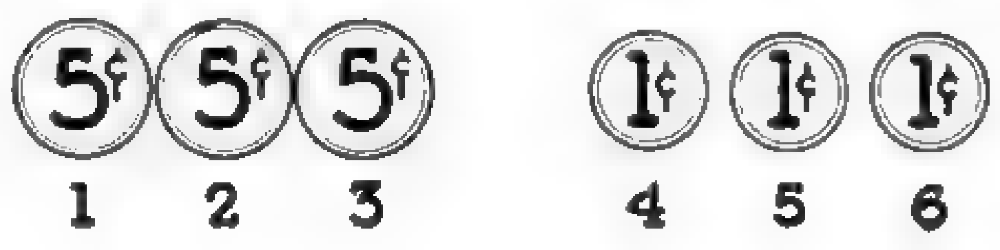
Another really top-notch coin problem is to take five pennies and five nickels and lay them in a straight line, alternating pennies and nickels, like this:



I have indicated two blank spaces at the right of the row; these are to be used, as necessary, in solving the puzzle, which is this: to get all the nickels together and all the pennies together by moving *two contiguous coins at a time* to the vacant spaces. You might, for instance, slide the two left-hand coins around into the spaces at the right; then any other two contiguous coins could be moved into the vacant spaces left by the first pair, and another contiguous two into the spaces left by the second pair, and so on. The blank spaces must be left at one end of the row when you have finished; and only contiguous coins may be moved —that is, coins immediately beside each other. Coins between which the vacant spaces happen to fall are not contiguous. Five moves are enough to do the trick.

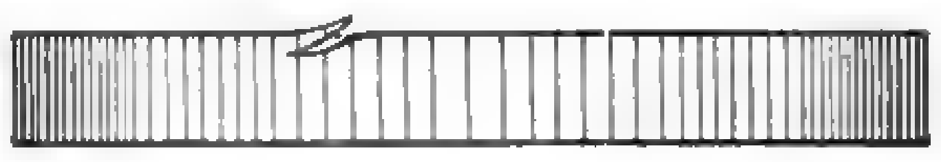
The specially good feature about this one, to my way of thinking, is that the opening moves are disguised—no benefit is apparently gained by moving any one pair, though if you don't start with the right one you're sunk, as far as five moves go. Like all such puzzles, if given an unlimited number of moves it can be solved eventually; but the person who is betting with you is not allowed an unlimited number of moves —not if you're on the job.

A good deal of money has been won—and lost—on this simple proposition: take six coins, three of one kind and three of another —let's stick to pennies and nickels—and lay them out like so, with a blank space between each group, said blank space to contain only one coin:



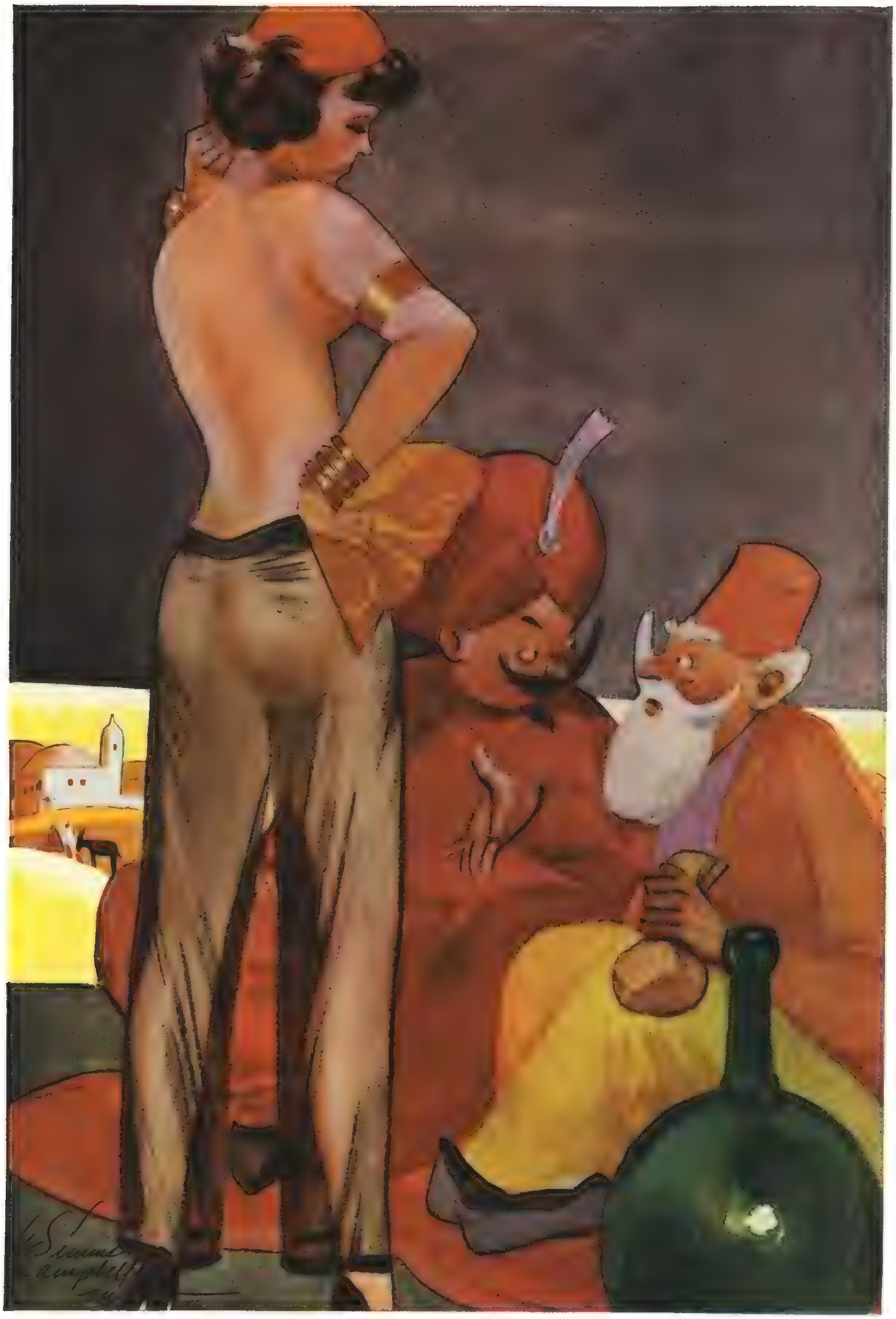
The trick is to get the coins to change places by moving one at a time either to a blank space directly or by a jump over a single coin, with this important condition: *no coin can ever move backward.* Obviously, in the case shown, the nickels can move only to the right, and the pennies only to the left. You can start by moving either coin No. 3 or coin No. 4 to the vacant space; or you can jump coin No. 2 over No. 3, or No. 5 over No. 4. You will find that you—and your betting companion—can get hopelessly locked up in this one if you aren't careful. It takes fifteen moves, by the way, and once you learn the trick of it it is a simplicity and a joy forever; you can do it so swiftly that even a watcher won't get on to the system.

And talking of coins and bets won or lost thereby: if you find a friendly stranger at a bar or at a table with no cloth—any bare wooden surface—who wants to bet that he can spin—not toss—a quarter on the aforesaid bare wooden surface and without looking at it tell whether it has come down heads or tails, don't you take him up. It will be expensive if you do. For this accommodating person has in his pocket a quarter in one edge of which a tiny notch has been cut with the blade of a knife, so that a wide view of the coin looks like this, much enlarged:

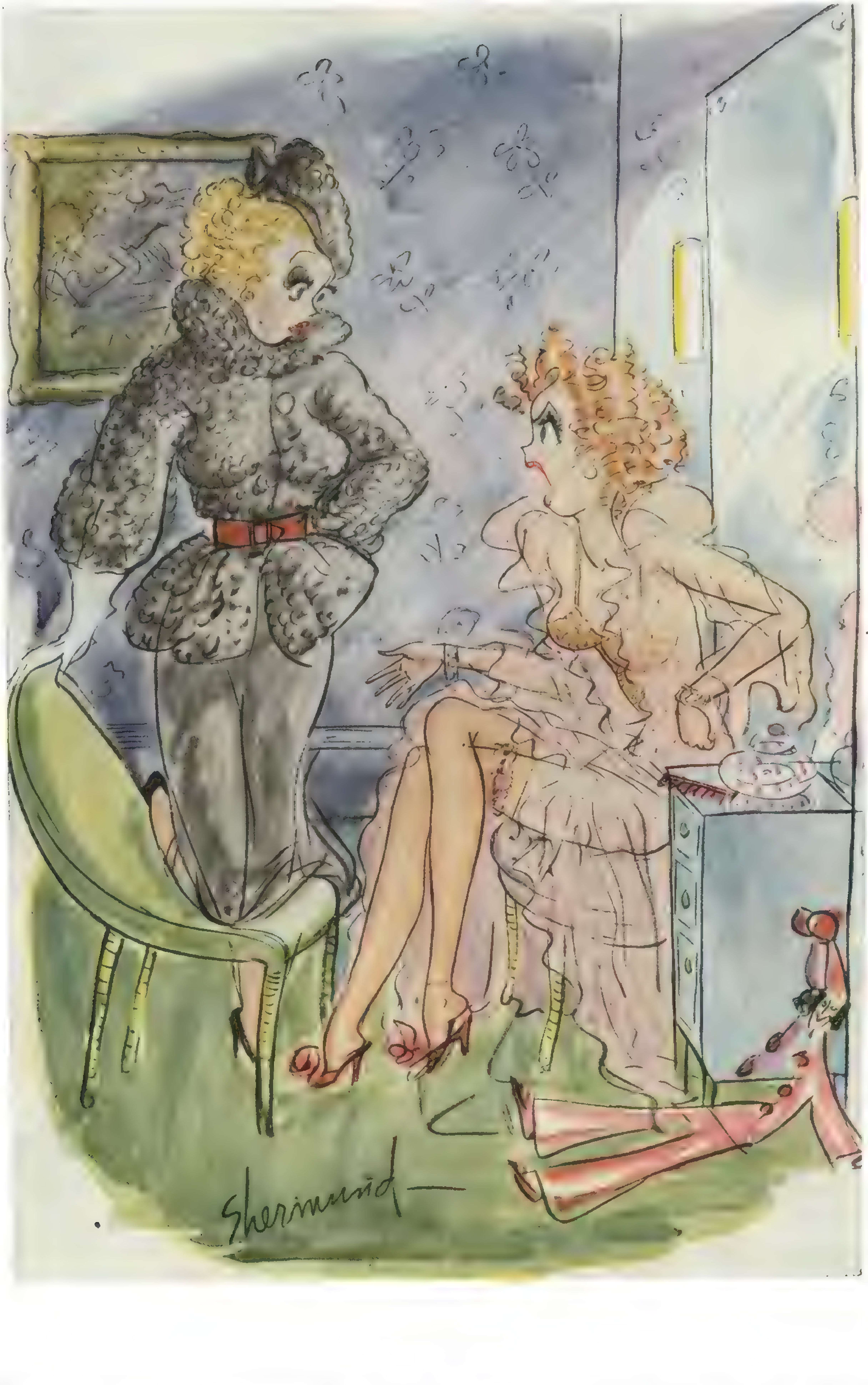


That little projecting point of metal does the trick. If the coin ends its spin with that point down, it will "run down" quickly, with a rattle; if that side comes up the rundown will be much longer, with the usual whir. Try it yourself. A little practice will enable you to distinguish at once between the sounds; and knowing on which side of the coin the notch is, you are naturally able

Continued in center of page 120


E. Simms Campbell

"Mind if I take her out—and look at her in the daylight?"



"The yacht he gave me leaked, the hair all came out of the sables, and now he gives me a diamond with a curse on it"

Rabbi ben Advertise

Advertisers, bless them; can't face the fact that dear little consumers have got to grow up

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

"Grow old," cried Rabbi ben Ezra, "along with me," adding the promise, even before the New Deal, that the best was yet to be. On the other hand, the Social Security blank deliberately suggests that you stay young as long as possible.

One of these two is the proper guide for the gentlemen who make advertising almost as attractive as the commodities they advertise. The government, you see, is on the side of the song writers ("Stay young and beautiful"—"Just the way you look tonight"), but Rabbi ben Ezra is on the side of the vital statistics. One of these days American business will have to reconcile itself to the fact that it is selling to the middle-aged and that a considerable number of the middle-aged may be put off buying a lipstick or a roadster if it is constantly advertised as peculiarly suitable to the bright lads and even brighter hoydens of about seventeen. The age limit in the advertisements will have to rise. We are all willing to cut off five years or perhaps ten, but what we want to see in the advertisements are men and women not too overwhelmingly different from ourselves.

The government's line is realistic. It follows the discovery that after the age of twenty-five, women are inclined to lie about their years and at the same time the cheerful permission to carry on this lie was practically a necessity in connection with the Social Security Act. We have been so belabored in the last generation with the superior buying power of the young, that manufacturers have actually begun to believe what they themselves advertise—that is they have a tendency to discharge workers who no longer correspond to the attractive ads.

If you are over forty, you might be a very good worker, but the advertisements of washing machines were decorated with pictures of shy virgins of nineteen and the men who bought refrigerators on the pages of magazines, although they were married, must have been remarkably precocious as they all looked like college freshmen. So, the manufacturers argued, what was the use of keeping the senile old seeds of forty-one who could not do their duty as consumers. Those who were kept in their jobs demanded of the government the right to keep up their bluff. Obviously when they fell under the eye of a boss, or even a foreman, men put a bit of rouge on their cheeks and women went foolish with baby talk, so that everyone kept up the jolly pretense that the years no longer hold their appointed course.

In any case, the government asks for the date of your birth and officially permits you to be inaccurate by putting in the words "subject to later verification." So, even if your employer does get a glimpse at your blank, he will only see the same lie that you have told him. Moreover, workers have been assured that they need not get to the truth of the matter until they are actually eligible for their old-age pensions—that is when they are sixty-five.

About the only people who have steadily worked with the vital statistics are the manufacturers of rye whiskey. In their advertisements, you will find agreeable old gentlemen cackling together, presumably over some half obscene joke, but definitely enjoying their drinks. There must be a profound psychological reason for the association of rye and middle age which does not operate for Scotch or gin or wine. We are not a nation addicted to a sound old port in the advertisements of which you would expect elderly but distinguished gentlemen to appear. For the rest, all of the things which men and women enjoy after the first flush and heyday of their youth are still associated in the advertisements with the 'teens or at a pinch with the early twenties.

And yet that old devil, the birth rate, gives our advertising the lie and one of these days it will probably give the lie to our commerce as well. At which time we ought to have a cosmic depression. Most of us will be dead then, but the records we have left of the past few years will make our descendents positively sneer at us for not being able to take such a trifling setback as occurred in our own time.

The statistics pile up proving that less and less of us are being born. We have lost the knack of it. About all we do know how to do is to keep alive after we are born and that in turn is a danger because it means that the elderly will not only grow in numbers and in influence, but will actually stay alive much longer than they are expected to—much longer than they are needed. The last five years were a little bit abnormal, but in the course of them we have run shy of children by something like two million and we have not, in fact, brought little paying customers into the world at anything like the rate we used to in the great old days of Grover Cleveland.

But the really engaging mockery of all this is that just as we began losing out in the business of creating customers, we made the most tremendous advance in the business of supplying motor cars and music boxes and laxatives and shoelaces to twice as many customers as were being born. There were so many of us that this little flaw in the economic arrangements did not become visible, but every long-range plan is based on the idea that there will always be people around ready to buy, to use, to discard and to buy again. And that idea was totally wrong.

Now you would think that our great businesses with their statistics and actuaries and research departments would have been aware of this. You would think that they would recognize the fact that men and women over fifty would have to be consulted and persuaded and seduced to buy. But they have been obstinate. They are banking on the psychological theory that we all want to go back to our youth, and not on the practical fact that more and more of us are leaving our youth behind, with no replacements. In the long run, the only really practical person of our time may turn out to be that much abused visionary, Dr. Francis Townsend. He was fighting on the side of the better statistics.

In fact, Dr. Townsend was merely taking the other side in a battle which the advertisers had started and it is rather a pity that he did not have a philosophical foundation as well as a hot propaganda. Dr. Townsend was actually carrying on the war between youth and age and for once was giving age a break. The most entertaining single item in the course of his activities was the positive relish displayed by comparatively young people—that is, those in the forties as opposed to the actual beneficiaries of the Plan, who were in the sixties. These younger folk, being Americans, were not particularly worried about the two hundred dollars a month promised them twenty years later on. They wanted only to get rid of the old folk and some of them were even charmed with the idea of living on the pensions of the father and mother, grandmother and perhaps an uncle and aunt whom they had been supporting for a considerable time. These people in the forties saw that if you could persuade the old ones to spend their pensions on what *they* wanted, the middle generation would have all the more to spend on the playthings of youth.

YOUTH FIT FROCKS
AUR

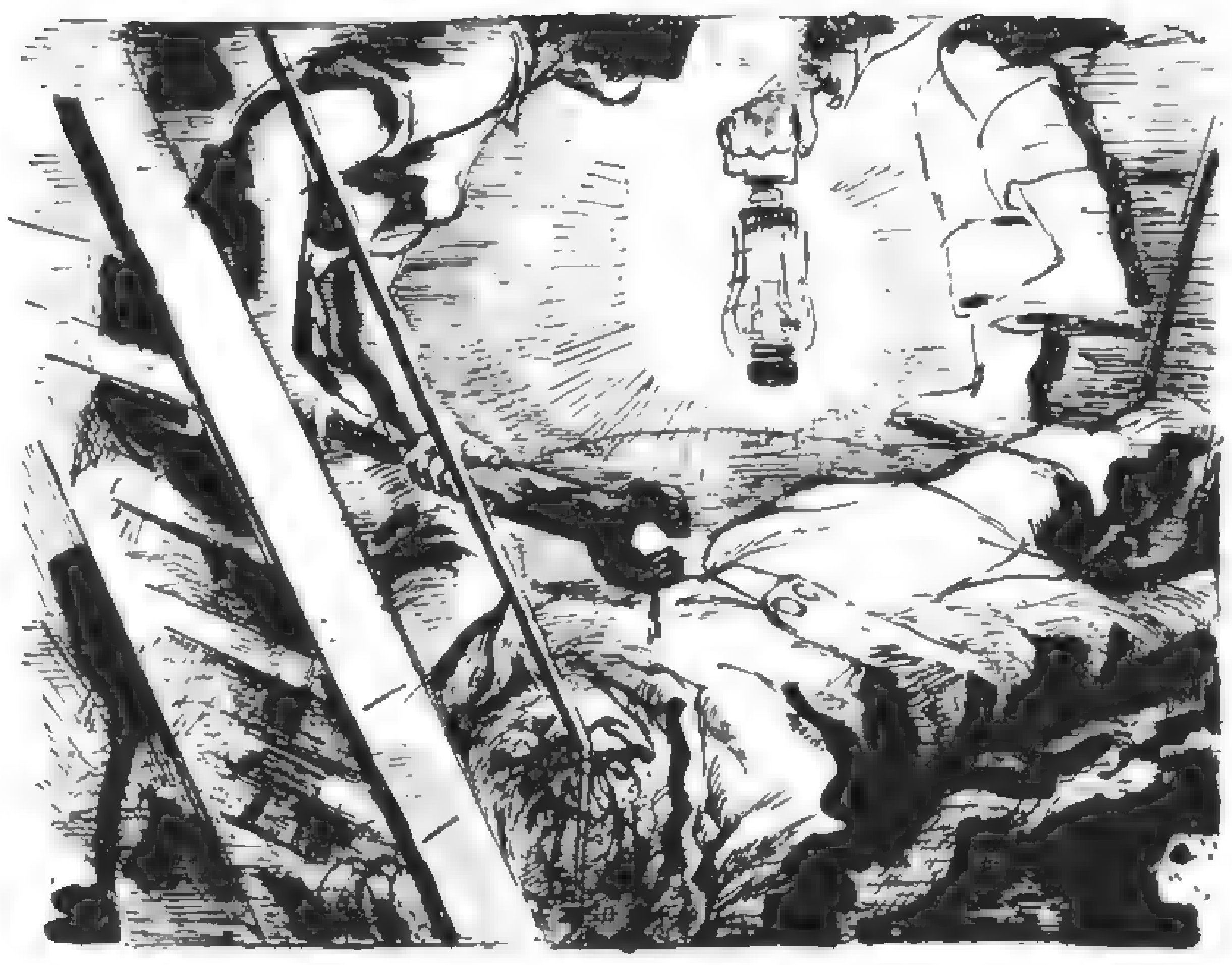
Continued in center of page 137

The Stowaway's Story

Of a woman who was afraid of nothing—neither the law, nor any man, nor God Himself

by ROBERT MELTZER

• FICTION •



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

People probably didn't talk about murder more often after it had happened than before, but it seemed that way to me. You know what kind of a thing it is. You'll run across a new word, for instance, one that you've never seen before, and from then on you'll meet it all the time, in practically everything you read. Or you'll be introduced to someone whom you contact each day but have never noticed, and after the introduction you'll see the person several times a day. You wonder why the word has suddenly come into vogue, or why the person abruptly intrudes into your life, when the truth of the matter is that you've just had your perceptions intensified or broadened. And so it was that after that voyage I seemed to hear, read, and think about murder more than ever before. It was as if an inexplicable homicidal mania had, on a sudden, pervaded the world.

I guess that I was about twenty years old when I first put to sea. It was on a banana freighter down the west coast of South America. I only made one trip on her, and then luckily got a cadet's job on a transpacific liner. At least I thought I was lucky at the time, because the liner was much bigger, faster, and put in at more ports. I only made two trips with her, though, and then I got off. Once you've been on a freighter, you can't stomach the life on a passenger ship for more than a couple of months at a stretch. There's no freedom and too much formality. The mates have hallucinations that they're gods and you never see the skipper except when you're making or leaving port or running through a fog in the Inland Sea in Southern Japan. He stays below and plays poker. On a freighter, the skipper is around all the time, swearing at you and, if he's in a good humor, roaring a bawdy story at you. I didn't know all this when I put out of San Francisco on my first voyage across the Pacific. All I realized was that the quarters were three hundred per cent better and so was the food. We cadets got to eat in officers' mess. The seamen had a hell of a time in their mess; there were always complaints about maggots and mould. One of the A.B.'s, a Kanaka they called barrel-ass, told me that the food wasn't even fit to flush down the toilet.

Yes, we had it soft: clean sheets every week, a mess boy to make the bunks and bring us fresh fruit every evening, hot and cold running water . . . the whole lot of it. But I quit. Undoubtedly the events which took place while I was on board had something to do with it, but I think I'd have got off anyway. The beginning occurred one night when one of the Junior Officers and I were checking the boat deck for stowaways. We did that before we left each port. The ship was divided into zones, and each of the officers had to inspect one of them. I was with this J.O. on the boat deck because it took two men; at least that's what they said. I could never see it myself. All the J.O. did was hold the flashlight while I'd lift the tops of all the chests and throw back the tarpaulins over all the life boats and climb all the ladders. The J.O. was an Italian, about twenty-six years old, with the damnedest habit of speech I've ever run across. He'd add "or so" to every one of his sentences. It worked all right when he told me to go below to the galley and fetch a dozen sandwiches "or so." But he sounded like a moron when he'd reply to my report that there were no stowaways with, "O.K., or so."

Well, on this night we were just about to cast off at Yokohama, bound for the Hawaiians. The J.O. and I started on our tour of inspection, checking the life boats, the tool chests, the game chests, and finally coming to the aft stack. It was a dummy, you understand, built on for looks. It housed ventilators and some elevator gear. To inspect it for stowaways, you had to climb an iron ladder and peer into various nooks and crevices. From the top of the ladder you could see down the cylinder housing that protected the gear. It was about twenty feet from the top of the cylinder to the bottom, and I got into the habit of taking the flashlight up the ladder, directing it around a couple of times, and then reporting, "No stowaways." It was practically automatic.

I climbed up slowly, flashing the light around without thinking of what I was doing, and finally reached the top. Mechanically I directed the beam down the cylinder, moved it about, and was just ready to say, "No stowaways," when I saw something. The shock of it almost made me lose my grip. It was a sensation something like that you'd get if you looked in the mirror, automatically expecting to see your own likeness, and saw someone else's. The J.O. called up, "See anything there?" I cast the light on the object, focussed it, and saw two bare legs protruding from beneath a mass of cogs and wheels. I was just about to answer yes, when a head stuck out, and then a hand. That was all: a head, and a hand, and two bare legs. The forefinger came up to the lips. I gave a quick nod, turned to the J.O. below, and shouted in a ridiculously loud tone, "No stowaways!"

More than once since then I've wondered why I did that. Not that I regret it; don't misunderstand me. But there doesn't seem to be any logical reason that I can hit upon to explain my shielding someone or something unknown to me, and by that failing to fulfill my duty. Perhaps it was just habit, the manacles of stimulus and response, that led me to tell the lie. We never expected to find stowaways, and when I encountered one I was unequipped to deal with the situation. We didn't have any stowaway drill. Or it might have been sympathy . . . for a head, a hand, and a pair of bare legs. I don't know.

I didn't tell anyone of what I'd seen. We were due to cast off at 11:30, and I had to go on watch at midnight. All the time I was standing by on the bridge my brain was in a whirl; my secret welled up inside me and set my veins to throbbing; my breath came hard. It seemed that if I didn't confide in someone I'd burst from the sheer pressure within me. My duties I fulfilled like an automaton, even getting a dressing down from the second mate for not heeding orders. He had told me to check the running lights and I hadn't heard him. I glanced up the masts, leaned over starboard and port sides, and came back to report, "Lights are bright, sir!" I don't remember having seen any lights at all, though. For all I know, the ship moved out into the harbor in complete darkness.

When the captain came up from below and gave orders to cast off, I took my station on the flying bridge. There was a stiff breeze blowing which resuscitated me to a certain extent. I began to sort alternative plans of action, finally concluding that it would be best for me to go back and talk with the stowaway during the few minutes which I'd have to myself before going on watch. When we'd cleared the breakwater,

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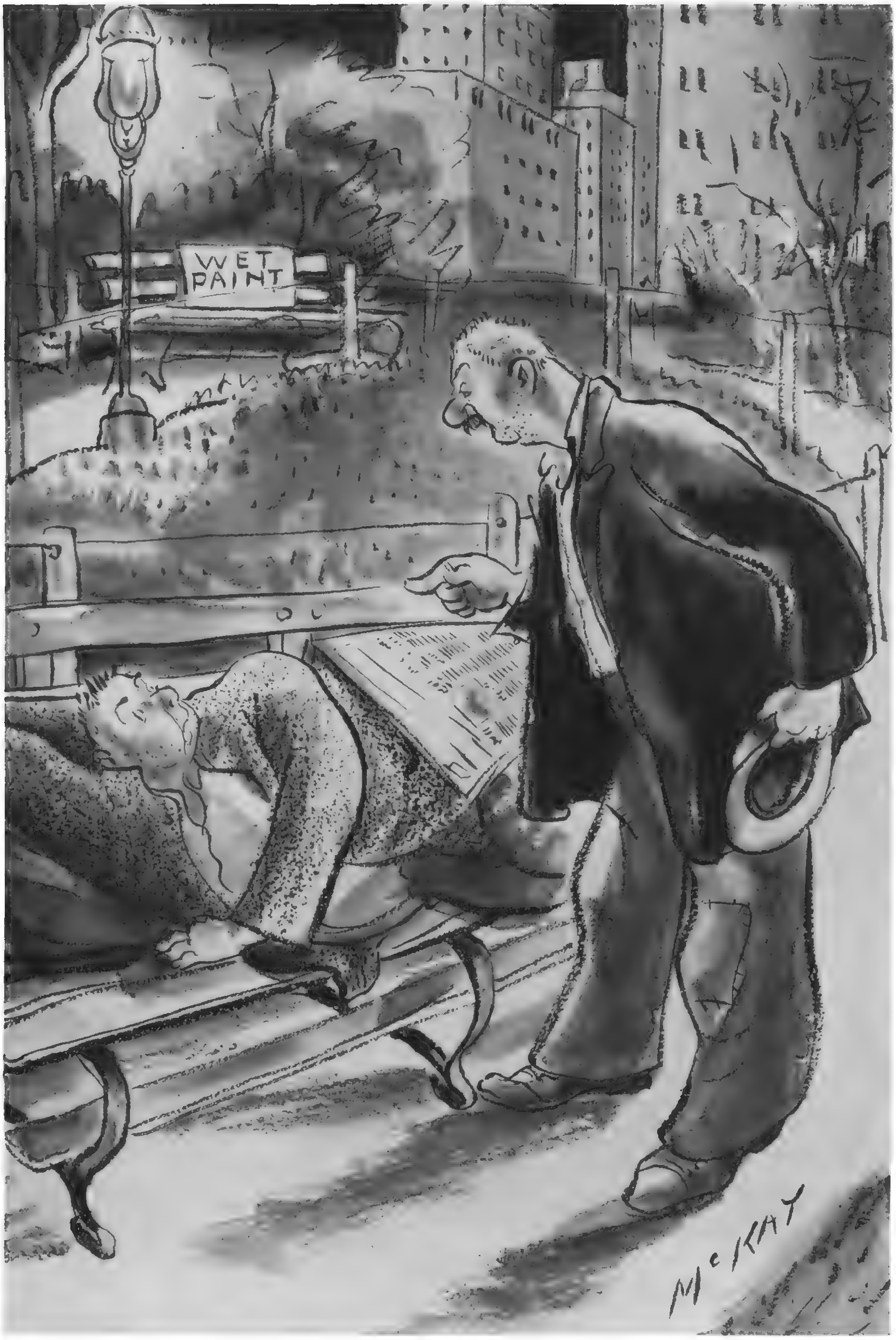
WET PAINT
McKAY

"Could you put me up for tonight? I'm having my place renovated"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Appraising the genius of Sibelius who belongs not only to Finland but to all places and all times

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Throughout Scandinavia and the English-speaking world, the discerning toast the name of Jean Sibelius. They acclaim him as one of their own, a Viking among men, a free spirit uncontaminated by Levantine prophets. In his music, they find an open door to their ancestral memory. Through it they gain a glimpse of that lost world of what-might-have-been, had the upsweep of Mediterranean cultures been turned back . . . had their pagan forefathers been allowed to go their own way and express their own thoughts in art. For Sibelius' music harks back to the Edda, the sagas, and the runes. It is a conversation of Odin and Thor in our time. And, with it, Sibelius has become the musical Redeemer of an ancient faith, the Nordic word made sound.

Among continentals, this is not understood. For them, Sibelius speaks a strange language. His symphonies say little. The Latin, the Slav, and the Teuton long ago slammed shut the doors to their ears, exactly as they do the compartments on their trains . . . and not a breath of fresh sound can get in. Not only are they indifferent to other cultures, they actively cultivate a dislike for them.

The Germans at the moment are all wound up in themselves, enjoying metaphysical constipation. Besides, they have known from the beginning that anyone born without benefit of their spermatozoa could never write a symphony: the Teutonic peoples alone possess the secret of large-scale music construction. It is, as always, *Deutschland uber alles*. Moreover, no one ever heard of a great composer who didn't write fugues, if only to show that he could.

The Austrians are still wallowing in Mahler and sentimentalizing over Bruckner. For them, Sibelius is not full-bellied enough. They hear nothing *gemütlich* in his sparse, economical harmonies. And where are his development passages?

The Italians don't go in for symphonies. They can't find the tune. The French, if they must hear music, prefer Debussy or Massenet—something light, in any case. It never occurs to the Russians to play the music of a former subject people. They have Tchaikovsky, anyway, and just now they're so hoarse from rah-rah-ing for the classics, they couldn't be bothered with anything less.

So it has remained for our unmusical cousins and ourselves to take up the torch for the lonely Finn. And, so help me, we've done nobly.

The English stole the march on us. Already thirty years ago, they had Sibelius making trips to London and touring up and down the Island while they dined and fêted and made over him. Such frequently disagreeing authorities as Rosa Newmarch, Ernest Newman and Cecil Gray pooled their resources to give him a build-up. He has had enough space in English journals to make him the envy of movie stars. The Gramophone Company, with an eye to business, created a Sibelius Society and sold his records on subscription and by the guinea.

We got hold of Sibelius only once, just before the outbreak of the World War. Our ship reporters did their stuff and before he landed, convinced him he was the coming musical Messiah. During a month's stay here he took in Niagara Falls, conducted a concert of his own music in Norfolk, Connecticut, spent some miserable, hot days in New York, visited Boston and made the acquaintance of our best musical stuffed shirts.

In between times, Yale conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music *honoris causa*. Ex-President Taft was on hand to congratulate him and when the ceremony began, the orchestra played *Finlandia*. What was said on that occasion is only another instance of the density and lack of perception of real values existing in our academic institutions. It was then recorded:

"Doctor Jean Sibelius has by his inspired, intensely national music captivated his own country, Germany, and England already for a long time. When he came to America to conduct the first performance of a symphonic poem, he found that his fame had preceded him. At the very beginning of his career, owing to his works, his power and originality, he has become one of the most conspicuous composers now living. What Wagner did for the ancient German legends, Doctor Sibelius has in his own magnificent way done for the Finnish myths in Finland's national epos. He has translated the *Kalevala* into the international language of music."

It is undoubtedly remarkable that Yale bestirred itself at all and certainly it would be expecting too much of the professors to ask that they evidence a more profound understanding of his music. His *Fourth Symphony* had at that time been published for more than three years and had been enthusiastically received in five English cities. But Yale was still in his early programmatic period.

One or two of the critics, be it said to their credit, displayed a far keener insight. After the Norfolk concert, which included among other things the then new tone-poem, *Oceanides*, the incidental music to Adolf Paul's *King Christian II*, *Pohjola's Daughter* and the inevitable *Finlandia*, Henry Edward Krehbiel wrote: "During the last fifteen years I have felt three times that I was in the presence of a world genius: when Richard Strauss first with the New York Philharmonic and later with the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed his own compositions, and later when Arturo Toscanini in 1910 in the Boston Opera House directed an unforgettable performance of *Tristan and Isolde;* and lastly when, by the courtesy of Mr. Carl Stoeckel, I had the privilege of hearing Jean Sibelius from Finland direct nine of his old and new compositions on June 4th, 1914."

* * *

It has taken twenty years for this notion of Sibelius' genius to percolate inside the heads of metropolitan concert-goers. His great contemporary and senior by one year, Richard Strauss, had much earlier and more widespread acceptance. That is to be expected, considering the difference in their music. Strauss paints in richer colors and uses more instruments, which makes his music sound impressive right off. His tone poems obviously shake the heavens and plumb the depths. Their titles say so: *Ein Heldenleben, Don Juan, Also Sprach Zarathustra, Death and Transfiguration.*

And when Strauss had finished injecting fresh hormones into the orchestral body, he and his librettists hunted out subjects in the nether regions hitherto unvisited by music. While it lasted, this was all damned exciting. In addition, Strauss had a flair for astonishing the natives. He not only clothed his musical figures sensuously and luxuriously, but he unclothed his heroines. When he wrote music to which the dancing Salome was to discard all her veils, Mary Garden and the Chicago police kept his name in headlines for months. Sibelius had no such publicity. Neither had he inherited an established name. Half your neighbors still think Richard Strauss the "waltz king."

Despite the fact that we musically unwashed Anglo-Saxons have made the Sibelius name, its importance grows steadily. Heidelberg University got around to sending

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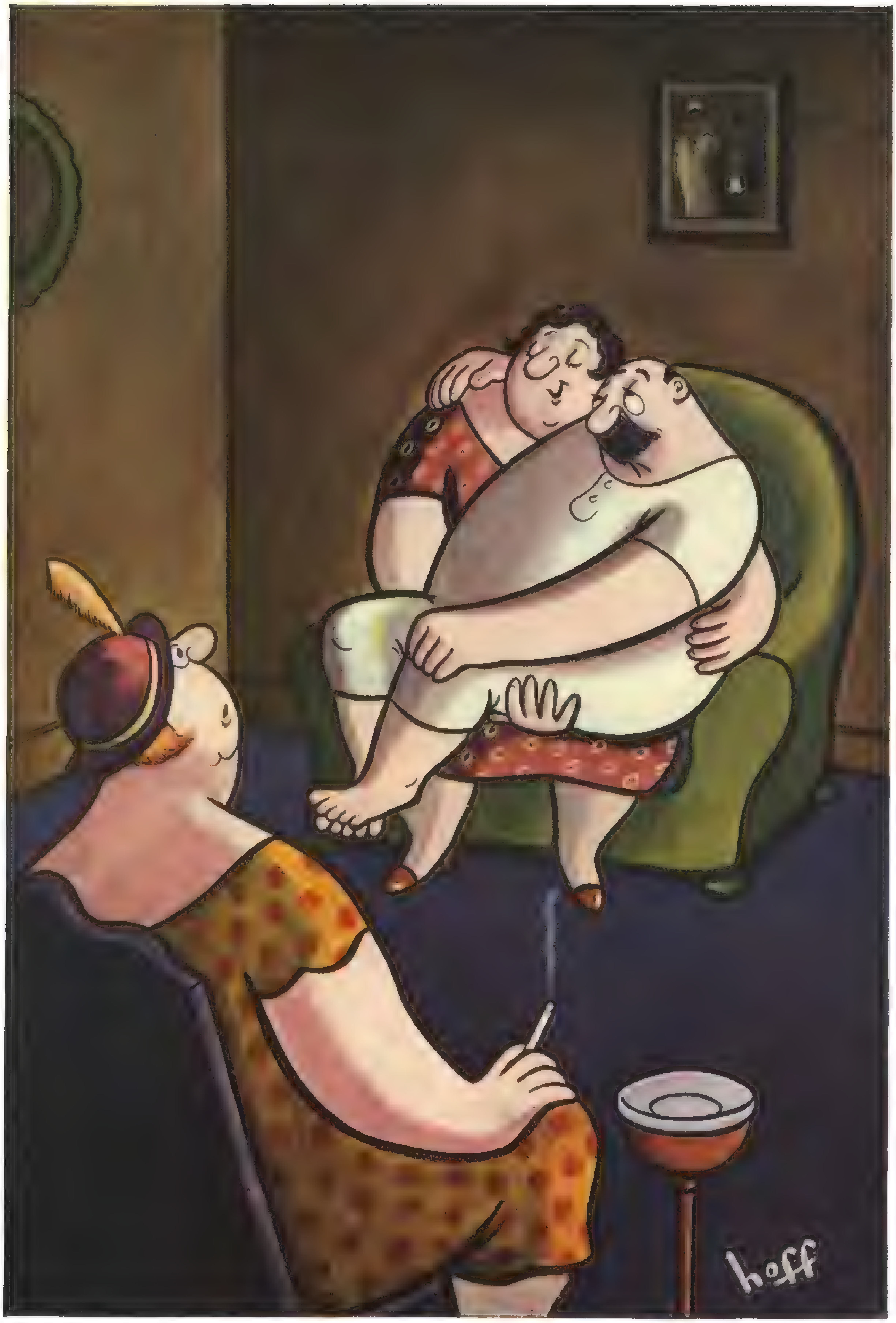
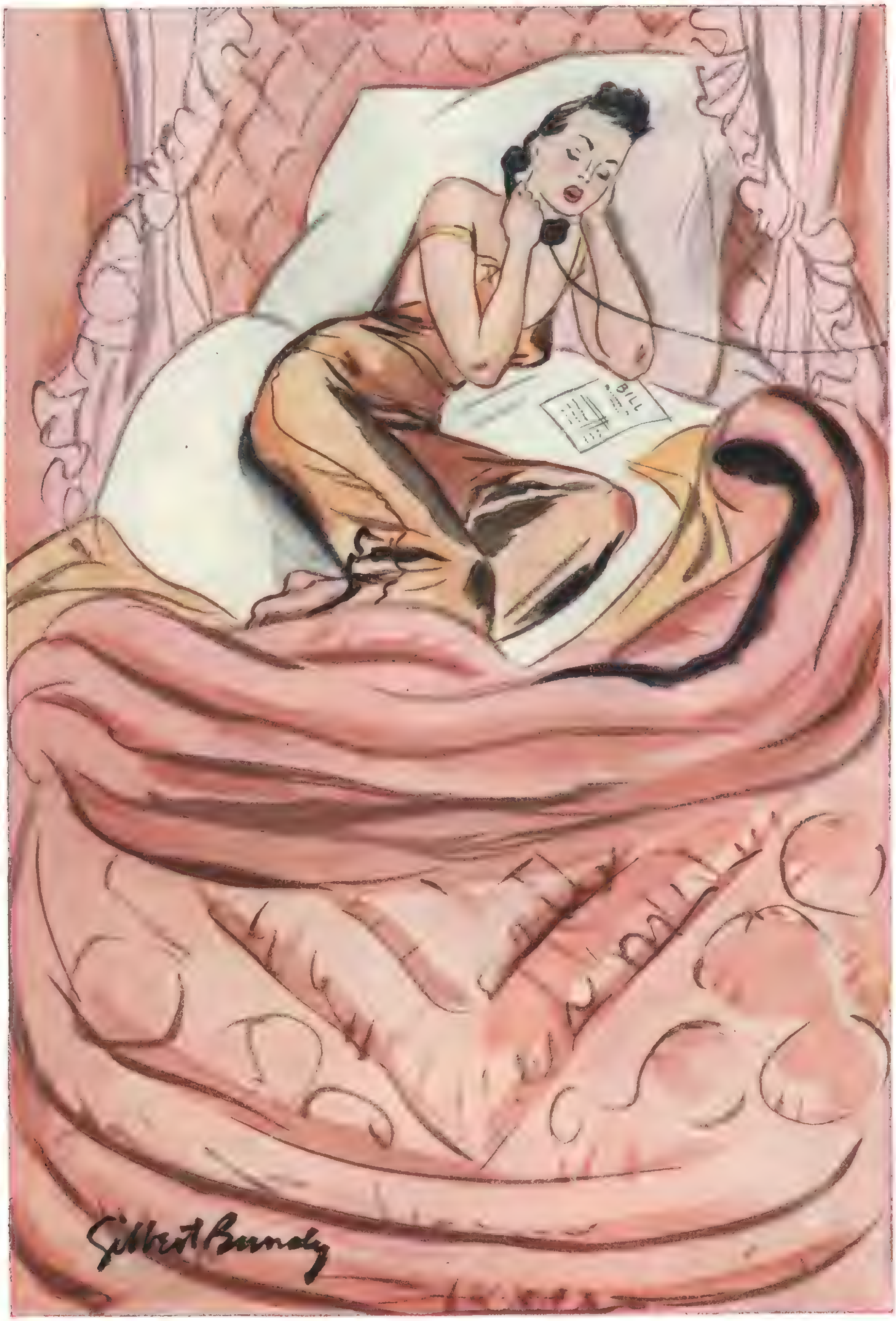


"Maybe I baby him too much"


BILL
Gilbert Bundy

"If you'll recall, doctor—your last two visits were hardly professional"

Who Says You Can't Write?

The correspondence schools take no chances on treading down the tender buds of literary genius

by CARLTON BROWN

• ARTICLE •

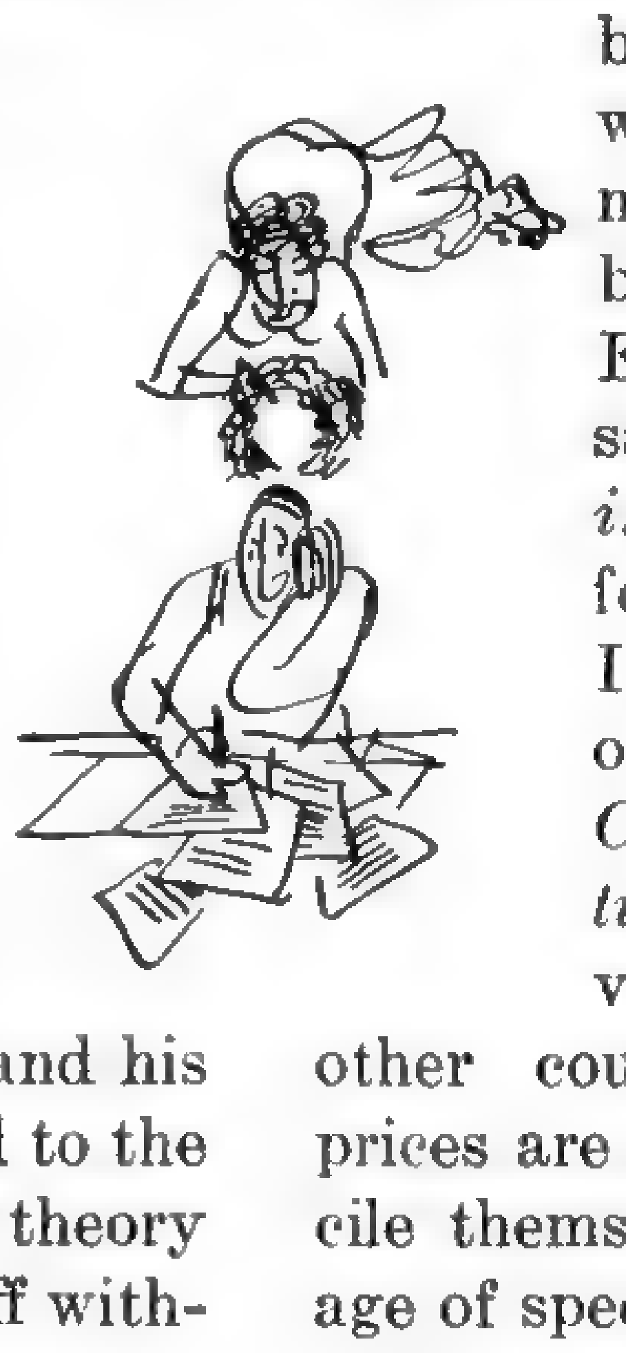
The nine sister goddesses of song, poetry, and the arts and sciences, Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, and Urania, have become courtesans, to be wooed and won by anyone willing to pay the price. Bringing along Apollo and a litter of scatter-brained, illegitimate Muselings, they have descended, or been dragged, from their old shambles atop Parnassus, and are installed in a *maison particulière* in the market-place. Their panders are multitudinous and of varying enterprise and efficiency, for the girls have become such jades that few requirements are made of the jobbers of their wares. Their go-betweens have found the mails the most far-reaching medium for furthering the traffic, and now the ultimate recipient of their inspiration need stir no farther than his post-box. Today the Muses are invoked with a penny-postcard; they are brought around trussed up in envelopes which may be opened for postal inspection if necessary (a sad commentary on their immodesty); they have descended to the status of 2nd Class Matter.

Apollo, of course, has long been just a gigolo, with a long-term contract with Bernarr Macfadden, his chief concessionaire. He has been bestowing youth and unbelievably bulging biceps on the populace for so many years that his iniquities are hardly worth dwelling on. He is a cloistered lad indeed who has not at some time called for the blessing of Apollo through Farmer Burns or Charles Atlas or Lionel Strongfort, to mention only a few of his by-mail liaison officers.

To scram off the unfamiliar territory of classical mythology before I get hurt, let me tell you that I have started something I can't stop. My postman, I'm sure, thinks I answered the ad promising A BIG MAIL FOR A QUARTER, but my process was slightly more selective. I didn't want to be told why people would laugh if I were to sit down at the piano, for I suspected the answer would be that old one about the stool having been taken away. I didn't want to be able to recognize Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle and discourse at length on his lumber business, for I have long cherished a feeling that Mr. Simms and his ilk, for me, at least, are best relegated to the limbo of forgotten things; I have a theory that mankind would be a lot better off without any memory whatsoever. Further, I had no desire to astound my friends by addressing the waiter in perfect French (the Greek at my coffee pot would have the laugh on me in such an eventuality); and I had not the slightest interest in learning how snails could be raised for profit in my spare time.

No, my interest lay in those advertisers who ask such questions as "How do *you* know *you can't write?*" My first impulse, I must admit, was to put to that particular advertiser some such poser as "How do *you* know I know I can't write?" But I contented myself with filling out the coupon, and many more like it, and awaiting results. I brought about this avalanche of replies and follow-up letters of my own free will, and as I can't stop it I may as well dig my way out of the present accumulation. My desk is snowed under with the literature of countless correspondence schools which promise to make writing ability grow in the most barren of fields. Despite Dr. Pitkin's admonition to throw away second-class matter unopened, I shall scan each enclosure before depositing it in my commodious wastebasket.

On the top of the pile is a little red catalog from the Home Correspondence School, a conservative institution of Springfield, Mass. Following an account of the organization and aims of the school, I find a list of courses with their prices, which is fairly revealing as a gauge of the monetary value of the various branches of authorship. Book reviewers, columnists and humorists are turned out at $15 a head. To become a finished Short-Story Writer, one should really take four courses: *Short-Story Writing* (*Introductory*), *Short-Story Writing*, *Short-Story Writing* (*Postgraduate*), and *Advanced Story-Criticism*, which may be had at $25 for the first and $35 each for the last three. *Novel Writing*, at $90, is the most expensive literary course offered by the school. *Poetics and Versification* is a reasonable course at $30, but perhaps rightly so, for anyone will tell you that there's not much money in poetry, except for the big-shots like Edna Millay and Eddie Guest. Oddly enough, the same price goes for *Photoplay Writing*, reputedly a highly-paid profession, and *Proofreading*, from all I have heard a highly underpaid one. *Literature and Drama* (*Culture Course*), at $40, and *Plot Construction*, at $35, would probably be valuable adjuncts to any of the other courses, and special combination prices are made for those who can't reconcile themselves to the fact that this is an age of specialization.



The form-letters of the Home Correspondence School are reserved and dignified in tone. No rash promises of fabulous fortunes to be made by wielding the pen are in evidence. Only two of these letters have reached me so far, the last one, over the signature of Mr. R. S. Bartlett, Registrar, mildly reproving me for my negligence in not snapping up one of the courses, and still hoping to have the pleasure of welcoming me to the "big and happy family of H. C. S. folks." Among the testimonials enclosed is one from *H. K., Prince Albert, Saskatchewan*, which goes like this:

"Any time I read the statement of a carping critic, that one can't learn short-story writing from a correspondence school, I have to smile. During the past four weeks I have sold five short-stories, four to Fiction House and one to Street and Smith. These were written during my spare time during the evenings. None was very long—one was very short. And $325 is not to be sneezed at in these hard times."

The critic who would make any such statement would indeed be a foolhardy and carping one, and would fully merit being laughed down by the happy family of H. C. S. folks. A casual glance at the testimonials of the school would show him that Miss Pearl Holloway, of Fremont, Nebraska, since enrolling in her first course, has received from her writings "$3032.50 in cash, one pedigreed Airedale dog, one electric iron, and about $28.00 worth of books"; that a story entitled *Minnie*, by Miss Margaret Newby of Nappanee, Indiana, copped first prize of $100.00 in a story contest held by *Babies—Just Babies*, with an additional purchase price of $43.00; and that Edmund E. Pugsley, of Vancouver, British Columbia, who says that he had little idea of ever becoming a writer and took the course merely as a "feeler," has sold 180 stories and articles to over forty Canadian, English, and American magazines. These and many other successful students and graduates say they owe it all to the course of Dr. J. Berg Esenwein and Prof. R. W. Neal, and to the school's magazine, *The Writer's Monthly*. One anonymous correspondent has this to say of the magazine:

"When *Time*, *The Literary Digest*, or *The Atlantic Monthly* come they are put, without emotion, upon the magazine stand in the living room. In course of time they are read and appreciated, and the living room would not be the same without them. *The Writer's Monthly*, on the other hand, gets carried upstairs and down, like a child's pet doll, until it is read from cover to cover."

Lou Green and Sally Gordon, of the *Writer's Review*, offer a quiet, unassuming course in pulp magazine writing, at the low price of $12.50, with a year's subscription to

Continued on page 118

The First Hundred Years

If you want to do something big for your town, not forgetting yourself, swing a centennial

by IRVING D. TRESSLER

• SATIRE •

Ps-s-s-t! How's your city been doing lately? Business sort of dead? Merchants looking around for some stunt that'll bring 'em in from the counties roundabout? Why not have a Centennial? Everybody else is doing it. It's the biggest business-getter since the Rodeo was dragged east of the Mississippi.

Who said your city had to be a hundred years old to have a Centennial? There's that old treaty the first settlers signed with the Indians, isn't there? Or there was some early explorer who camped near your city's site and mentioned it in his diary, wasn't there? And if your town's older than a hundred years you can call it a sesquicentennial or bicentennial, can't you? But you'd better get busy because you haven't got any too much time left if you're going to stage your celebration by next summer.

First thing to do is for a few of you live-wire boosters to get together with the local editors. Let them cook up a nice front page editorial about the historical significance of the coming anniversary and how something big ought to be done in the way of a celebration.

Now, wait until this story comes out in the morning papers, then hustle over to the Mayor's office bright and early. Don't waste time with a song and dance about the historical importance, go right into the real McCoy. Tell the Mayor that this Centennial, if staged right, will bring more people to town than anything since the Yankees played the local semi-pro team. Tell him that if it's strung out over a whole week it will mean a million dollars worth of extra business for the merchants. Quote some figures from other successful centennials—Marietta, Ohio; Elgin, Illinois; Madison, Wisconsin; Wheeling, West Virginia; Davenport, Iowa; Berryville, Virginia—they all made money. You won't have any trouble getting the Mayor to tack his signature onto an official proclamation declaring such-and-such a week next summer to be set aside for the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the city. (A good week is the last one in June—before it's too hot and before people get away on their vacations.)

Now, appoint your city's leading advertising man as Chairman of the whole shebang. It will be worth ten times any sum you agree to pay him, but he won't realize it until it's too late. Likewise, be sure to appoint the manager of the gas and electric company as chairman of the Decorations Committee—he'll be of terrific help in stringing wires and arranging for the lighting.

At this point you've got to wangle about $10,000 out of the city council and this will be no waltz. The best way to do it is to send a flying squadron around and get the merchants to underwrite an equal amount. With this promise in your fist the council will probably come through, only don't get the impression that $20,000 is all you'll need. If you get out of it for less than $50,000 you'll be either lucky or Scotch. The rest of that money is coming from a lot of different directions and you'd be surprised how many.

O.K. Boom City Centennial, let's go!

BOOM CITY CENTENNIAL

Now, how much pull have you got with your U. S. Senators and Representatives? If you don't know you'll soon find out because with Congress convening in January you haven't any too much time left to see about getting a Boom City Centennial coin through this session. Don't be misled. This coin business is no nice sentimental gesture. If you can get one out of Congress it will be your biggest money-maker. Just suppose you do get a bill through authorizing 25,000 Boom City Centennial fifty-cent pieces. All right, six months later the Treasury delivers them to you at face value. And do you sell them for the same amount? Don't be naïve! You sell them, all right, and you sell them to the townspeople and the thousands of coin collectors around the nation, but you sell them for $1.50 each. Now, do you see why commemorative coins have something besides a sentimental value?

There were thirty-four of these commemorative coins authorized the last two sessions of Congress and there'll be fifteen or twenty voted through this session. The Treasury is hopping mad about it because they've got coins waiting in line to be minted and they can't begin to keep up with the bills authorizing new ones. But the President hasn't vetoed any of the bills yet nor is he likely to. Such things are first rate vote getters and keepers, you know.

If you're fortunate enough to get the coin bill passed it will offer a good chance for a design contest. The Treasury doesn't give a hang what you have in the design (Bridgeport, Connecticut, put P. T. Barnum on theirs) but you've got to include these six things on the coin: date, denomination, United States of America, In God We Trust, *E Pluribus Unum*, and Liberty. And don't let the winning local artist model the final design that's sent to the mint. This is professional work and it will save you time and money if you pay $500 to one of the New York specialists in this to render the final model. He won't get the relief too high in one place and too low in another.

If you fail to get your commemorative coin, the next best thing is to do something similar to what Springfield, Massachusetts, did. They sold little wooden strips about two by five inches with the words printed on them: *One Wooden Nickel—Issued in Commemoration of the 300th Anniversary of the Founding of Springfield, Massachusetts, And Redeemable at Its Face Value at the Springfield National Bank up to July 3, 1936.* This sort of thing will be awfully popular and will bring in a nice piece of revenue.

Now, let's hope there's a college of some sort in your city. If so, half your grief is over because its history instructors will take over all the bother of looking up the history of your city, the art and music departments will be glad to stage the pageants, and you can use the stadium and gymnasium to stage your big stunts in. However, if there isn't a college around, then you'll have to get along with the local high schools as best you can and use a retired minister or two for research work.

Hold a few Centennial contests in the city schools during the second semester—a poster contest, an essay contest, an old photograph contest, and a *What Boom City Means To Me* contest. Then, in planning the Centennial Week, get the religion out of the way early. Make the first Sunday a Religious Day and use the stadium for mass worship. The Catholics will want the morning, so give the Protestants the afternoon even if the heat will keep some away. Both will use the same stunts—a living cross of 5000 school children, mass choirs of 1000 singers, a religious pageant showing how the first missionaries came to Boom City. Don't try to make money off these affairs.

One thing you'll have to do is get out a special Souvenir Program. People expect it. A few pages, naturally, should be devoted to the day-by-day program of the Centennial, but the rest can be mostly advertising. Beloit, Wisconsin, put out a 300 page program last summer and sold 20,000 copies at $0.50 a throw.

Along this same line, your local papers will put out Centennial Editions. They'll all look alike: pictures of the first house in Boom City, the old hotel which used to stand on the site of the Grimbacher Building, the female academy which burned down in the 90's, Main Street as it appeared during the disastrous flood of '97, the blizzard of '88, and the fire of '02. One of the biggest front page stories will be dated 1909 and headed: *Motors May Force Horses From Streets.* Other stories will include the coming of the first railroad, the visits of Presidents Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt to Boom City, the city's assessed valuation as reported in 1886, how Boom City was almost chosen as the state capital, the first horse cars, and the state and city vote for Lincoln in 1864.

The Centennial Editions of the newspapers should be able to count on a minimum of 10 full page ads from leading merchants, all of them stressing *Growing With Boom City.* The industrial ads will include artist's drawings of the factories with smoke belching from every chimney and long freight trains backed up to siding doors. Other good-sized ads can be counted on from the laundries (*Welcome Centennial Visitors—Do You Need a Clean Shirt?*), the local life insurance company (*We Thank You, Boom City Citizens, For 40 Years of Progress!*), Sears, Roebuck & Co. (*It's a Big Year For Sears, Too!*), the funeral homes (*The City's 100th Birthday Marks Our 20th*). If the editors are smart, they'll include several pages of *Men Who Have Grown With Boom City*, with pictures. The old appeal to have one's picture in the paper is just as strong as it ever was, and what it doesn't do to help advertising!

About April you should start a queen contest—you know, Queen of the Centennial. Get your Rotarians, American Legionites, Knights of Columbus and all the rest to enter a high school girl apiece, the winner being the girl receiving the most votes. And how should you cast these votes? Well, one Midwest city paid seven cents apiece for 10,000 tin Centennial Coins which they sold for $1.00 apiece, each coin entitling the purchaser to 10 votes for the queen he was backing. The old queen-contest idea is just as good a money-raiser as it was 20 years ago.

Don't have more than one parade each day of your Centennial, and have plenty of bands. Make at least one of the parades the Parade of Progress and fill it full of stage coaches, covered wagons, buggies, ancient bicycles and old automobiles. Don't make the parades too long or they'll kill a lot of the business you're trying to attract. A merchant might just as well close his doors while a parade's passing. Have all police leaves canceled during the duration of the Centennial, and appoint a lot of special deputies. You'll need every man on the force to handle traffic and take care of drunks. As far as crime goes, your biggest trouble will be pickpockets, but there's not much you can do about this. If you're lucky, someone on the force may catch one of the clumsier pocket-friskers in the act. If so, he should make a big scene out of it and muss him up a bit, and then the papers will be sure to give it plenty of space.

It won't hurt any to have your leading local composer arrange a special Centennial March. Nobody will recall it a month later, but it's a nice thing for your massed high school symphony orchestras and bands to play.

Another thing, have your oldest inhabitants on the parade-reviewing platform along with the Governor, Mayor, and whatever Congressmen you can scare up. And don't forget, the Governor rates nineteen guns if you're going to salute him. Often committees have gotten into last minute jams just because they didn't know this. There's always someone who will count the explosions and write a nice, sarcastic letter to the papers if they aren't right.

About the outdoor pageant. It will be the big smash of your whole celebration. Charge $0.25 admission per night, hold it in the stadium, and spread it over three or four nights. Make the first night a sort of prologue about the Indians and the coming of the white men to the Boom City section. (High school kids will act as the Indians. They're lean enough and will get a kick out of smearing themselves with brown grease paint.) Make one night a pageant of nationalities and show how each played an important part in the history of Boom City. (This may take a little coloring of the facts, but it will pack them in the stadium, and for the first time you may realize how few native-born citizens you've got in your town.) The last night can be used for your Century of Progress stuff, showing 100 years of advancement in agriculture, science, transportation, government, education and the arts. With good organizing, you can do a couple of centuries each night in under two hours. Remember, nothing is harder than a stadium seat if you aren't watching a football game.

Use a Greek background for the pageants. Maybe Doric pillars don't exactly fit in with Indian tepees and log cabins, but there's nothing better to lend some real high class dignity. And now some parting words of advice: Don't fail to have free public dances outdoors. Dancing on street pavements is about as satisfactory as using a post-office pen, but there are still a lot of people who will go for anything free regardless of quality . . . Another free offering should be a series of vaudeville and acrobatic acts in some public square. They'll be terrible, but the people would think they were getting a lot if they knew how little you were paying for them . . . Sign up a high class carnival for the week of the Centennial. A lot of people will yelp at any sort of a circus taint to the celebration, but there'll be five times as many who will enjoy the merry-go-rounds a lot more than the historical pageants . . . Have an art exhibit in one of the high school buildings and hang the work of every artist who can afford a frame. Also, have an industrial exhibit consisting of machinery displays by local industries. This will include everything from a manure spreader to a valve grinding machine, but it's one of those necessary things and again will draw crowds because it's free . . . Be sure and get your cut on all the minor rackets such as Centennial Flags, Centennial Balloons, and the rest of the stuff that will be hawked around the streets . . . Put some spinning wheels, a few Civil War muskets, some old yellowed newspapers and other relics loaned by old residents in the windows of your biggest stores. It always makes people feel good to see how far civilization has progressed in twice the time it should have taken . . . Arrange for special bus tours around the city several times daily. Most of your passengers will be kids who just want the ride, but it's a nice gesture anyhow. . . . And be sure there are plenty of temporary rest rooms at convenient locations on main streets.

Well, good luck to you and your Centennial! Of course it's going to be a lot of work, but just remember that you're not in it just for the fun of it. To the people you'll be just a small group of unselfish merchants eager to give of time and talent in order that Boom City's 100th anniversary may be properly and outstandingly celebrated. You and I know differently. If Roscoe, Illinois, (population 250) can make $500 on its Centennial, just think of the possibilities there are in Boom City!

Good hunting to you, brother! May you get your Centennial half-dollar through Congress! May Boom City's bank clearings rise $500,000 during the celebration! May the Centennial racket last forever! ###

Storms in Arcady

There's a cloud for every silver lining, even when you're paid to play golf

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

Envious gentlemen sportsmen believe that the most pleasant method of discharging the formalities of making a living is that employed by the professional golfers in tournament play. These captious ones consider the tournament golfer a man of the same type as half of a team in the Stork Derby—a fellow whose work is fun even though it may become somewhat monotonous. This *dolce far niente* myth of tournament golf is furnished by the golf tournament stories from winter resorts in the South and Southwest read by the professionals' members back home.

These stories appear in newspapers that announce on front pages in billboard type, "Snow-bound City Shivers."

The contrast between discomfort of wintry blasts of the North and the conviction that the pros are frolicking casually in sun-bathed Arcadian meadows is something that is certain to stir man's inherent inhumanity to man. Ignorance of the actual conditions arouses a jealousy of the professional golfer that sometimes does the journeyman pro no good.

The gentleman sportsman grunts something at his wife who is complaining of the house being cold and savagely concludes that if his golf pro can have a soft life playing winter tournaments it is because the fellow is making too much money at his club in the summer. This is a matter, the gentleman sportsman resolves, that can be settled retributively at the next meeting of the club's board of directors.

Whilst destiny thus is operating, the pro is trying to thaw himself out with a steaming mug of distilled chicory and husbanding his emaciated finances by gnawing on a slab of hamburger between two pillows of bun. The charge of being financially able to travel where it's always fair weather is one the professional golfer doesn't mind although it is unwarranted flattery to many of the tournament contestants. They are in a show-off business and they sometimes have to advertise themselves extravagantly as being at home in fast company. But the one point on which the experienced tournament professional always will protest is that it's always fair weather when they engage in their hazardous activities.

From well below freezing up to 114° F. on the fairways, in the lashing tails of typhoons, in stabbing, soaking deluges and even through clouds of tear gas, the golf professionals plod in their steady quest of the fortunes in tournament golf about which the public has commented so frequently that even the professionals often believe such fortunes must be waiting, somewhere and sometime.

Noted professionals of international experience recently were queried about the worst weather conditions under which a tournament was played and without exception the answers concerned the 1930 Los Angeles Open which was played at the Riviera Country Club in January. Denny Shute won with the only score under 300 in an all-star field. Shute sloshed four times around an oozing course with the cold rain banging almost horizontally against him. His rounds of 73, 74, 75, 74—296 still are referred to by veteran campaigners as the greatest golf ever played under adverse weather conditions. Shute at that time was a skinny, shy youth recently graduated from the amateur ranks.

With a gale bucketing torrents against the players each day of the tournament and the storm raging so the event had to be skipped on one of the scheduled days, it should have been about even money that Denny wouldn't be able to lift his muddy shoes four times around the 6,900 yards of the rugged Riviera circuit.

Johnny Rogers, then considered the longest driver in the game, took his driver at the par three fourteenth hole and hit the ball squarely on the trade-mark but was short of the green, 160 yards away. Frank Walsh, also one of the stalwarts who can bat them into deep center field with a driver, smote into the beating rain with a crisp and mighty slug at this hole and was 20 yards short of the green. Walsh is not one to let his judgment rove out of bounds and he maintains his drive at Riviera's fourteenth would have gone 250 yards under normal conditions. From his testimony one may deduce that a storm which cuts 110 yards off a perfectly hit drive, is "unusual," as the native patois has it around Riviera.

Al Watrous was washed out after the second round of that Riviera version of the Johnstown flood. Holes were under water and Watrous, like many others in the field, chipped instead of putted for where he thought the hole was. If the caddie's arm went in up to the elbow retrieving the ball it was considered that the ball had found the bottom of the cup. Al finished his round in what he rated a miraculous 84 which figure was equalled by his playing companion, Craig Wood. Wood, at the twelfth hole, slammed one into a barranca. His ball settled on some débris bobbing on the rushing torrent and by racing for about 75 yards Wood was able to set himself in position to make an astonishing recovery shot as the ball floated to him on its raft.

All this was happening when the folks back home in the north country were reading the newspapers in their cozy homes and complaining that golf pros live the life of His Royal Highness, Riley.

Memory of that historic tournament still makes the contestants shudder; all but one and that one is Hagen. The storm broke over with such severity that Hagen found himself going to the ninth hole with a par for a 45. He buried his second shot in a bunker at the ninth as his final effort in the tournament. To his dripping caddie he said:

"Young fellow, pick up that ball so it won't interfere with the other navigators. I am withdrawing to the grillroom for a few schooners of Scotch. I may have been risking pneumonia out here and it is only good common sense to take a few drinks and protect myself."

It is rather interesting to note that the first three in that terrifying 1930 Open at Los Angeles were by no means robust specimens. Shute was a slat-like young man, Horton Smith who finished in a tie with Wee Robbie Cruickshank at 300 for second place, was thin enough to walk between the bulleting raindrops and the diminutive Cruickshank could have floated on a kiddie-car over most of the Riviera course

Billy Burke and Al Espinosa, who played with Shute during that frigid and prolonged cloudburst, proclaimed in the locker-room after the tournament that Shute's performance marked him as one of the game's great players. It was his first major tournament victory but Shute made the Burke and Espinosa judgment stand up three years later when he won the British Open.

There are two good reasons why the newspaper readers do not get an uncomfortable close-up of bad weather conditions at the winter tournaments. One reason is that the tournaments usually are put on to advertise the localities as delightful winter resorts and it would be an unkind cut to infer that the local contributors were not residents of a

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BARBARA STANWYCK
Hurrell Photograph

SONJA HENIE
Hurrell Photograph

Ham on Air

It's fun whether you're sending emergency messages or just saying, "Hello, I'm cockeyed"

by LUDLUM SMITH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

AMATEUR, or "Ham" Radio is primarily a hobby of skill and accomplishment. Before he is even admitted to the fold, the prospective amateur must have had enough enthusiasm for his chosen art to have carried him through an intensive study of basic radio theory and operating. He must be able to copy code, and if he didn't previously possess, he soon acquires, a reasonable mechanical and constructive ability. His ultimate ordeal by fire is the passing of a government examination, upon the completion of which he automatically becomes one of the brethren. He is then ready to go to work.

Brother ham may be an incurable romantic, or a realist of the most persistent sort. Both extremes and all intermediate shades have their appointed places in the game. It knows neither creed nor race nor nationality. It recognizes both age and youth, and treats them with equal respect. It is, literally, a world in itself, and it is world-wide.

Contrary to general belief, Amateur Radio is one of the most inexpensive hobbies. The ham's equipment is usually very modest, often meager, but with less power than you use, say, with that 100 watt light in your pet reading lamp, he'll often work any point on the globe. By "work," he means contact, not just to hear the other station.

As for the type of person who likes collecting, the game goes hand and glove with most other hobbies, and even has some "collective" phases of its own. Sometimes amateurs send acknowledgment cards to each other after contact, with the call of the issuing station displayed prominently thereon, and some of the finest gloating I've ever seen was done over a choice collection of these. In ham language, these are *QSL's*, and are cherished possessions

The amateur operates in his assigned channels, and the commercial in his, and a distress call in one is seldom if ever heard by one of the other group. The amateur's call for help usually comes from somewhere on land. Any major disaster in any part of the world will fill the ham bands with traffic to and from the stricken area. Tenseness and excitement hold sway, with calls being rushed for doctors, nurses, food, clothing, antitoxin, or whatever is needed. Amateurs are often the sole means of communication in such cases, and the key station is the one on the scene of the trouble. Not to be confused with the distress signal of mobile units, the call *QRR* is used instead of *SOS*, and as Mama Nature continues upsetting the plans of men, it's getting to be almost as well known. Though proved worthy many times, it is heard hardly often enough to make profitable sitting up all night every night waiting for one.

There are amateur traffic networks spread throughout the United States and its possessions in such a way that messages can be slammed around from one point to another in less time than you'd think. These are reliable nets, and the ham interested in this angle of the game soon becomes involved. Needless to state, this service to the public is offered gratis.

The "rag chewer" has the most evenly balanced diet of the lot. He works on his station more or less constantly, gladly handles what traffic comes his way, and thoroughly enjoys working occasional DX; but what he keenly relishes is a friendly *QSO* (contact) with another ham who just likes to sit down and hash things over, and it matters not to him whether the other station is across town or the world.

For the statistical end of things, the amateurs are the greatest users of two-way radio communication in the world.

There are about 46,000 in the United States alone, more than all the rest of the world put together.

The magic that so entrances the ham is hard to define. Probably the best and none too adequate explanation is that combined with the obvious attractiveness of the science, you never can tell just *what* will happen in Hamdom . . . Late at night . . . Who you'll meet, what you'll hear . . . Where . . .

Ten minutes after the Los Angeles earthquake in 1933, a ham station was on the air telling the world of the disaster, and dozens more co-operated with all relief agencies for several days thereafter. Thousands of messages were handled over these stations for relatives and friends of people in the shattered city

The same thing was done in the New Zealand earthquake a few years ago. In fact, the first news of the quake itself was transmitted by Ham Radio.

In the numerous Florida hurricanes, hams have played their parts so well and effectively that Florida now maintains a complete emergency amateur network. For that matter, there are numerous emergency nets all over the world, organized purely for the purpose of functioning in such cases, and every man knows exactly what his duties are to be when the occasion arises. Such voluntary and eager aid as this cannot be considered lightly, and emergencies seldom can be predicted five minutes ahead of time.

So much for actual emergencies. The times when hams have stood by waiting for things that never materialized are innumerable, and for the most part, unknown.

A notable character on the airways in these parts is Bob Buckner, the "Old Man of the Mountain," W6HVZ. He lives with his wife on a ranch in Coyote Hollow, on the eastern slope of Mt. Hamilton, California, fifty miles from the nearest town, San Jose. For anyone who doesn't think there are any more open spaces, that is as close to the middle of the state as you're likely to get. His closest neighbor is near the summit of the mountain, twelve miles from his ranch, and he is snowed in three months out of the year.

Fortunately for him, some power company runs a transmission line over his property, so everything on the ranch operates by electricity, and he has a 'phone transmitter. It is his only contact with the outside world for long periods of time. "The Old Baldheaded Buzzard," as he picturesquely designates himself, missed his calling, for he should be a radio entertainer. He is heard nightly on the 160 meter 'phone band, and is known all up and down the Coast. He has learned to capitalize on his situation, and it's an evening's entertainment for the ham who works him for the first time. One gathers that he has wolves for pets, hunts anything at any time, guzzles moonshine, and his favorite sport is trapping coyotes, putting them in pens with his pets, and whichever one wins, he keeps. He's never afraid of "the Law," because the last time the sheriff went out there it was to get his vote, the sheriff's car fell in a chuck-hole, and it took the natives two weeks to get it out.

Last winter, during the snowed-in period, W6HVZ was silent for several nights, which, under the known conditions, was itself an indication of trouble. No one heard him on, and repeated calling went unanswered. It was as eloquent to the hams who knew him

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Property Protected

Strike breaking is a cinch; all you have to do is let the poor rats know who's boss

by BENJAMIN APPEL

▪ FICTION ▪

It was almost like any other morning. The bread had been baked. The pies had been packed in cardboard. And now the loaders had finished their job. It was time to shift the trucks into first gear. Coffee pots, cafeterias and groceries would soon be needing the deliveries.

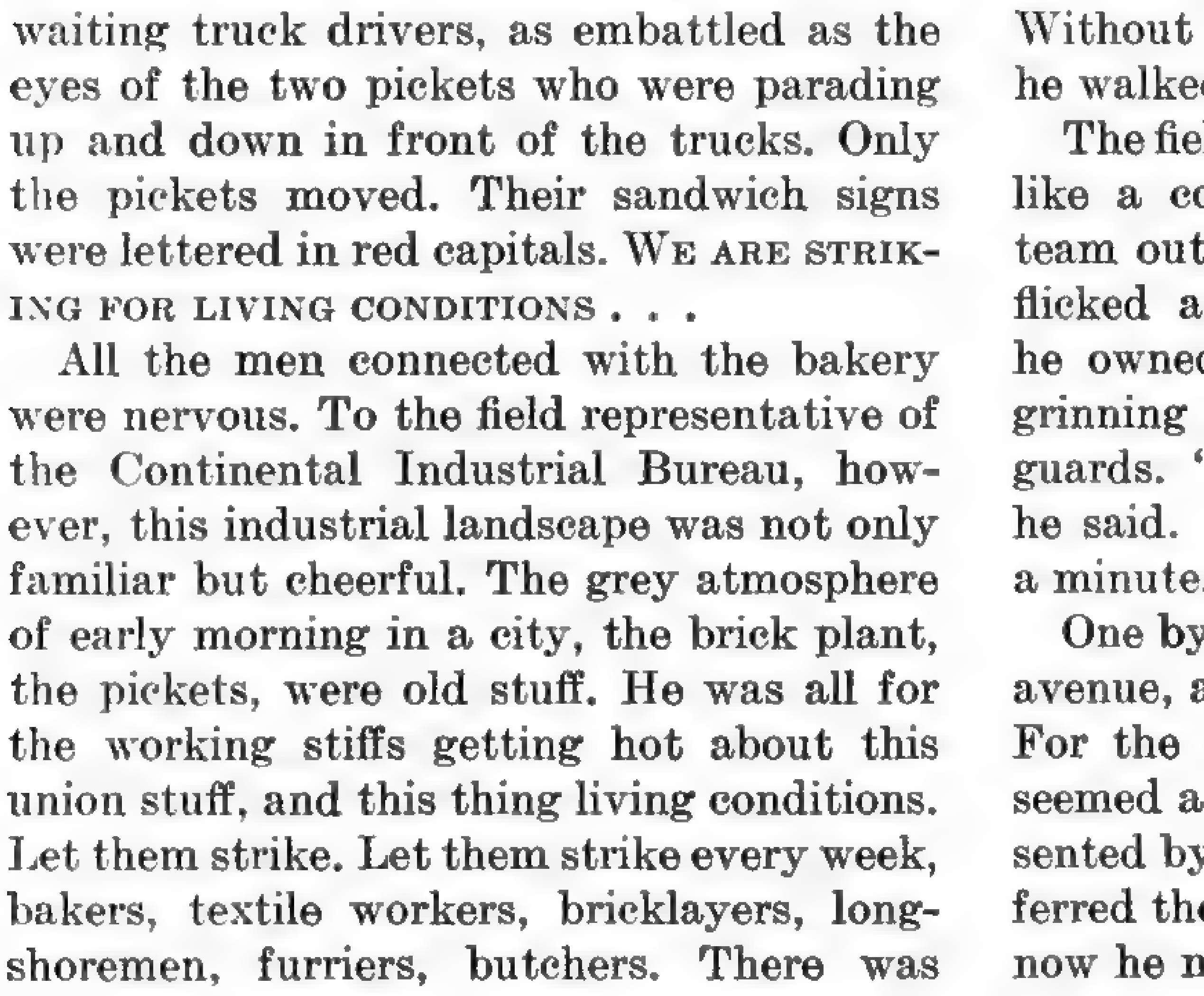
But still the trucks were motionless under the shed as if all their motors had fallen out, as if their drivers had forgotten how to drive. Their hands rested slack on the wheels. These lean, hard men seemed as useless as sour bread.

Ordinarily, at six in the morning the company manager would have been asleep. At nine he would have gotten up, a man of poise, the most important cog in the *Hale Bakery*. Today, worry lines radiated from his eyes, which were as tense as those of the waiting truck drivers, as embattled as the eyes of the two pickets who were parading up and down in front of the trucks. Only the pickets moved. Their sandwich signs were lettered in red capitals. WE ARE STRIKING FOR LIVING CONDITIONS . . .

All the men connected with the bakery were nervous. To the field representative of the Continental Industrial Bureau, however, this industrial landscape was not only familiar but cheerful. The grey atmosphere of early morning in a city, the brick plant, the pickets, were old stuff. He was all for the working stiffs getting hot about this union stuff, and this thing living conditions. Let them strike. Let them strike every week, bakers, textile workers, bricklayers, longshoremen, furriers, butchers. There was nothing like work to keep a man busy. He shoved back his hat and spoke in a loud fight-talk voice like a football coach.

"Like I told you last week, the Continental Industrial Bureau guarantees satisfaction. We got a guard for every truck. Good reliable men."

The guards were loafing on the sidewalk. They were smoking butts and picking their teeth. They were mostly between thirty and forty, with solid shoulders and thick wrists. Like the field representative they were completely at ease. Most of them had been in tougher propositions. This strike looked to be a cinch.



"Only two pickets," one of them sneered.

"Yeah. A joy ride."

"Remember the furriers. Boy, that was hot."

"I lumped a coupla them shrimps every day."

The company manager seemed to be in a hurry to get back to his office where he could pour himself a Scotch. "You guarantee our property, trucks, deliveries? Must be absolutely protected." God, he hated to delegate his authority to this cocky strike adjuster. Without pausing for an answer he walked to his waiting cab.

The field representative grinned like a coach about to send his team out of the locker room. He flicked away his cigarette as if he owned the bakery. And still grinning he crossed over to his guards. "You got your orders," he said. "Get going. You, Jim, come here a minute."

One by one the trucks rolled out onto the avenue, a guard seated next to each driver. For the first time the field representative seemed a trifle worried. *Hale Bakery*, represented by the company manager, had transferred the baton of its authority to him and now he must relay it to this trusted guard. "Be careful, Jim, and you'll get a bonus."

"Ain't I always a careful guy?" Jim waved his hand and climbed up into the last truck.

The driver started up the motor and drove up the ramp to the elevated highway. At Canal Street he turned east towards the bridge.

"Nice morning," the driver said nervously. Aw, what could he do anyway. He had a wife and three kids and the times were tough. So what could he do? Strike and be s.o.l.? Not for him.

The guard didn't answer. He yawned, the toothpick almost dropping from his mouth. He rubbed his nose that had been smashed to one side two years ago during the building service strike. But he'd paid the rats back. Paid them back with a taped-up blackjack.

"Nice morning," the driver repeated. He didn't like the looks of this mug.

"When yuh through work?"

"You mean deliverin' the stuff? We should be back by one or two I guess."

"Like hell." His face flushed with easy anger. He poked the fingers of his stiffened hand into the driver's shoulder for emphasis, a poke for every few words.

"Whaddaya mean? Me only gettin' seventy-fi' cents an hour an' yuh wanna come back right away. Like hell. We ain't comin' back 'til six t'night."

The driver glanced away from the guard's bloodshot eyes. His heart began to thump faster. There ought to be a law against guards like this guard. Who the hell did the mug think he was? Boss of the company. "I guess you seen plenty trouble." He wetted his dry lips with the point of his tongue and blurted out. "What'll the comp'ny say if I pull in so late?"

LOCAL
ON
STRIKE

"Say youse," the guard threatened. "Who's the guard a-this truck? Gee, I'd like to slip yuh the boot."

"You don't haffta get sore."

The guard yawned explosively. "So whaddaya think? The boss calls me up an' says: 'Jim, c'mon down tomorrer on the baker strike.'" He glared through the windshield at the Brooklyn skyline on the opposite side of the bridge. They were speeding down the bridgeway, the waters flat as unleavened bread. "So I come down an' leave the best dame I ever find. So whaddaya bakers gotta strike for?"

"Dunno. A union I guess." Aw, a guy wanted to make a living and all it was was trouble.

"The lousy reds. See." Again, he poked the driver with his hand. He shoved out his lip and growled. "Shut up. Yuh talk too much." He closed his eyes and began to snooze. There was nothing to disturb him. He knew his job cold. You bossed the rats and made them like it.

When the truck braked to a stop at the first grocery, the guard yawned awake. He blinked at the street, bright and golden with morning. The driver hurried inside with the delivery.

Had to get going. The guard jumped down from the truck. Trees growing, he thought. Brooklyn. What a burg. He spat on the sidewalk. Here he was taking it easy with a swell dame and he had to go to work. You could only rest in stir. But in stir there were no dames handy.

He shook his heavy head, yanked his hat down over his square bony forehead. His eyelids narrowed as he searched for a rock. He could use a bonus easy. So the boss

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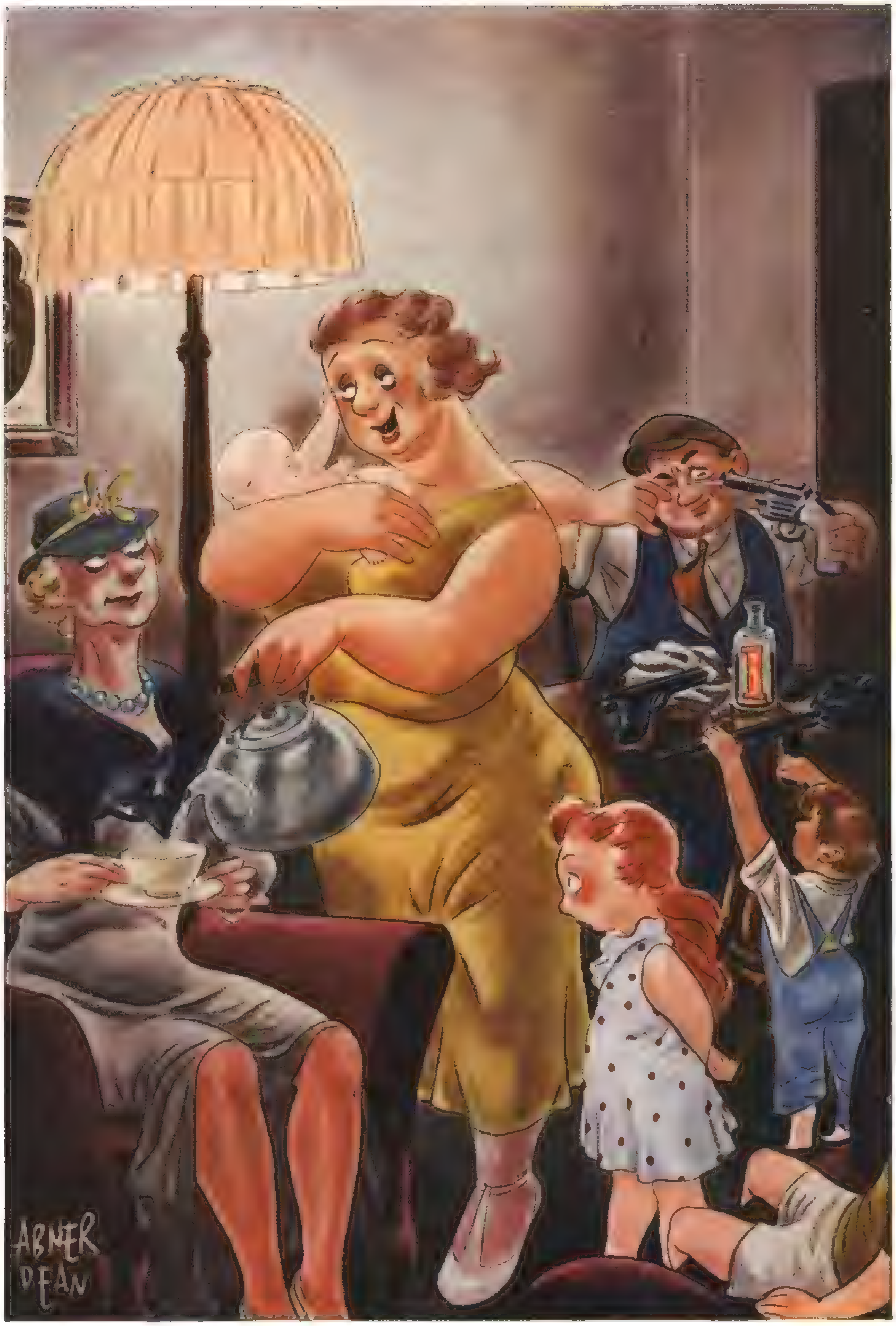
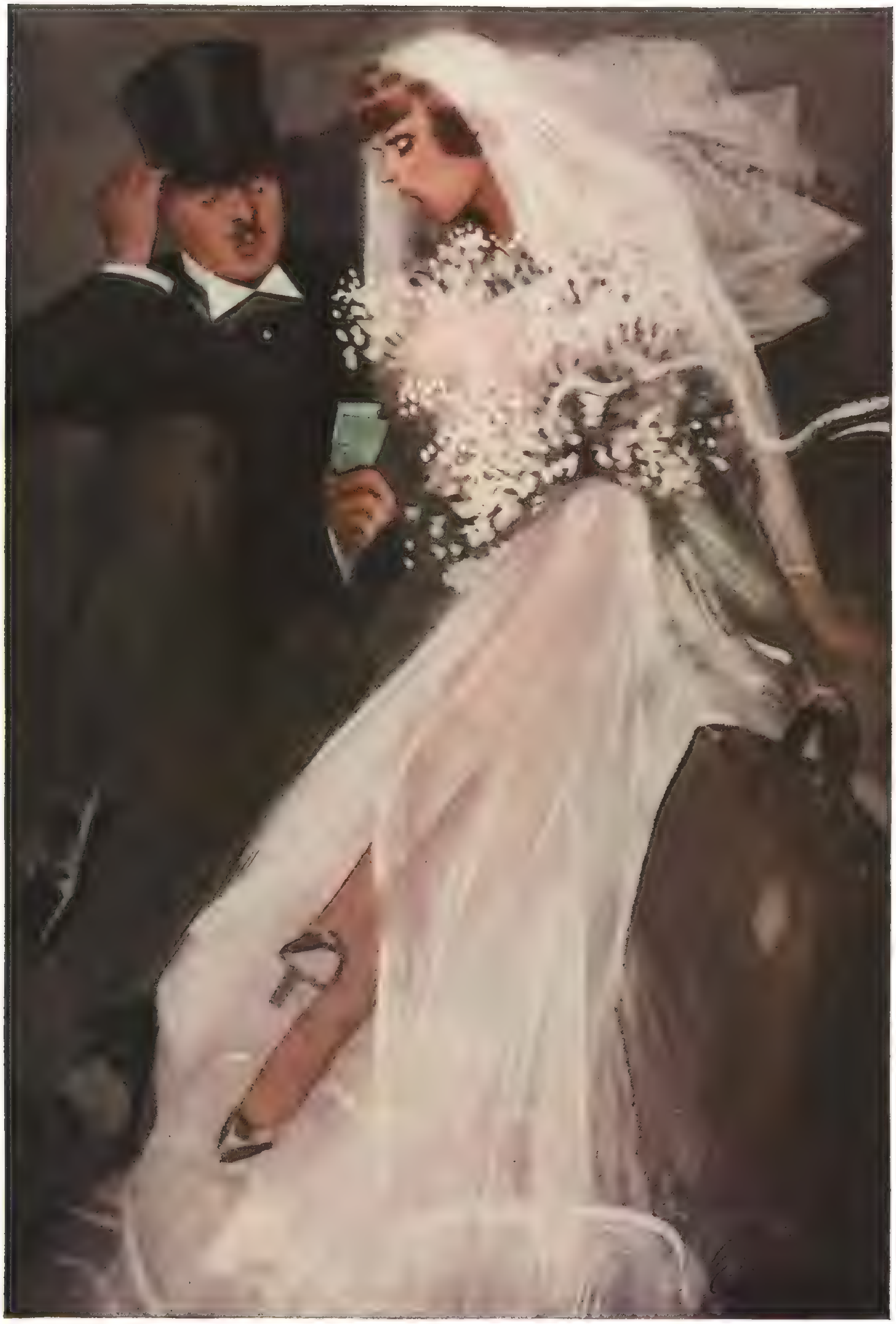


"Oh, we're happy—I have the babies and Charlie has his career!"



"You mean we have to change trains at midnight?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

First-night audiences that look attractive and don't smell aren't, *ipso facto*, loose in the screws

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

ON THE occasion of each new Noel Coward, Cole Porter, Katharine Cornell or Gilbert Miller first-night it is the habit of a considerable allotment of the writers on the theatre to deride and deplore the species of audiences customarily in attendance. It seems to be their idea that no man in evening clothes can conceivably be the possessor of even a faint modicum of intelligence and that any woman in silver fox, particularly if an orchid is clasped thereon, must inevitably be a lady of joy, and hence, by inference, without the slightest intellectual perception. Just how and where the notion started that the way a man elects to clothe his person constitutes an infallible reflection on his subjective and nooscopic parts (God help Talleyrand, Voltaire, Disraeli and William Osler, among a thousand others) or that a lady of joy is inevitably less sapient than one slightly more dolorous in her anatomical divertissements (God pity Pompadour, Montespan, Nell Gwyn and Mata Hari), I would not be one to know. But wherever and however it found its bud, it seems to flourish in this great democracy, and the theatre is its especial hothouse.

That the dressy and fashionable audiences who make their appearance on the occasions noted almost invariably seem to approve of the very same elements in the productions that the professional critics do is apparently lost sight of. And, conversely, that the frowsier audiences who attend the majority of other first-nights usually endorse plays that the drama critics peremptorily sniff at and violently condemn, no one seems to remember. The theory that an audience that looks attractive and doesn't smell is incapable of the finer nuances of dramatic appreciation and is unquestionably loose in the screws is a stubborn one, and will not down. That such very audiences were the original cicerones of the glory of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists in England and of Racine and Molière in France, and that, in our own immediate American day, what may politely be described as more highly seasoned audiences, all hypothetically under the existing logic aesthetes of a vast and magnificent karat, have been the chief endorsers of Fourteenth Street and Broadway claptrap, does not seem in any degree to affect the dominating philosophy. To be critically accepted as an intelligent person, it would appear, one has to look like a bum.

I happen to be acquainted, in my ex-officio life, with any number of the ladies and gentlemen who go to make up the first-night audiences that suffer such critical slurs and I offer you the simple truth when I tell you that their opinions of the plays and performances often have a forthright and unabashed honesty and acuteness that I sometimes miss in the professional critiques. Take the series of nine short plays by Mr. Coward that have been presented under the general title, *Tonight At 8:30.* With the hospitality and good manners that are usually accorded a foreign visitor, and particularly one from London, the majority of our critics very courteously minimized the triviality of the program and devoted themselves to a sedulous emphasis of the virtuosity of the acting company. Although the members of the *soigné* first-night audiences with whom I subsequently spoke fully acquiesced in the critics' opinion, they were nevertheless less bogusly polished in coming immediately to the true point. "Without Gertrude Lawrence," they said, punctiliously flicking their red carnations and smoothing their ruffled orchids, "the whole thing wouldn't amount to a good God damn."

In the case of the Cole Porter show, *Red, Hot and Blue*, the critics with minor exception found grieved fault with Porter's tunes and the Crouse-Lindsay book, but allowed that Ethel Merman's singing made the songs seem pretty tasty and that Jimmy Durante's comedy made a considerable portion of the book, in turn, very amusing. The high-toned first-night audience agreed with the critics as far as they went but quite properly speculated how in hell a musical show that turned out on the whole to be lively, gay and entertaining, as the critics admitted, could be as internally contemptible as they insisted. While completely endorsing the critical point of view in connection with the admirable Miller revival of Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, the lush first-night audience still intelligently permitted itself to wonder —as the critics, including myself, failed to— if the Wycherley bawdry really wouldn't have been a lot funnier in this even more bawdy day had it been retailed with slightly less directorial insistence upon its mannered artificiality. And when it comes to fashionable audiences and Katharine Cornell, how often have they and the majority of the critics disagreed, except perhaps over such exhibits as *Alien Corn* and *Dishonored Lady*, which many of the critics let down gently and which the audiences in question openly and loudly denounced as stinko? Only on that day, I bring myself to conclude, when the critics nightly put on white ties and tails and first-night audiences show up in office clothes shall I begin to worry about what the theatre is coming to.

However, now that you are applauding the undeniable sound common sense of what has been written, let me spoil the beautiful effect by qualifying it. There are times when these *recherché* audiences deserve much of the contumely that the critics heap upon them. The contumely, nevertheless, would be a deal more impressive if the critics themselves didn't at the very same time equally deserve it. Consider, for example, the case of the John Gielgud and Leslie Howard *Hamlets.* If the majority of the members of the ornamental first-night audience at the Gielgud *Hamlet* enthusiastically accepted as a capital Hamlet an actor who offered in place of Hamlet's spiritual and mental torture all the external symptoms of a particularly acute case of ovariodysneuria, who played Hamlet's various and varying moods as if they were so many flutes, and who seemed at moments to be Osric reading the wrong speeches, so did the majority of the critics. In fact, when it came to the cheering of Mr. Gielgud at the end of the game, the critics' sissy-boom-ahs were even louder than the audience's. In the same way, if the majority of the bon tons at the Howard opening loudly deprecated Howard's Hamlet as "lacking in fire," the majority of the critics were just as loud in the same deprecation.

At this point, I should like to raise a question. What, precisely, is this "fire" that the critics wanted of Howard? When Hamlet actors have given it to them in the past —Leiber, for one example, and Mantell for another—they have constituted themselves hook-and-ladders and hose-carts and have rushed to their typewriters with buckets full of wet adjectives to extinguish it. Why is fire, which when it is not a synonym for ham acting is often one for sheer theatricality, inevitably to be demanded of the studious, meditative, brain-racked, introspective, bitter—and even in its most demonstrative moods—shrewdly calculating and cunning character that is Hamlet? But what of the scenes of killing and murder? Well, what of the scenes of killing and murder? Murderers do not always necessarily conduct themselves like Emlyn Williams playing an actors' benefit matinée; murder is just as often done in cold blood, as the phrase goes,

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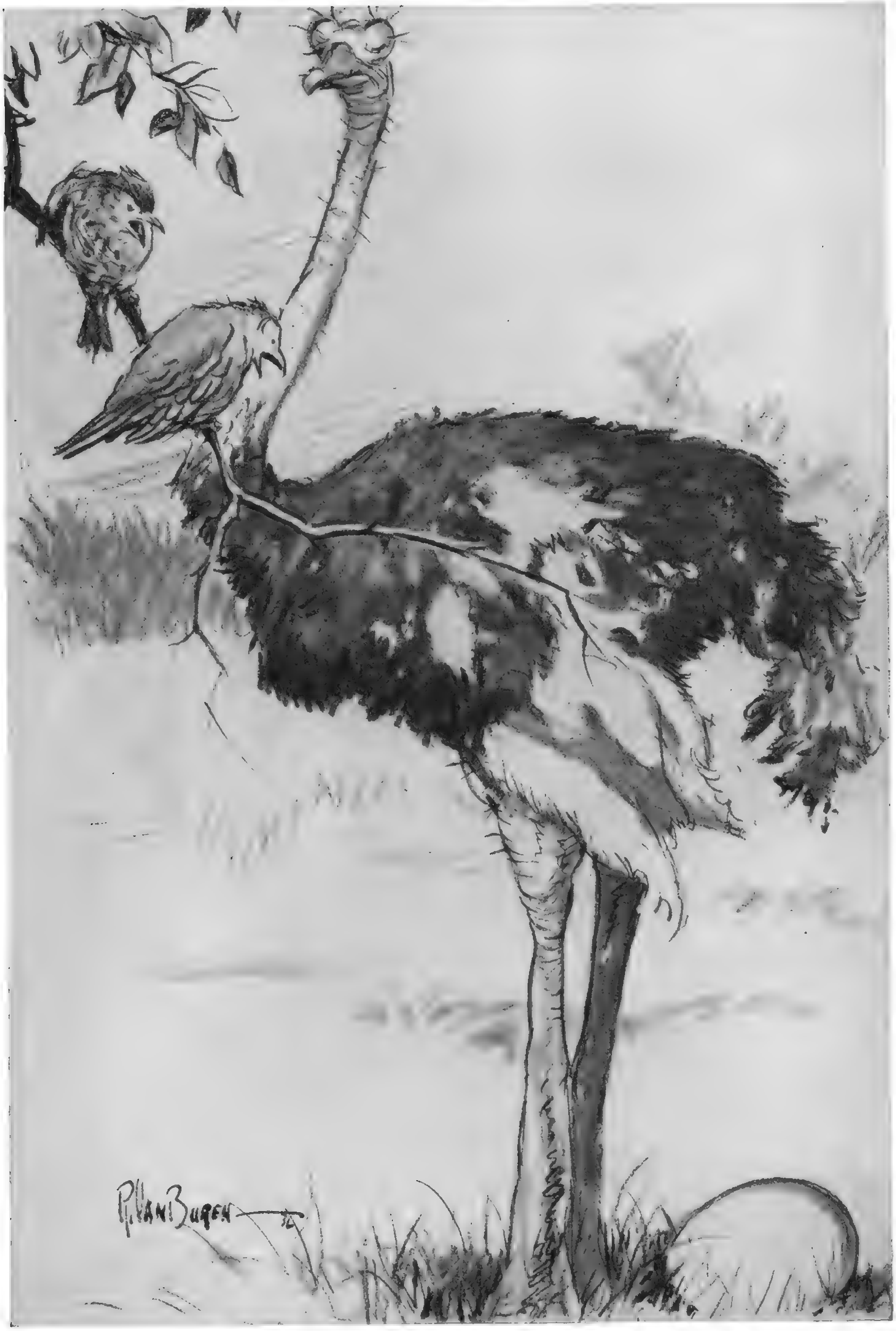
R. Van Buren '32

"Maybe now you'll stop bragging!"

It Wasn't Breach of Promise

It's foolish for a lady to say no when she means yes because the courts won't back her up

by JOSÉ SCHORR

ARTICLE

Several progressive states have just decided that a fiancée has no right to get her sweetheart's money just because he refuses to give her his name in proper marriage. But even in the old-fashioned states when a man deserts a girl in the shadow of the altar it isn't always breach of promise. There's many a slip twixt the kiss and the check because the contract to marry, commonly called an engagement, is just as full of pitfalls as any other legal agreement. Sometimes it happens that the man began promising to marry the girl but never finished. Sometimes the girl discovers that she forgot to accept the man after he did promise. And more often than you would suppose, she finds that she has rushed off to court before the man actually refused to marry her, or, what is worse, after she had given him good cause for giving her the air.

Annie lost $2,000 because she forgot to say yes when Johnny proposed to her. It happened in Johnny's automobile on a summer evening as they were leaving the thinning lights of the town behind. Johnny's blood pulsed gallantly and Annie cuddled closer to him in the gathering darkness. Their hearts beat with love. Annie remembered it all very clearly in court a year later:

Q: What did he say?

A: He said he would like to marry me.

Q: And what did you say to him?

A: Well, I didn't know what to say. I loved him; I was undecided, but I did not think that I knew him well enough.

A proper girl! But Johnny was a man of action. If Annie did not know him well enough was there any better time than this to get acquainted? He parked and—

"He twisted my arm around and he pulled me down, and I lifted myself and I tried to throw myself out of the machine, and I could not and he said: 'Darling, don't struggle.' He said, 'I will marry you. I will do the right thing by you. It does not make any difference. If you love me you'll yield.'"

But Annie objected and objected. She said, "No. I don't want to do it." She said, "I won't, I won't—" But she did anyway secure in the knowledge that Johnnie was going to marry her after all.

What a clear and simple proposal of marriage. A bit unconventional perhaps, but none the less outspoken. Yet the appellate court reversed the poor girl's $2000 breach of promise verdict because *Annie and Johnny had never been engaged.* How could they have been? Annie said no when Johnny proposed to her.

Annie, the poor virgin at bay, had a tough break, but Harriet (Wisconsin) had only herself to blame. Harriet let the bird fly out of her hand. She had been engaged to Fred for three years when Fred's mother suddenly decided that she was not good enough for her boy. That piqued Harriet and she told Fred so at great length. Furthermore, that night, confirming her conversation of even date, she wrote:

"Fred, if you desire a change, why not take it and end the matter right here. As I said previously, I cannot count second. . . ."

Fred thought this was good advice and called up another girl. Harriet continued indignant as Hell for two months. Then she broke down and wrote two touching letters. In the second one she said:

"I want you to come to see me just once and risk everything to oblige me. Your trouble is as nothing compared to mine. I knew you were in town Monday. I saw your horse and someway I felt you were there. I don't feel hard toward you one bit, Fred. You will find me just the same. I am not fickle; once is forever with me; so don't feel bad about nothing. You shall never suffer through me again. I hope the day may come when you forget that you ever knew me. . . . Now, Fred, if you don't want to come and if you think that you will be happier by staying away, why, I will try to bear it."

But Fred did not come. The years rolled by. Spring turned into winter, winter into spring. New interests slowly filled the void in Harriet's life. The pieces of her heart grew together again and were strong. She could look at a horse on the street without remembering Fred. But as the last red leaf of autumn fell under the weight of the first white snow of winter, dread tragedy tore her heart asunder again. Fred married the other girl.

With all the fury of a woman jilted, Harriet rushed to see her lawyer. But, poor girl, hers was a forlorn hope. She could not complain. She had released Fred in every letter she wrote.

But it was different when Catherine (Illinois) said she would not marry John if he were the last man on earth. John had called on Catherine's father to say he liked his other daughter Julia better, and the court ruled that Catherine's impassioned repudiation should not impair her right to make John pay for her broken heart. "A discarded girl," reasoned the wise judges, "cannot speak with the caution and circumspection which her lawyers would advise."

The same reasoning saved $2000 for Elsie (Pennsylvania) who, raging at seeing Jim going out with another girl after giving him the best two years of her life, wrote:

"I suppose you think you have a rich one now, but such is not the case. Everyone knows how rich they are. Well, if I am poor, I do not wear the one hat for five or six years like she does, and turn it hind part before. . . . I pray day and night that you may never prosper in this world. I just pray for every hair in your head to come out. . . ."

This was only as it should be, said the learned judges. "Under the circumstances it was very natural that all the bitter and angry feelings of a woman's nature should be aroused."

However, while it may be commendable for a jilted girl to hope that her intended husband's hair falls out, such sentiments must be rigidly suppressed during the engament. For instance, Ruth (Missouri) should never have said: "You know I don't love Ben. I couldn't love him. He is not in his right mind. I am marrying him for his money. But he is a heavy drinker, so maybe he won't last long." Such girlish confidences cost Ruth $15,000 because, as the Supreme Court of Missouri told her, when a girl discovers that she detests the thought of living with her fiancé, it is her duty to give him up, no matter how much money he may have.

Similarly, Julia (Iowa) should have been more constant. Julia met Budd at a party when she was seventeen. Budd promised to call her up the next day and Julia fondly waited at the phone. After waiting for two years, however, she lost patience and wrote to him. Budd did not answer. Two weeks later Julia telephoned. Budd said he would come down "as soon as the roads got good." That was in March. He called on her in May.

From that night on, however, their romance fairly blazed. By June, Budd's letters called Julia "dear" and were signed "With love, your true friend, respectfully yours, Budd." By the following March, he was writing that he hoped to make her happy or he would not "plan on marrying"

Continued on page 190

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

An impression of Jesse Stuart and, incidentally, of the old dying-to-be-picturesque South

by BURTON RASCOE

BOOKS

When I was leaving Chicago, Dave and Arnold simultaneously suggested that, as long as I was going down to Kentucky I ought to stop off and pay a visit to Jesse Stuart. "He's just a big country boy down there in the sticks," Dave said. "He'll get a kick out of your coming down to see him and you'll get a kick out of meeting him, I'm sure. If you do go down, tell him how much I like his stuff, will you? That *Uncle Fonse Laughed* was a corker. That boy can write."

Arnold said Jesse was teaching school in the Greenup County school but that his post-office address, he thought, was Fullerton. I could wire Helene, Arnold's secretary, he said, if I decided to visit Jesse after I had cleaned up what I wanted to see and do in the other parts of Kentucky, and she would give me the correct address.

My native state, Kentucky, is not, in the modern sense, a prosperous state. Its people are contented and fairly happy; but you have to look sharp to see how prosperous they are, in the quieter sense. Their roads are still those of the horse and buggy days except for a few main highways here and there which are always in a condition of being repaired. The detours are tortuous and extended; they take you twenty, thirty, fifty miles out of your way over dirt roads, roads of unoiled gravel and roads of gravel that were oiled this morning which makes progress somewhat like driving through pebbles and molasses.

The roads in Kentucky are not like the roads in my first adopted state, Oklahoma, for instance. That state is now paved practically solid, like North Carolina. I don't know how North Carolina got the money for its roads but the answer in regard to Oklahoma is easy: the sudden, incalculable wealth arising from the discovery of rich oil pools in the state.

This oil, the politicians saw, could be taxed in fifty-seven different ways, pouring money into the trough out of which the least among the hayseed spellbinders could feed.

No longer need a country lawyer with a smooth gift of gab and an inveterate sense of the preposterous thing to do, have to work his lungs to the bone for a job paying him, net, about $300 a year, if that. All he had to do was get himself in the legislature, even if it put him in the red to do so and begin doing the taxing, and dividing up what came in with the others.

Great gobs of money came in. They weren't very imaginative in Oklahoma, those amiable hayseed politicians. They couldn't put their hands into the till. That wouldn't be legitimate. They had to figure out some way to spend the money and get a good rake-off legitimately. The only way they could think of was to spend state money not wisely but well, by awarding road and school contracts.

The result is that the state is paved practically solid and that on open prairies there are Renaissance palaces set up as country school houses, at which come, under the compulsory education law, a few rickety, undernourished children of share-croppers to be taught by a badly paid girl-graduate from the nearest county-seat high school.

In Oklahoma the hayseed politicians are glad to award millions for an appearance of progress and enlightenment . . . (No, I am sorry. I don't think they have that much sense, imagination or enlightenment themselves. Credit for the vision goes, probably, to some hundred-a-month graduate of an architectural school, who shows his blueprint of a school he would like to have attended in his boyhood to his contractor superior and his superior says, "Swell! That will be a grand school, just what they need, in a plot in Okanuma County, and I know just the fellow who can get the appropriation for it." He also knows the fellow who wants to sell the unproductive, arid, oil-less land, and how much he and his contracting firm can get out of the whole arrangement) . . . but they are not eager to award a dime for the enlargement and maintenance of libraries or for the increase of teaching salaries to a point where it will be an attractive profession for people who like teaching and have a talent for it to want to get in it. The University of Oklahoma, which is become a fine institution in spite of the politicians, with a notable faculty and a magazine indispensable to students and scholars in modern languages, *Books Abroad*, edited by Roy Temple House, has to beg on its knees for pennies from the rich, teeming coffers of the state.

So lugs like me with Ford V-8's and richer (oh, so very much richer) lugs with three-room and bath, air-conditioned, trailers, can whizz through Oklahoma and treat it like a chute-the-chutes, seeing nothing but enjoying the ride, so grand, so wide are the roadways.

In Kentucky, a backward state, the situation is quite different. Between Fulton, Kentucky, and Union City, Tennessee, I could zip back and forth in ten minutes (which I did. Because. unfortunately, in the town in which I was born, Fulton, there are no accommodations for transients, which is something that must be distressing my father, if, on the other side, he is aware of these things, because my father, in Fulton, was a hotel man very proud of his hostelry, even if he was only sometimes the manager and sometimes the man who ran the bar. The hotel was run by Henry Knight, who inherited it, didn't care as much for it as he did for the races in Louisville, and so lost it in gambling which brought him, ultimately, within an ace of cornering the coffee market. If Henry could have raised a few more thousand dollars he would have mopped up; but, instead, shortly he was mopping the bar in my dad's Oklahoma saloon in which dad was not making much money either. Henry had asked my father for a job and for the railroad fare to come and take it. My father wired him the money, which dad might have done without saying anything about it, if he was going to do it. But he told my mother about this. I don't have to tell you anything about what happened . . . Have you ever been put through a zyzochrone or whurped by philompset or had the stars scatter and gather while you wondered whether the polychrome fizmets would function, and have you wondered as you sank into the sweetest of oblivions if there was ever any sense to it at all? . . . If you have, then you have a fair idea of what my mother said to my dad, and of its effect on an impressionable, if disinterested, witness

And mama was right. In every concrete, knowable respect, she was right. And yet, presently, or at least until not so very long after the family needed the money that dad had advanced to Henry the money had been partially paid back . . . in service. Henry was on his feet again, owning a hotel in Sapulpa and married to one of my childhood sweethearts) . . . Pardon the interruption, the Kentucky roads are, let us be charitable, not as good as they are in Oklahoma, where they are an unending, beautiful and speedy race track.

In trying to get to Jesse Stuart's country, as I did, in Kentucky, you pass through some of the most glorious countrysides in the world. I am not good at descriptions: they bore me, even in Conrad. Perhaps most

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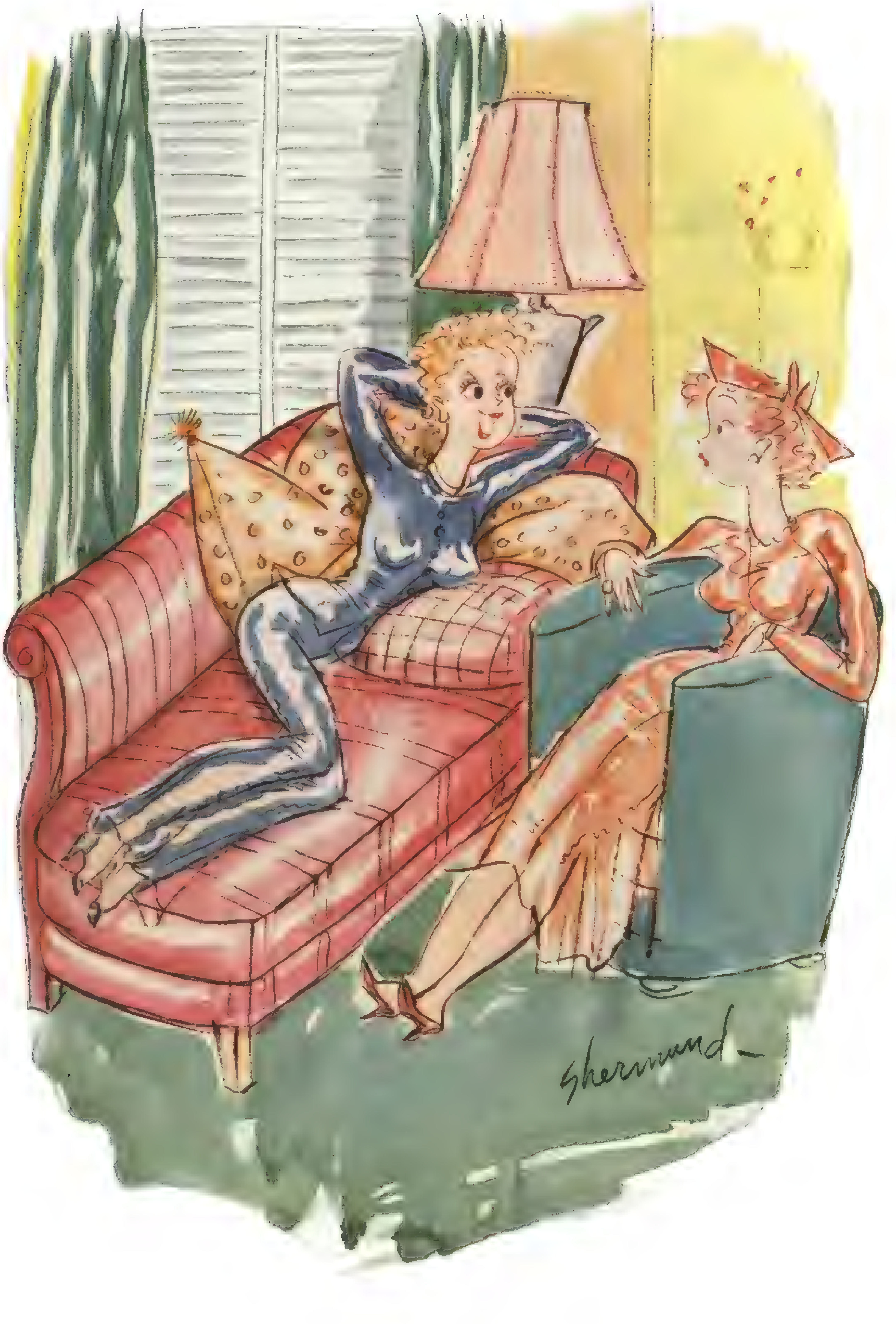
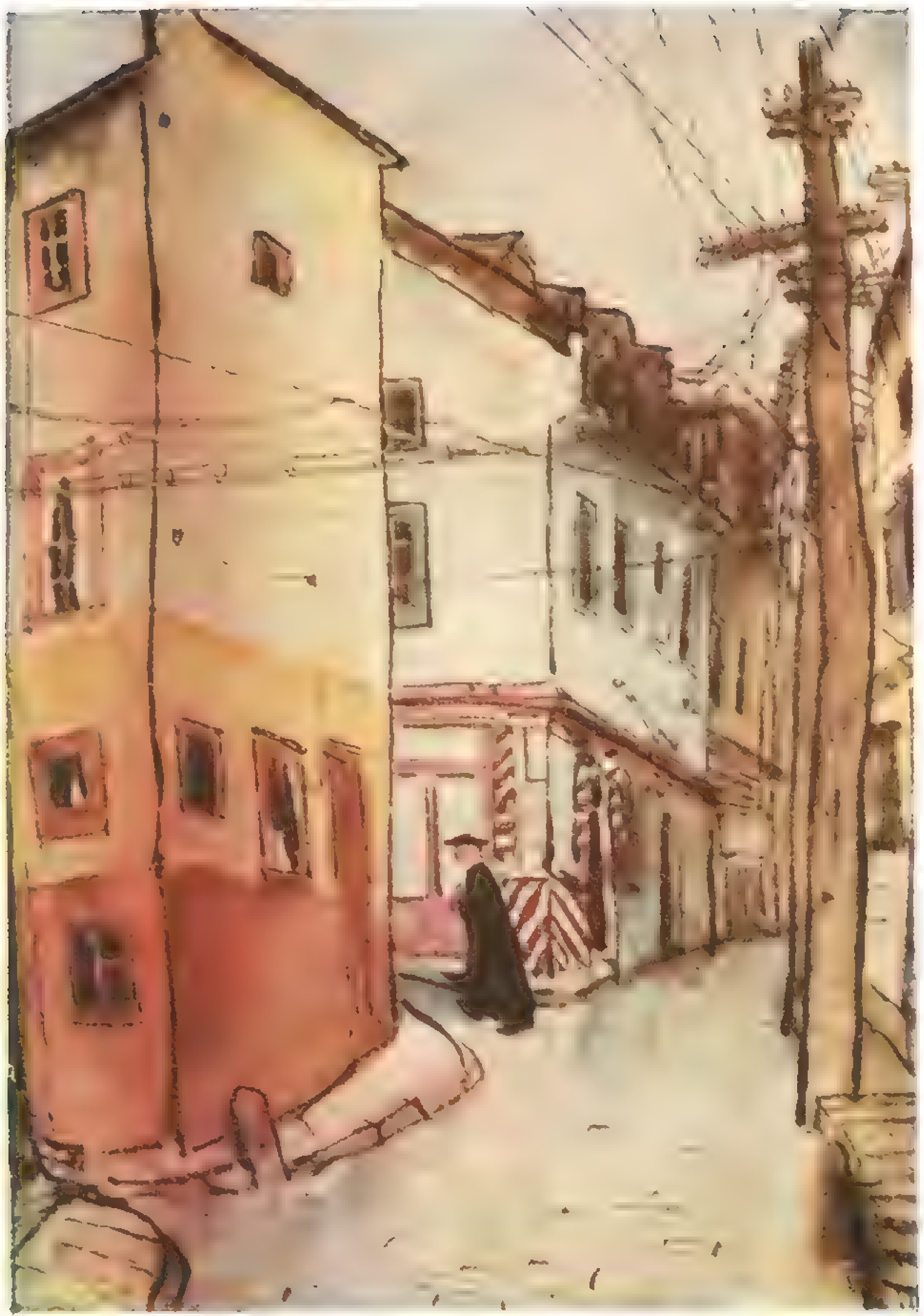
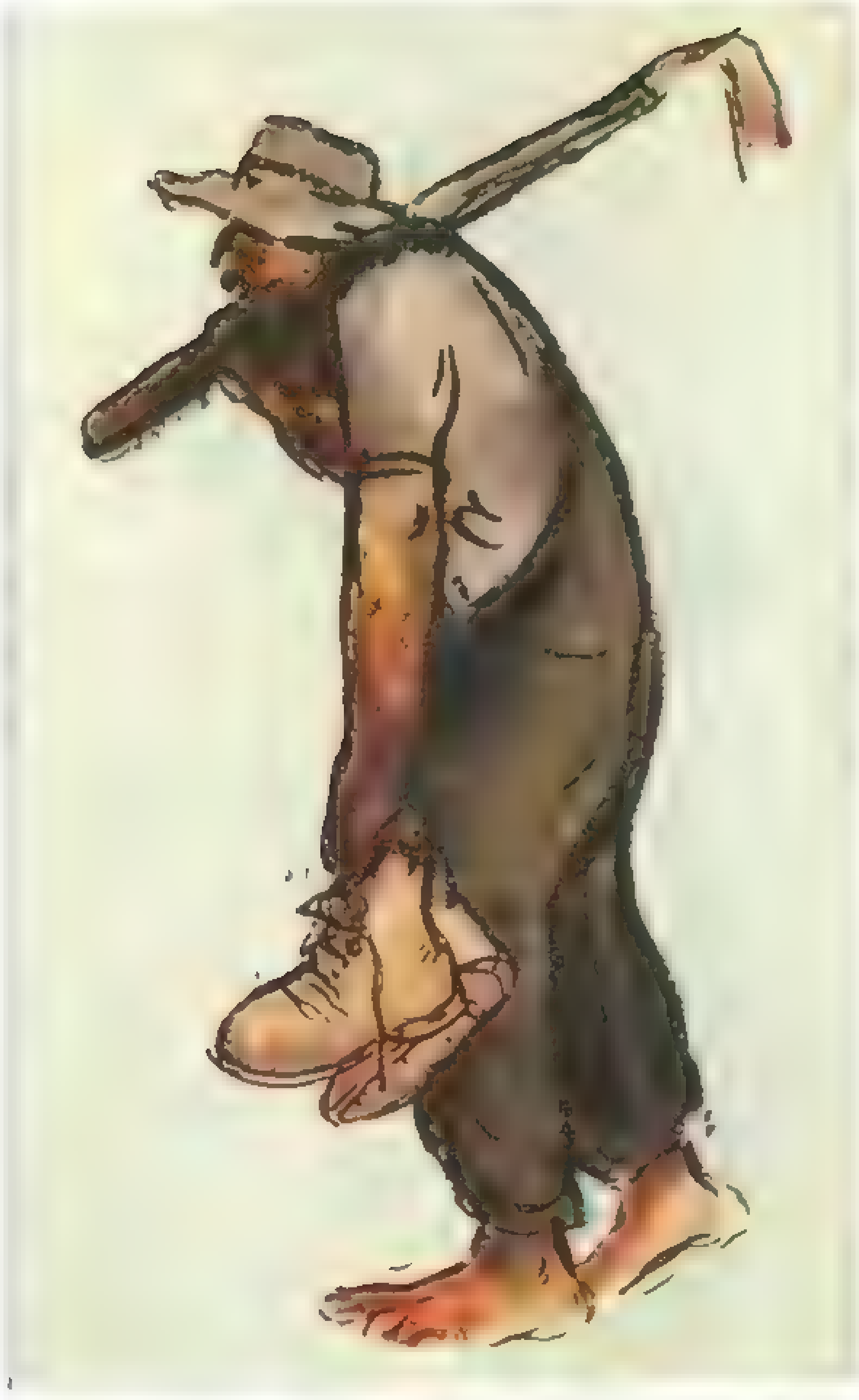


"Well, at least now, I don't have to punch a clock"



OLD TOWN QUEBEC



MAN WITH THE HOE

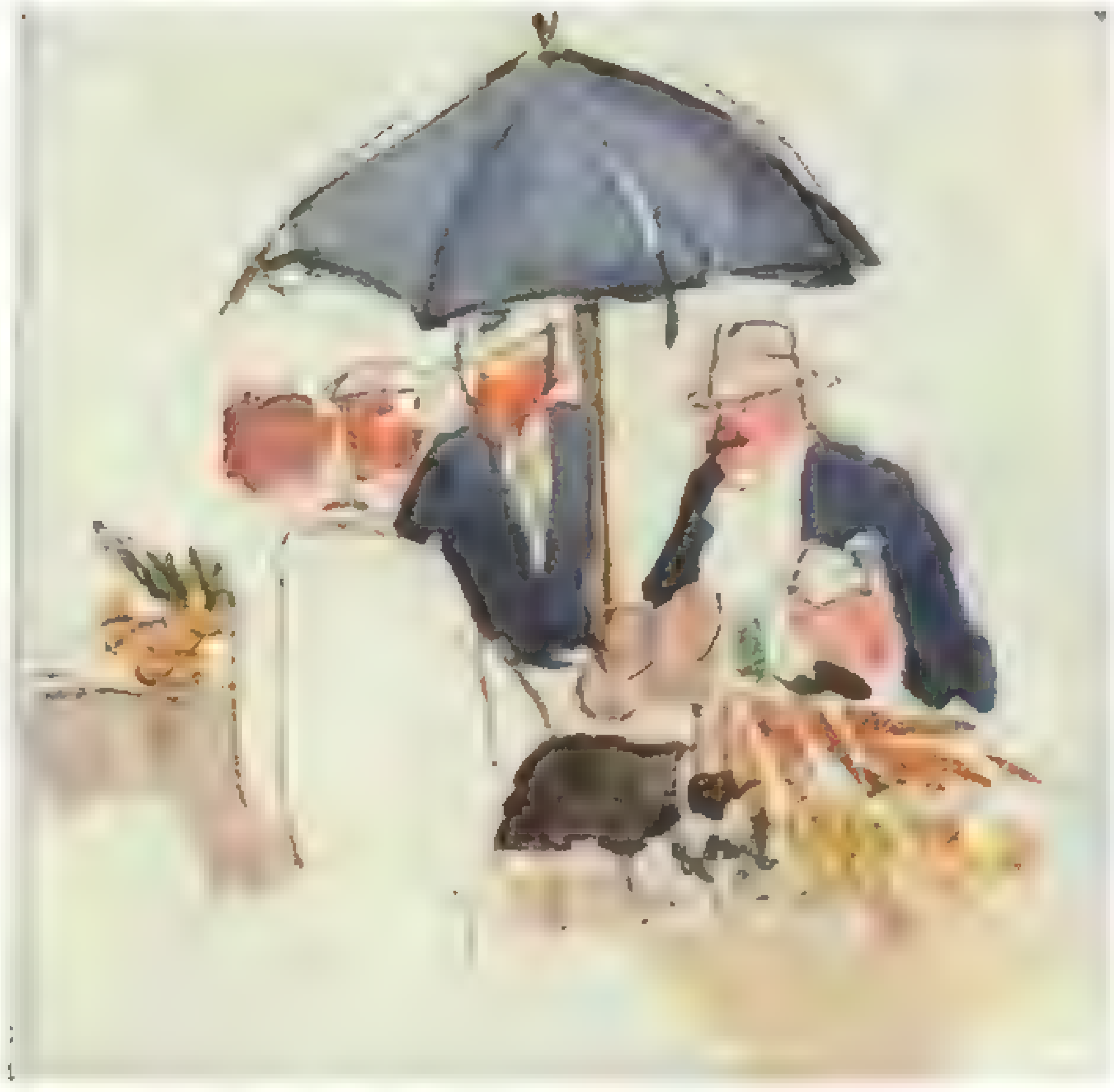
A Portfolio of Quebec

PAINTINGS & SKETCHES *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

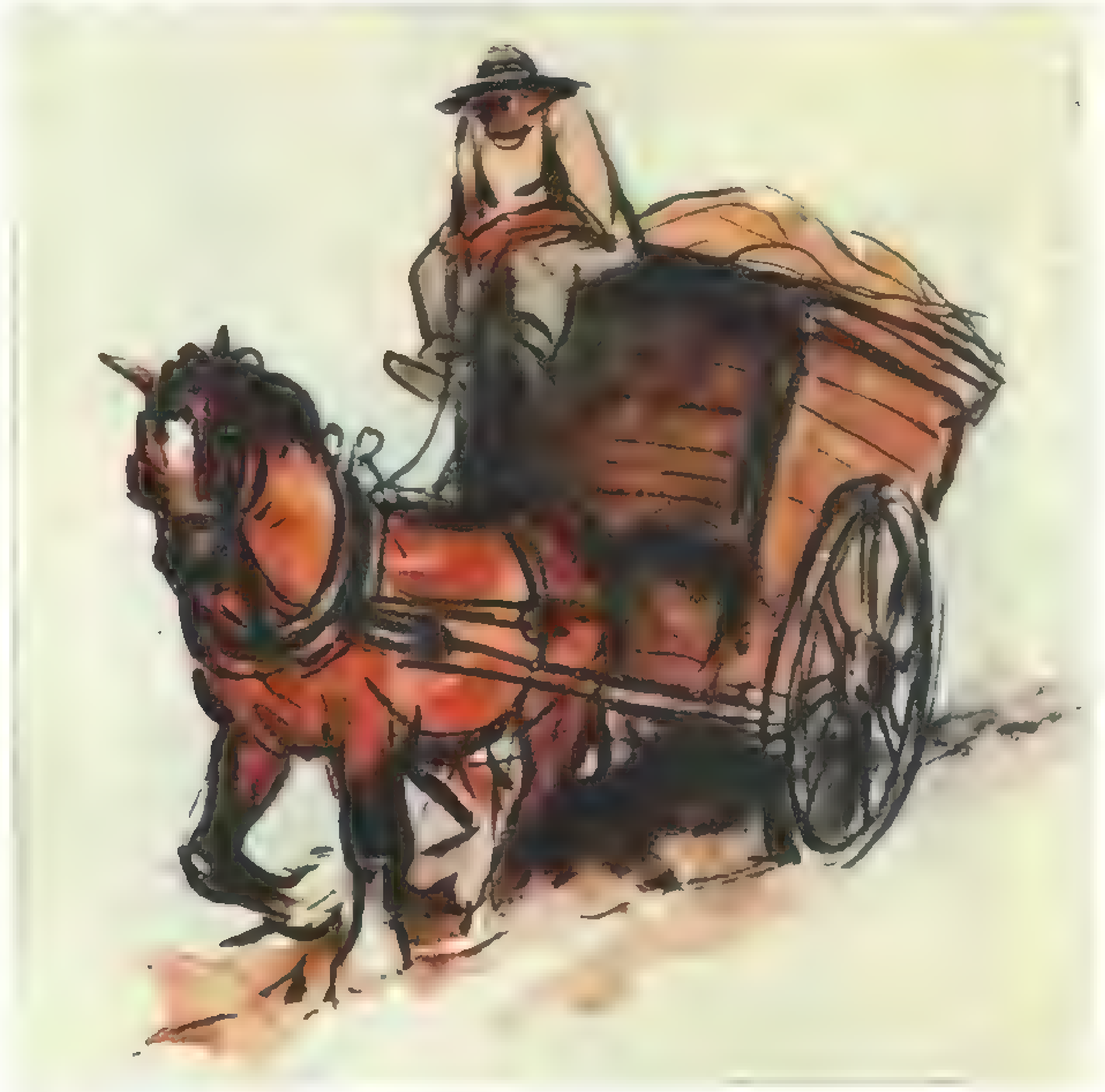
THE Province of Quebec is like a small island of France in a sea of English. The City of Quebec, once the capital of New France but under British rule for over 175 years, still retains much of its medieval atmosphere. Automobiles as yet have not replaced the two wheeled "calèche" and the horse still holds his own. Open market places on cobblestoned squares offer opportunities to thrifty housewives of living up to traditional French economy, while the farmers plow, plant, reap, deliver and sell their produce. Modern cathedrals, wayside shrines and monasteries beautifully gardened and landscaped are in striking contrast to old ancestral unpainted farm houses.

You can buy homespun blankets at every hundred yards along the highway, or have your picture taken in a dog cart for ten cents. Priests in old monk costumes ride the trolley cars unconcerned by the striking contrast they afford to the background and everybody goes to church on Sunday. There is a guide for every tourist and a statue for every guide. Three hundred year old tenements are slowly succumbing to the telephone, electricity, frigidaires and steam heat, but these people proud of their heritage feel for the beauty of the works their ancestors, still preserve the culture and language of their forefathers. The English invasion may never be completed.

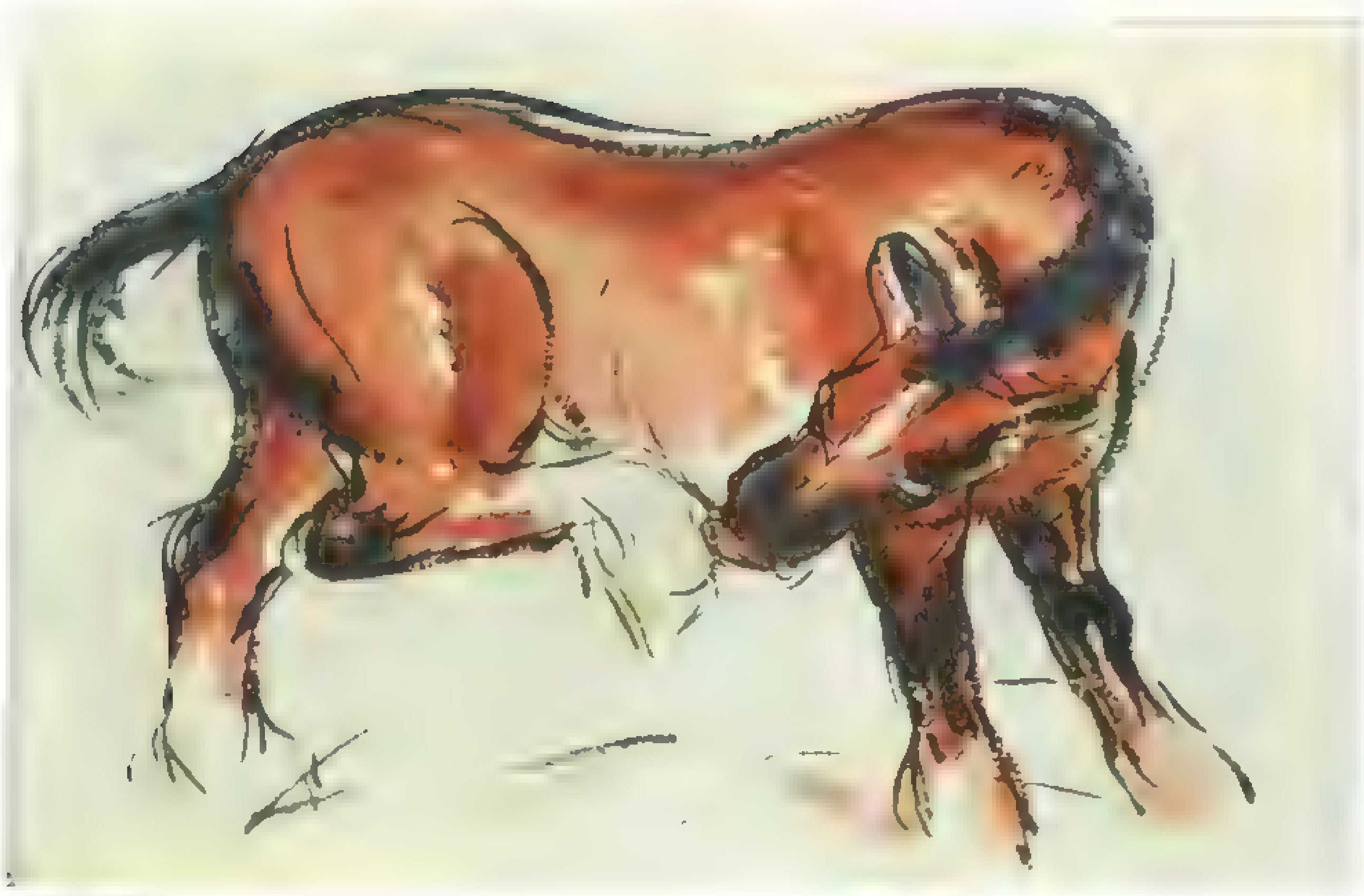
—ERIC LUNDGREN



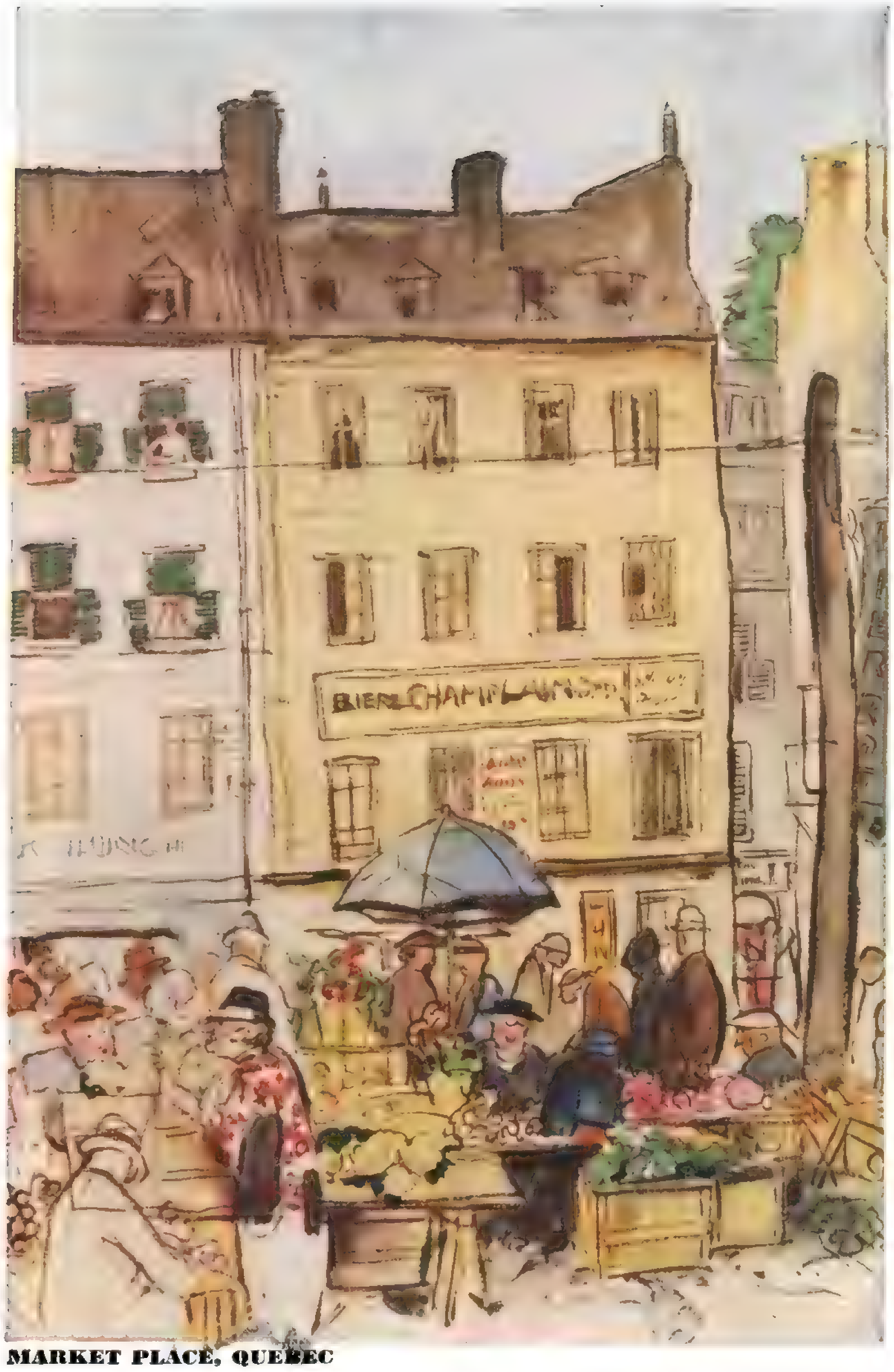
SIDEWALK BARGAINING



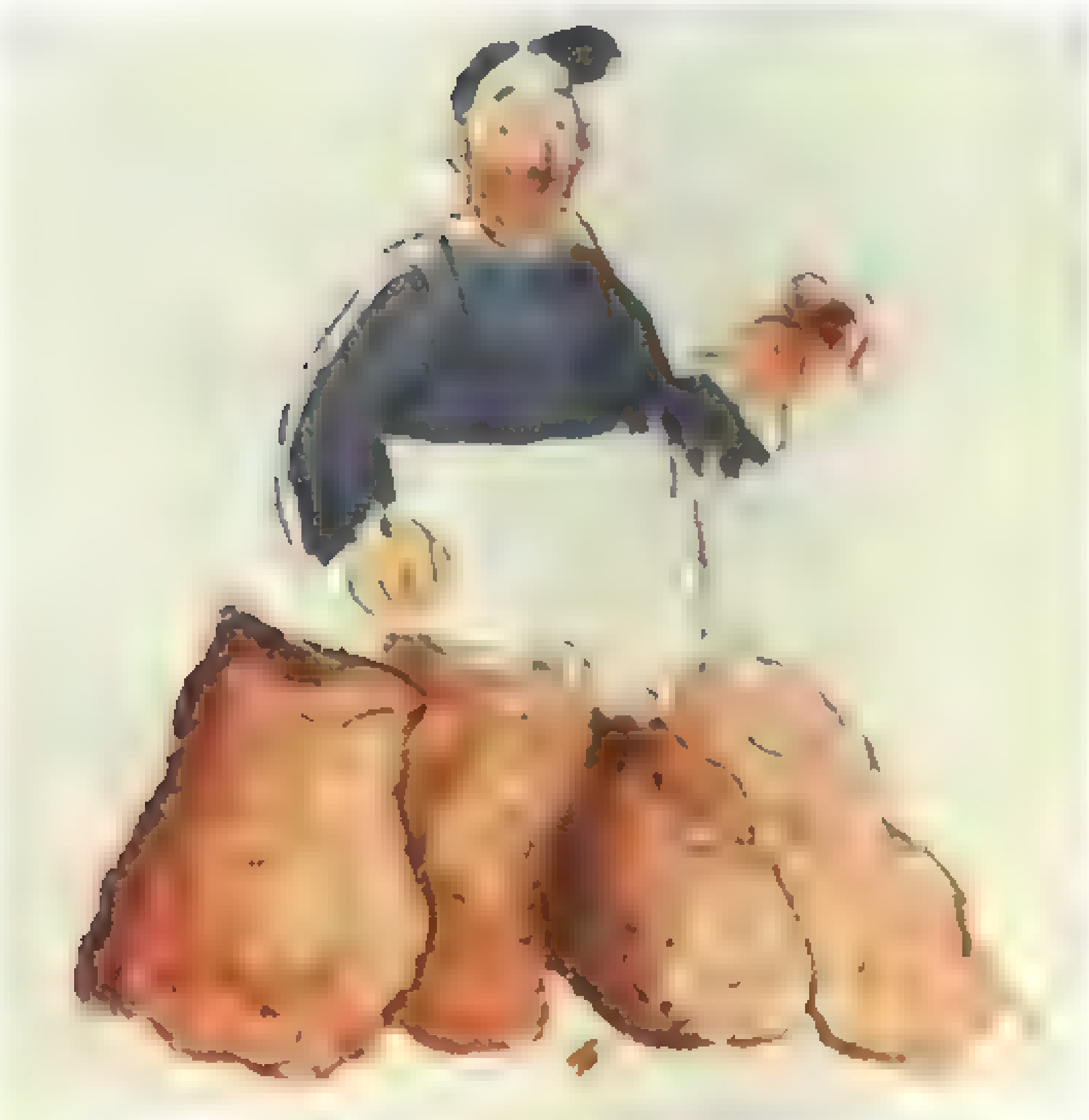
TO MARKET, TO MARKET . . .



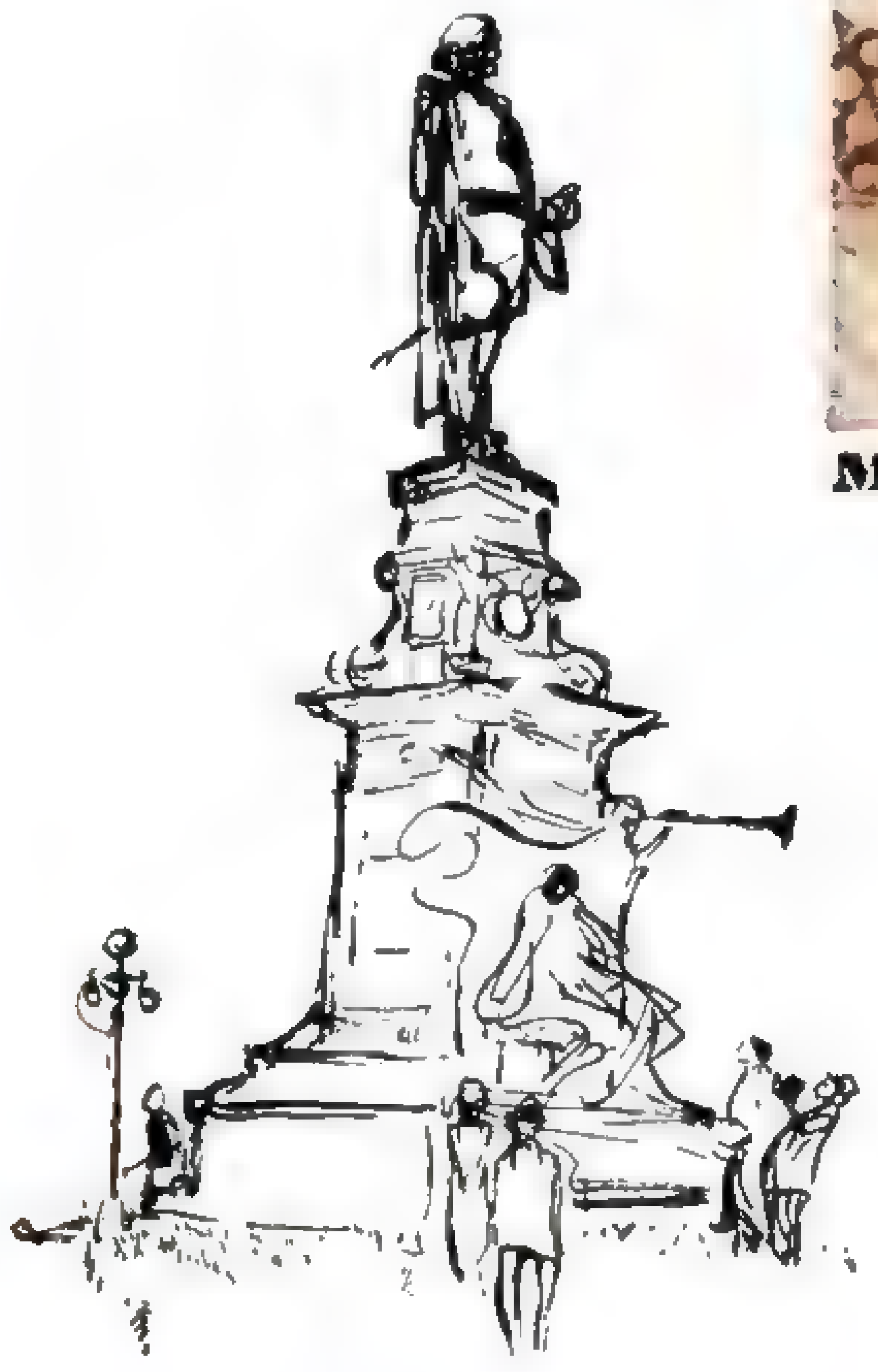
TICKS

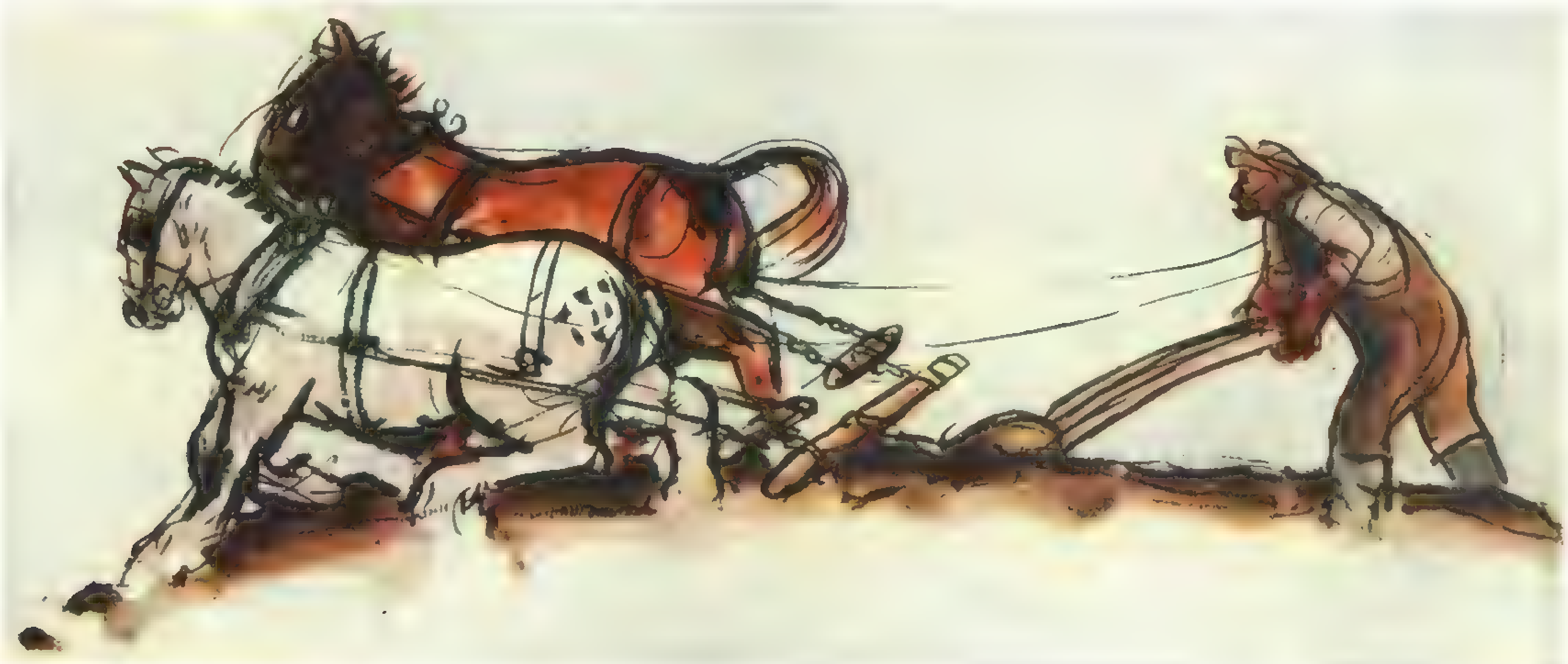

BIERE CHAMPLAIN

MARKET PLACE, QUEBEC

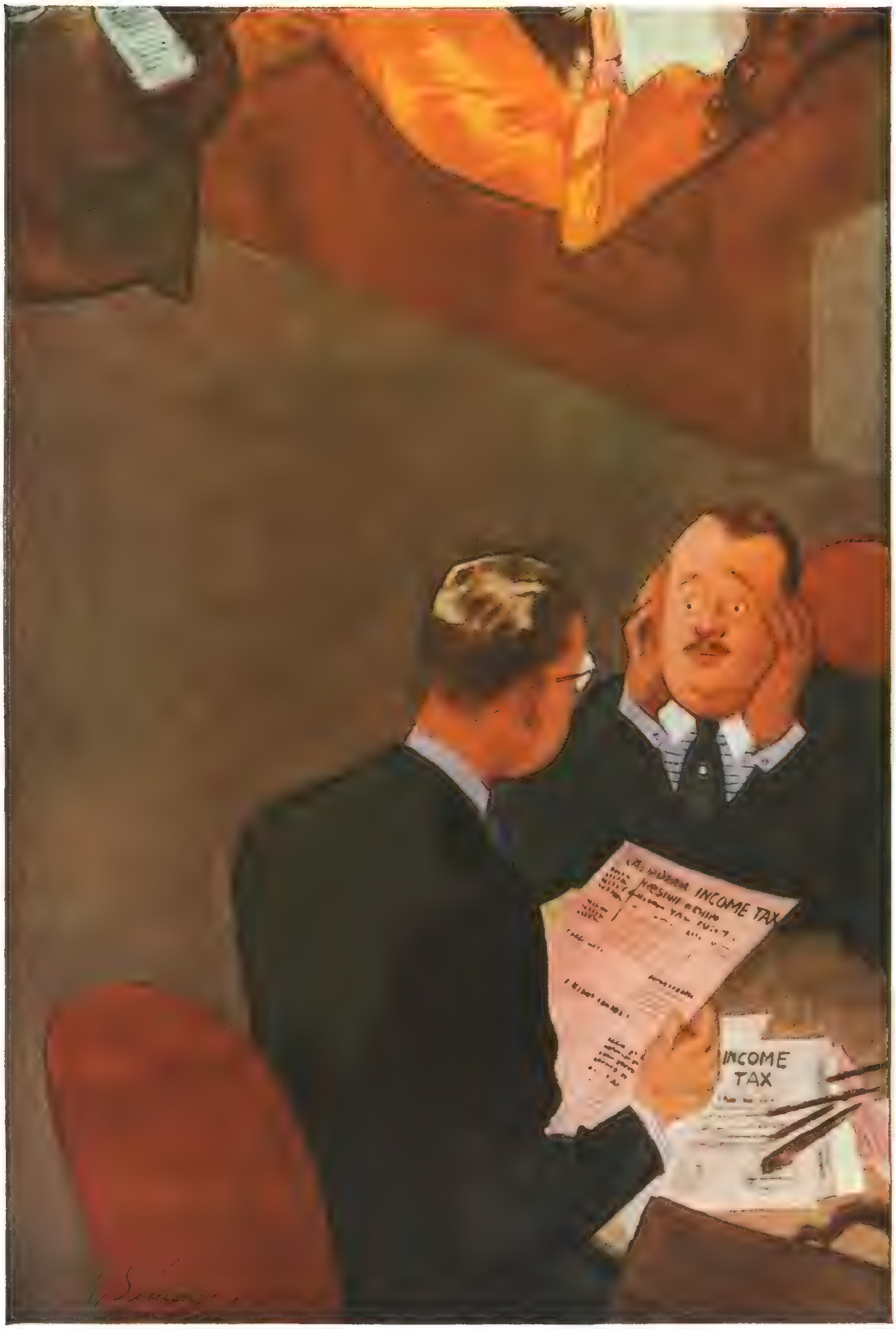


POTATOES





GROWTH OF THE SOIL


INCOME TAX
INCOME TAX

"I know she's an expense, but I don't think you can claim any exemption"

There's a Perfect Woman—

Legend of a wife who left the boys alone with potables and poker

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

There is the old theory that woman was created out of a rib taken from a man's body. Then there is the more plausible, current notion that she still resides in the parent body and usually can be located as a pain in the neck. But I once met a man who said he knew a perfect woman.

I edged him over to the end of the bar where no one could hear, in case he divulged the name or address. And I started to ply him with drinks. Then he said he was a married man and the percentage of my being on the verge of a great discovery piled up against me. But he insisted. Then he told me she was his own wife. I felt cheated and just put him down as a plain liar, checking up the cost of the drinks to my insatiable scientific curiosity. He pulled me by the sleeve as I started to leave and rather pathetically asked me if I didn't want to know about this paragon. Well, I had started this thing, and was stuck with his story, so to speak. I listened for a moment.

"You see," he began, "she had a sensible mother."

I told him I'd never heard a new mother-in-law joke and didn't want to begin now.

"Now, this is different. Every Thursday night she goes to her mother's house and leaves me—"

I'd heard that one, too, and beat him to the finish. I knew all about that Thursday night off stuff. That was the cook's night out anyway and the little woman would rather have you feed your face downtown than try to scramble up some eggs or open a can for you at home, even if you happened to meet a few men at the bar, even if you had a few moments of good-fellowship . . .

"No, this is different."

But I was going good now and he couldn't interrupt. I knew all about Thursday nights off. First there was the sleepy "hello dear, I hope you've had a good time," as hollow and hypocritical as a commuter's kiss at the station. And then about 2 a.m. as you are slipping down past the second threshold of consciousness into that good sleep, the cough, the repeated cough which somehow goes into second as a shaking sob. And when that doesn't get you, the turning of the faucet that lets out the deluge:

"I'd much rather have you fair with me dear, honest I don't mind. But *was* it that secretary again or the blonde you *said* you met on the football train," and so on into the night or until you take your blanket and go out to the couch in the front room.

My friend shook his head sadly. "I know, but this is different. What are you doing this Thursday night?"

I told him just the usual.

"You come up to the house then, and I'll show you."

But I wasn't going to rise to that bait. If there was such a woman as he described I didn't want to see her. She'd be sure to weigh in at 240, have a beard or something. I'd much prefer to think of her as a legend such as Santa Claus or the Happy Husband. I told my friend I wasn't much on meeting strange women, didn't think I'd come.

"That's just the point," he said, "there won't be any women around. Here's my address. Eight-thirty, Thursday. Some nice fellows'll be there. Don't fail me. It's not a stiff game, just for fun, really."

So I went up that Thursday and met the perfect woman—met her in the right way, as a sort of unseen companion in a man's home, not as a ringmaster or timekeeper. She was there in a way, doubly there, because she was absent. You even knew she was not in another room with her ear figuratively glued against the wall acting as a censor on men being natural.

A boy in a white coat met me at the door and took my coat and hat. He motioned to an inner room and through the smoke I saw the table and the chips. There was plenty of smoke, plenty of ash-trays, plenty of matches. I slipped into a chair, nodded to the introductions and took my cards. The other guys took everything as a matter of course and so I felt good manners compelled a like procedure from me. Even when four o'clock came and someone suggested that we break up after one more deal around, and the host said nonsense there was no hurry, I did not break down and ask if he wouldn't get hell the next morning. I had begun to believe his story about the perfect woman. Before the milkman came I was a convert.

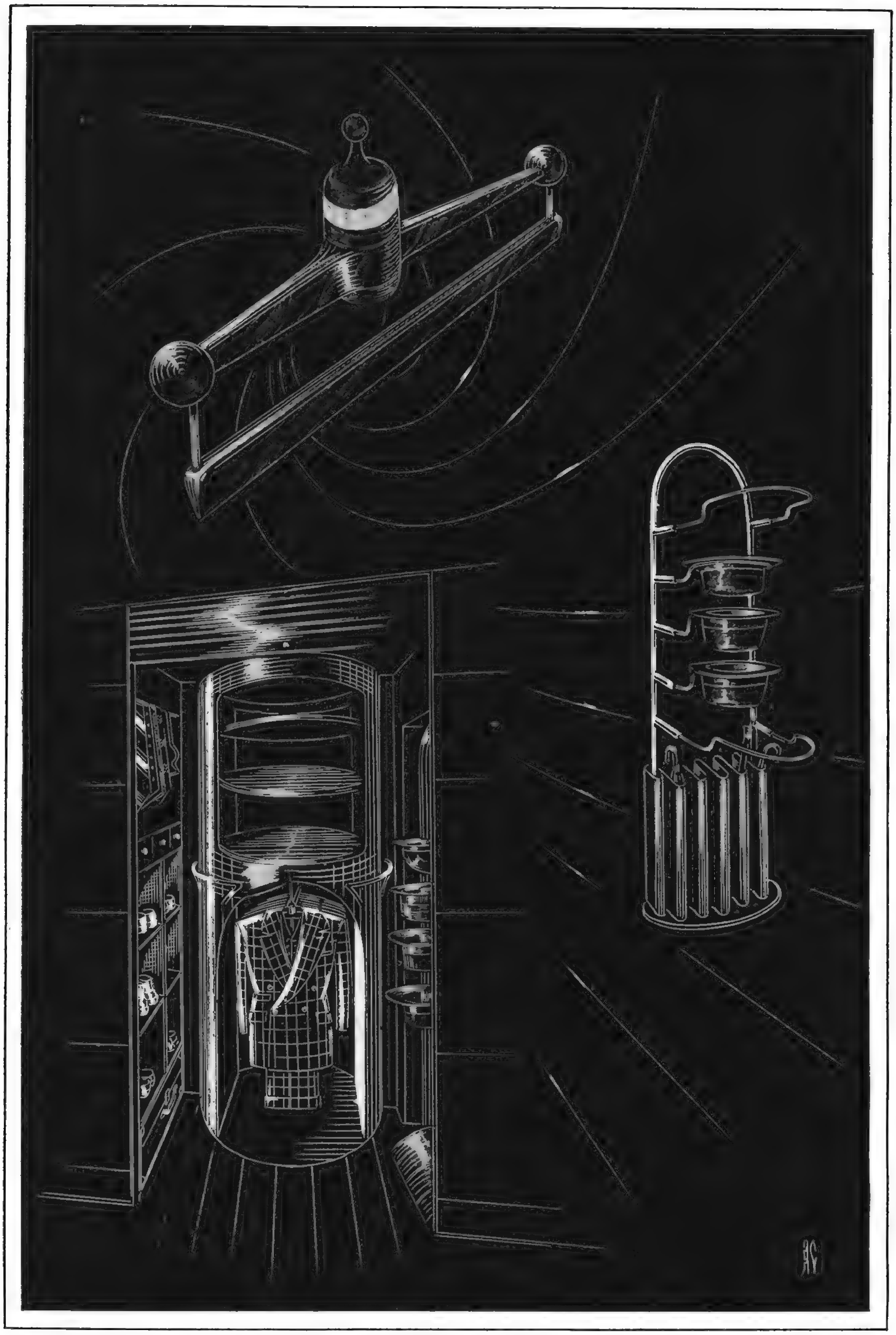
BEST WHISKEY XXXX

As we played the boy came around silently, without kibitzing, replenishing our drinks. I had started on rye. About the fifth drink he substituted a whiskey sour. I had decided to keep my trap shut so didn't protest. Later I realized it was a good routine, took off the loggy feeling of too much of one thing while sitting. About one we called it the seventh inning and adjourned to the kitchen. In the ice box was a baked ham, roast of beef and a roasted chicken. There was a pot of baked beans on the stove. There was beer for those who wanted to shift from Scotch or rye. And at the four o'clock stretch there was champagne, a grand pick-up in the early morning.

I lingered after the others had left to make apologies for my previous skepticism. The house boy was cleaning up the ash trays, airing the curtains, washing the glasses and putting everything into order. He would leave in a short time, and between the time my host went to his office and the time he returned, his lady would walk into a clean and orderly house. Furthermore, she would greet my friend at dinner with a smile and no talk about the smoke in the curtains, the alcohol stains on the table or the ashes in the rug. She didn't even grumble about the size of the kitty.

Where he found this woman or how it came about I do not know. He claimed it was all the little woman's idea, she took care of the entire program from house boy to refreshments, including beverages. All he had to do was to invite his friends. He said he got the germ of his idea from Frank Fowler, a guy who had once been a "sand hog" digging tunnels under the rivers. Fowler took him to a "sand hog" clubby evening, the host sitting in a chair with a case of Scotch on one side and a case of rye on the other. As each guest arrived he was given a bottle of his choice and a large tumbler. Then he found a chair, set the bottle on the floor beside him, and the evening went into its stride. Like all busmen's holidays, the talk was of tunnel digging and dangerous moments in their profession. If a guest ran out of liquor before the host could toss him another bottle, he got up and went to the case. My friend inquired about the women and was told that the women were smart and knew when they were wanted and when to stay away. The "sand hog" it seemed had a way with women and they didn't talk back. The night my friend had put the final question to the little woman, he had told her, off-hand, about the "sand hog" party and about the innate de-

Continued on page 168



FOR THE MORBIDLY NEAT *by* ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

Here's a clothes hanger with get-up-and-go; it has a "tear drop section" for trousers—a touch of streamlining invaluable if you ever want to race it against another hanger. There are rubber balls at the ends for shoulders and a "To be pressed" sign which shows when the sleeve is turned 180 degrees in one direction. If not, not. The clothes closet below has a revolving cylindrical shaft which houses, at the bottom, a row of hangers on a telescoping shaft and above, shelves for socks, shirts, etc. A chrome plated rail helps to turn the unit. At left, a series of open compartments for shoes, lined with sheepskin which obligingly polishes them, whether they need it or not, as they are removed or replaced. Access to the closet is by means of a flexible shutter like the ones used on roll top desks. At right, the hat and cane rack is shown in a detailed sketch; it is compact, but permits the removal of hats individually.

The Candid Cameraman

A communist comes right out and confesses where he gets his propaganda

by MEYER LEVIN

MOVIES

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Black Legion: Top-notch production on subject of hooligan organizations of Fascist tendency. One of the year's best pictures. In it Humphrey Bogart rises to the rank of Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy.

The Plough and the Stars: Worthy successor to *The Informer*. See main review.

GO ALONG TO SEE

After the Thin Man: Worthy successor to *The Thin Man.*

Banjo on My Knee: A pleasant river-atmosphere piece with Walter Brennan, the splendid character actor who did the Swede in *Come and Get It.* Mounting includes some unusually subtle touches.

Beloved Enemy: Would be a good Hollywood version of the Irish rebellion were it not for *The Plough and the Stars.* See main review.

Champagne Waltz: Jazz band versus Strauss waltzers. The final scene, in which the two bands literally merge, is the funniest piece of Hollywood's unconscious self-satire ever filmed.

The Eternal Mask: A Swiss film about the difficulties of trying out new medical discoveries. A scientist goes nuts after his serum seems to kill a patient; the scientist then suffers from split personality; the film follows his dreams and delusions to a sort of psychoanalytic solution. Has some distinguished photography and good acting, and is "different."

The Girl From Paris: I couldn't understand why Gene Raymond preferred Lily Pons to the cute blonde, but then, that's pictures. Jack Oakie and Mischa Auer save the picture.

Great Guy: Cagney's first in a year. See main review.

One in a Million: Circle-faced Sonja Henie, the ice-skater, turns out to be rather an appealing little gal.

Three Smart Girls: Deanna Durbin, the cute little girl who chirps, is being pushed as a new sensation. I've looked at a lot of singing teeth this month and hers look good too.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

As You Like It: Elizabeth Bergner's mannerisms on show. A tedious production.

God's Country and the Woman: Logging scenes in Technicolor. Otherwise quite mediocre.

Stowaway: Arthur Treacher, Alice Faye, and Robert Young almost suppress Shirley Temple.

WASTE

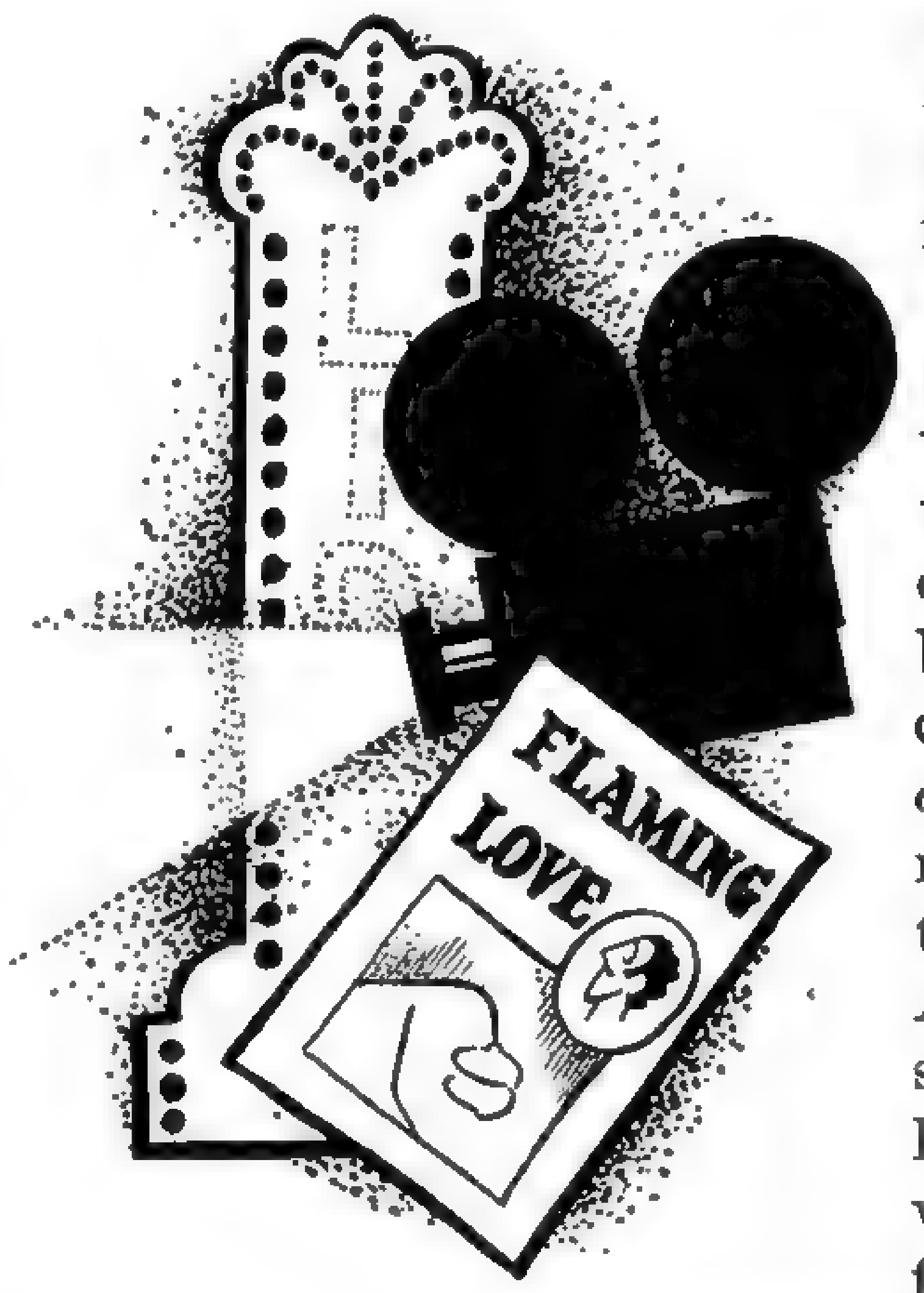
We Who Are About to Die: Utterly routine death-row film.

FIGHTING IRISH!

Only a few months ago the Irish home government cut a last strand in separation from Great Britain: it refused to recognize the ascension of a new king to take the place of the resigning romantic Edward. And so even that last gesture in a prolonged and bitter rebellion may be perversely colored with a touch of romance; it is the curse of the Irish, as well as their glory, that they are among the picturesque and romantic characters in the cast of nations on this earth, and the hardest reality of their deeds is always and immediately transmuted into sentimental legend, so that the plain truth is practically unknown, and unwanted.

To the public mind the Irish rebellion is a vaguely glamorous, Robin Hood matter conducted by poets and patriots over a period of generations, Molly Maguires and Sinn Feiners, hunger strikers, and snipers are intermingled in a general idea of a revolution something like the American revolution for "freedom," for "home rule."

Now the rebellion is over, but not forgotten; the time has come when the quick legends of the revolution can be generalized and offered, without harm, to the world public—the motion picture audience. The British are good losers; they are letting themselves be pictured in a historical sense as the fated villains of the siege.



When *The Informer* was made, there was a good deal of breath-holding on the RKO lot, while the London reception of the film was awaited. But London was wildly enthusiastic about *The Informer;* so now we have *Beloved Enemy,* and *The Plough and the Stars,* with *Parnell* in the making.

It is not the function of this department to discuss politics, except insofar as it is necessarily involved, and increasingly involved in the art of the cinema. At the moment, I shamefully admit, I am not even moderately well read on the history of the Irish rebellion, but I am therefore perhaps better able to confine my reactions to the films, and to point out the broken edges of reality which they show, the questions which they arouse.

The Irish home-rule movement is, with the Zionist movement in Palestine, an amazing example of the flowering of a national culture alongside of a political nationalist movement. The Irish attempted to revive Gaelic; the new Palestinian Jews revived Hebrew; the Irish produced a sudden new wealth of literature, an Abbey theatre that like the Hebrew Habima theatre became world famous. These two examples do not necessarily prove that a nationalistic spirit inspires new and beautiful works of art, for in the case of Germany, nationalism has practically destroyed the arts. I think that the cultural revival springs rather from the emotion of a return to freedom, even if that emotion may come from a partially mistaken basis.

Synge and Lady Gregory and Yeats and O'Flaherty and O'Casey, divergent as their literary ways may be, all drew from the resurging Irish folk-spirit; they were not necessarily linked to the political movement, and O'Casey at least saw some limitations of that movement.

The motion picture, having the widest audience of all the arts, reduces all matters touching on politics and history to their least offensive equation. In treating the Irish question, the group of pictures under discussion are content to say there was a fight for home rule. Irish and English become simply two opposing forces: they might as well be named Athenian and Trojan, for the purposes of the story opposing forces are needed, and lovers, and heroism. Only, it is sometimes impossible to tell a story of a fight without touching upon the issue of the fighting; so, in *Beloved Enemy,* there is a word dropped around the council table about "tariffs." Merely one word.

It is only when we get to *The Plough and the Stars* that we begin to understand what the people, the plain citizens of Dublin, felt about this rebellion. Simplified and reduced as it is, *The Plough and the Stars* nevertheless retains the irreducible verities of O'Casey's characters. All the cross-actions in the stream of history are given here: for Jack Clitheroe who would not go to France to fight for England, there is his neighbor Bessie Burgess, whose son is in France fighting for England; for the Covey who will not take part in the Irish rebellion because it does not further the cause of socialism, there is the British soldier who is a socialist, too, but nevertheless feels he must take part in England's battles. And there is the bulk of the population, the indifferent, perversely lovable world of Fluthers, who will take part in any revolt to the extent of looting the saloons.

Reduced to simple story pattern, both *Beloved Enemy* and *The Plough and the Stars*

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Judo in the Dojo

Continued from page 54

throws, and must not part under the strain of lifting a two-hundred pound man.

Dressed in this suit, and with sandals on his feet which he sheds at the edge of the mat, the player kneels barefoot on the mat, bows low to the picture of Dr. Kano, out of respect, and begins to fall. Falling without hurting yourself is one of the most important factors in Judo, and must be learned before the pupil can proceed with the throws—and being thrown.

If you were to enter the Dojo on a practice night you would descend the steps to the outer office. Standing there, you would hear suddenly, beyond the partition that cuts off the matted floor in back, a smashing thump that sounded as if the roof had fallen in. That would be a *good* Judo fall. The bad falls make no noise.

Try this on a soft lawn or a wrestling mat. Walk backwards, sink quickly on your left heel, let yourself fall over backwards, and just before your body touches the ground, slam your arms out at the ground at an angle of 45° from your body. The arms must be straight, but not rigid. They must whip, not push. Keep your head up by looking at your belt so that your skull doesn't bang the mat.

If you do this properly, you will find that practically all the shock of the fall has been taken up by the blow of your arms. By employing this principle, the Judo player can be thrown in any direction and spring up unhurt. I have heard a girl who holds the brown belt say that she often falls on the ice in winter and never sustains the slightest injury. She has played Judo so long that she breaks the fall by instinct. Another member—a black belt man—went head-first off a motorcycle going close to fifty, and saved himself with a breakfall.

It should be explained that in most of the falls only one arm is used to break the shock of falling. Perhaps the most spectacular breakfall is the thunder-fall—the oblique rolling breakfall where the player dives forward, head down, performs a complete somersault in the air, landing hard on left or right arm, and springs up of his own momentum.

I've heard of fellows getting injured at table tennis, and I suppose you can confound me with instances of people getting hurt at chess, but in all honesty, Judo is not a dangerous game. Oh, you can get stiff, you can stub a toe or wrench a muscle, but you can do that walking on the street. And if you *do* have a charley horse, it's because you didn't do what you were told.

For example. Beginners, holders of white belts, are forbidden, as a rule, to play together without supervision of a black belt. This is because the white belt knows imperfectly, if at all, how to guide the fall of his opponent after he has upset his balance. There's a nice feeling, after you've been thrown by a black belt, and turned a complete somersault to land hard on the mat in a beginner's imperfect breakfall, to feel the sure, guiding grip of some black belt on your jacket collar, and to look up into his reassuring grin.

And that's one of the nicest things about the sport. The instructors are good psychologists. The average white belt could work for an hour and perhaps not throw a good black belt once—even allowing for luck and accidents. But when you're learning a throw, they allow you to experiment on them by the hour, throwing them over and over. And most especially, when you engage in *randori*, or contest with them, and you finally lose out after a long and gruelling struggle on the mat, you may find yourself making your next few throws with a suspicious ease. Wisely, in this way, the instructor keeps you from getting discouraged, losing your confidence in yourself.

I'm afraid most of us, in our eagerness to learn the throws, hurry into offensive work before we have learned to fall perfectly. Falling takes weeks—sometimes months—to learn, and while you soon pick it up engaging in contest, it is the part of wisdom to get it down cold first of all.

The player who cannot fall perfectly is afraid. He fears the sailing through the air, the loop-the-loop when walls, mat and ceiling whirl, the hard, bumpy impact of the imperfectly broken fall. So he plays stiffly. And you can play Judo successfully only one way—completely relaxed. A stiff arm telegraphs your every attack.

Let us assume you have learned to fall properly. You are sitting cross-legged at the edge of the mat, your knees down, in order that a contestant who is thrown may not land on a braced, unyielding leg. Across the mat a black belted instructor nods to you. You rise, kneel, bow in salute, and rise to take each other by collar and elbow, gripping the heavy jackets lightly, pacing back and forth in step like dancers.

Infinitesimally, your opponent draws you forward, lifting you imperceptibly just as your weight is about to go on your advancing foot. And with the sole of his foot he sweeps your landing foot aside, jerking you forward, off your balance, guiding your fall by pulling you down on one side and pushing you over on the other.

You feel your balance go, no last-minute footwork will save you. So you look down at the mat, let him roll you over neatly, and you drop on your back with a resounding *thwack* (I hope) of your arm on the mat. The wonderful thing is, the method of throwing itself sets you down flat in a clean fall. Done by a competent man it lays you symmetrically on your back. As an extra aid, the instructor can, by pulling up on your collar as you land, lower you to the mat with any degree of ease. Or he can stop your fall completely before you touch the mat at all.

Randori, the Judo contest proper, consists of tripping, or throws, and mat-work, or wrestling. In Judo, the point is won by a clean throw, shoulders touching the mat, but where the players grapple on the mat, the point is won only after the opponent has signified defeat. You can, and do, fall on your back, dragging your opponent over on top of you. When the going gets too tough, as when your opponent has an arm-lock on you that you cannot break, you signify that you concede the point by tapping twice—his body, yours, or the mat. In the higher degrees strangling is used, but here the white belts get a break. They are allowed to try all sorts of tricks they pick up around the Dojo against the black belts, but the black belts, because of their superior skill, have a handicap, and are restricted from using anything except straight simple tactics against the pupils.

Dr. Kano, in formulating his science of Judo, embodied an extraordinary wealth of attributes in his new adaptations of the old, feudal jiu-jitsu. Consider the following: Judo, unlike gymnastics, has meaning and purpose, and so, interest. It has secondary benefits added to physical culture: when you've learned Judo, you've got more than just a good physique. You have the incentive of attaining skill—a feature wanting in gymnastics. You have a *symmetrical* exercise, like swimming, which develops every muscle of the body evenly and naturally, without muscle-binding. You have an exercise or game which requires no equipment—an old coat and a soft lawn will suffice. You have a sport which is electric in its tension: the slightest relaxation from watchfulness may find you on the mat; thus you develop a natural alertness that becomes second nature. Your mind is challenged constantly in play to devise ways to entrap your watchful opponent. You become, in the words of Dr. Kano, "earnest, sincere, thoughtful, cautious and deliberate in all your dealings." Your imagination is stimulated.

If this sounds like the enthusiasm of the zealot, drop down some night and watch the contests at the Dojo. You will be struck with the laughing you hear. The sly thrust foiled; the tables turned on the confident aggressor; the horseplay, the remarks from the sideline, the spontaneous applause for an unusually well-turned point—this laughter has a quality of sheer joy you'll like.

You learn psychology, too. After all, life is a contest. You see the hot-head wearing himself out, being played like a trout by the skillful, but more patient veteran. You see the futility of opposing sheer strength to science. You learn, in short, that there is a single, sensible way to attack any problem, and that is to sit down and work it out on the basis of maximum mental and physical efficiency.

Aesthetically, too, Judo has much of the satisfaction of the dance. The efficient application of strength produces always the most graceful postures, and gives to the performer the rhythmic timing that is the dance's appeal.

Sooner or later someone always asks: How about a Judo man against a good wrestler? Or boxer? And what good is Judo if the other guy has a gun?

Since the study of Judo embodies not only boxing, wrestling, fencing, and other tactics of self-defense, it is like asking what a boxer can do against a one-armed man. The Judo man—if he plays by *his* rules—is allowed to strike, kick, trip, lock joints, twist, choke, hold opponent down and attack nerve centers. He is conversant with, in addition, though he will not use them in contest, all the arts of alley-fighting—butting, tickling, biting and gouging. That is to say, the study of Judo takes into account all fighting tactics of man and the defenses therefore. But if you put a Judo man into a ring with a boxer and the Judo man feints and then puts the boxer out of the play with a lick to the kneecap, what have you proved?

As for the inevitable question—usually propounded, by the way, with a sly leer—as to what the Judo man can do if the other fellow's got a *gun*: Well, you'd be surprised. But people still carry .45's. What can a boxer do against a gun? A wrestler? Judo doesn't pretend to work miracles.

And yet, if you get a break, here's a couple you can try. (But don't sue me if you miss.)

One expedient is to drop on one hand out to the side of the man with the gun and tip him over backwards with a leg scissors. Another is to somersault in under the gun with a thunderfall, and come up under the gun with a blow to the belly. Another is to keep your hands up beside your ears until the gunman's attention is transferred to the object he is lifting from your pocket, then to slap down hard on either side of the pistol and wrist with your palms about six inches apart so that the gun flies out of his hand. Another is to knock the gun out and up, snake your right hand up *under* his right armpit and *over* his right wrist, his arm being bent, of course. Or grab the cylinder of a revolver, preventing it from turning.

In other words, the maximum-efficient use of mind and body. The man who knew and could perform these defenses expeditiously in practice would surely be no *worse* off if he was absolutely certain the gunman was going to pull the trigger and wanted to go out trying. #

For Digestion's Sake.. Smoke Camels

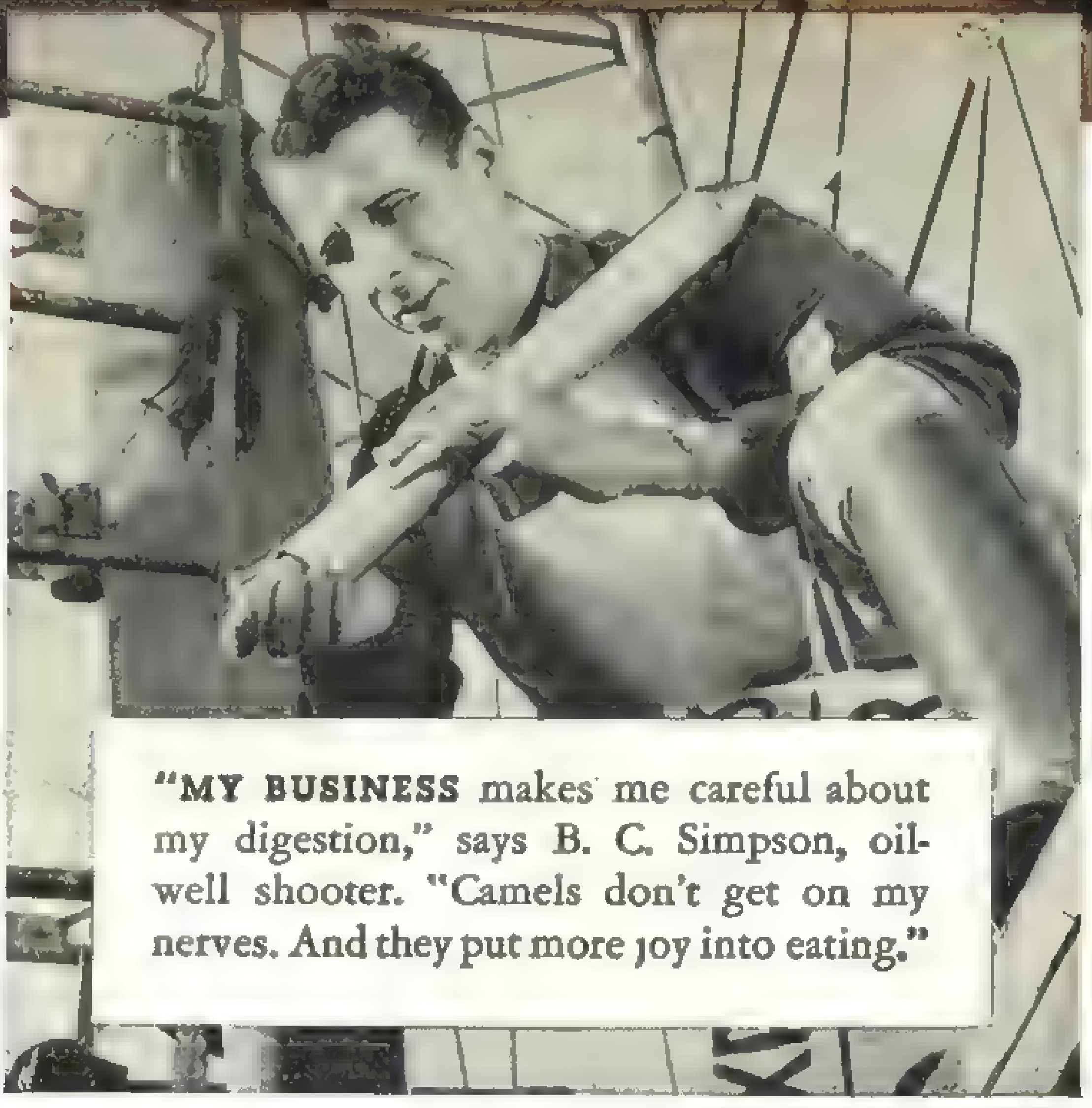
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' meant a world of comfort to me. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

Camels help you go through a day with a sense of well-being

HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes—enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals—get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"

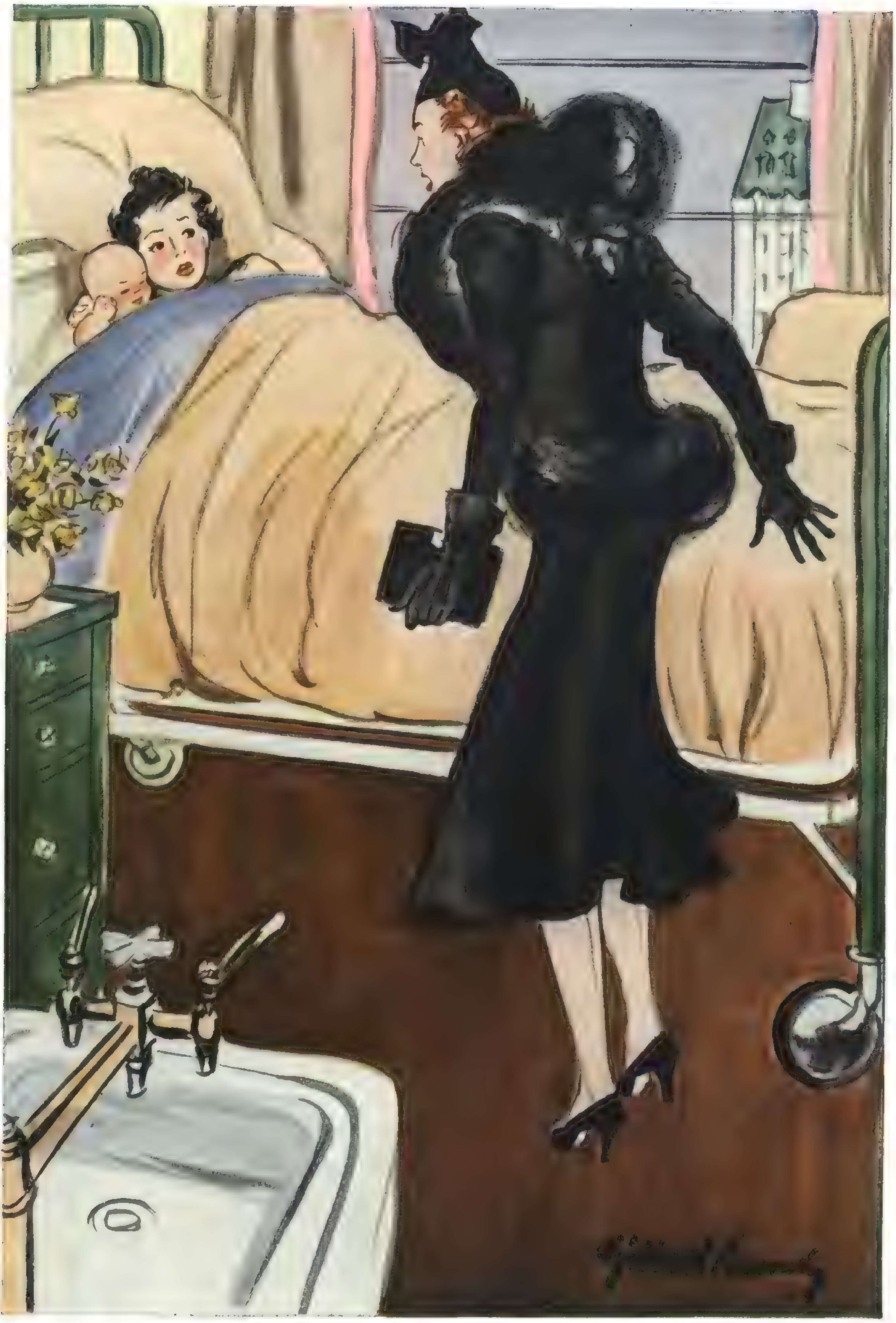


"**MY BUSINESS** makes me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "Camels don't get on my nerves. And they put more joy into eating."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Winston-Salem, North Carolina

COSTLIER TOBACCOS Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand



"Why, darling! What happened?"

Practical Joker Number One

Continued from pages 66

torically declaimed the ancient formula of welcome. The Sultan beamed his pleasure and radiating an abundance of toothy smiles, loosed an elaborate response in his native tongue, which his interpreter readily translated as a happy and grateful expression of thanks. The Sultan was deservedly in all his joy and glory, for this merry old soul was "Old King Cole of Zanzibar!"

A formal champagne luncheon was tendered him at the town hall and further speeches in pseudo-native dialect flowed freely. For the rest of the day the Sultan was continuously entertained and treated with the greatest of respect. That evening, he was placed aboard the train for London and the university officials relaxed, their job well done.

That same evening, by special messenger, the Cambridge dignitaries unexpectedly received a neatly wrapped packet, which upon being opened, revealed a most unusual memento from the Sultan. The accompanying card read: "The dorsal fin from the sacred shark of Zanzibar—a token of everlasting remembrance."

As to Cole and his friends, they, now demoted to the plebeian life of university students, simply got off the train at the next station. The glistening props, their usefulness now ended, they returned at once to Willie Clarkson, costume and theatrical makeup expert.

The next day, the ever accurate London press reported the presence of the exotic Sultan in two places at the same time—he had spent the entire preceding day at Cambridge as well as in the Colonial Office in London. And a long time passed after this amazing coincidence before the University of Cambridge authorities again became so wrought up and displayed such a warm personal interest in a foreign potentate.

One might suppose that an impish rogue like Cole would find it almost an impossibility to keep his friends because of the ever impending danger of being belittled by one of his incessant pranks. Rather, Cole's friends, who were numbered by the dozens, and included many of the most colorful and witty characters of London, regarded him with the same simple affection which one has for a good friend who is also a skilled magician, since in the intimacy of a friendly circle, the delight increases with the mysteries. Besides, Cole had an innate faculty for making good, clean fun fall harmlessly and impersonally upon all alike.

But, as children and simpletons frequently embarrass the magician by being over-inquisitive, so some of Cole's friends would often challenge him to do the impossible.

"I'll wager," one of his friends once dared, "that you couldn't stop the traffic in Piccadilly for twenty-four hours."

"I'll take you for a thousand pounds," Cole accepted, "and to teach you a lesson, I will stop the traffic not only for twenty-four hours, but for forty-eight."

So bright and early the very next morning Cole strolled down toward Piccadilly, to look over the lay of the land. He had nothing definite devised as yet, which he deemed worthy enough for the occasion. He filled his pipe, but as he was about to light up he saw a group of laborers across the way standing aimlessly about with an array of picks, shovels, ropes, lanterns, railings and tool bags. A luminous idea flashed into Cole's mind. It was the Beelzebub in him awakening, giving birth to a type of prank which was destined to become legendary the world over.

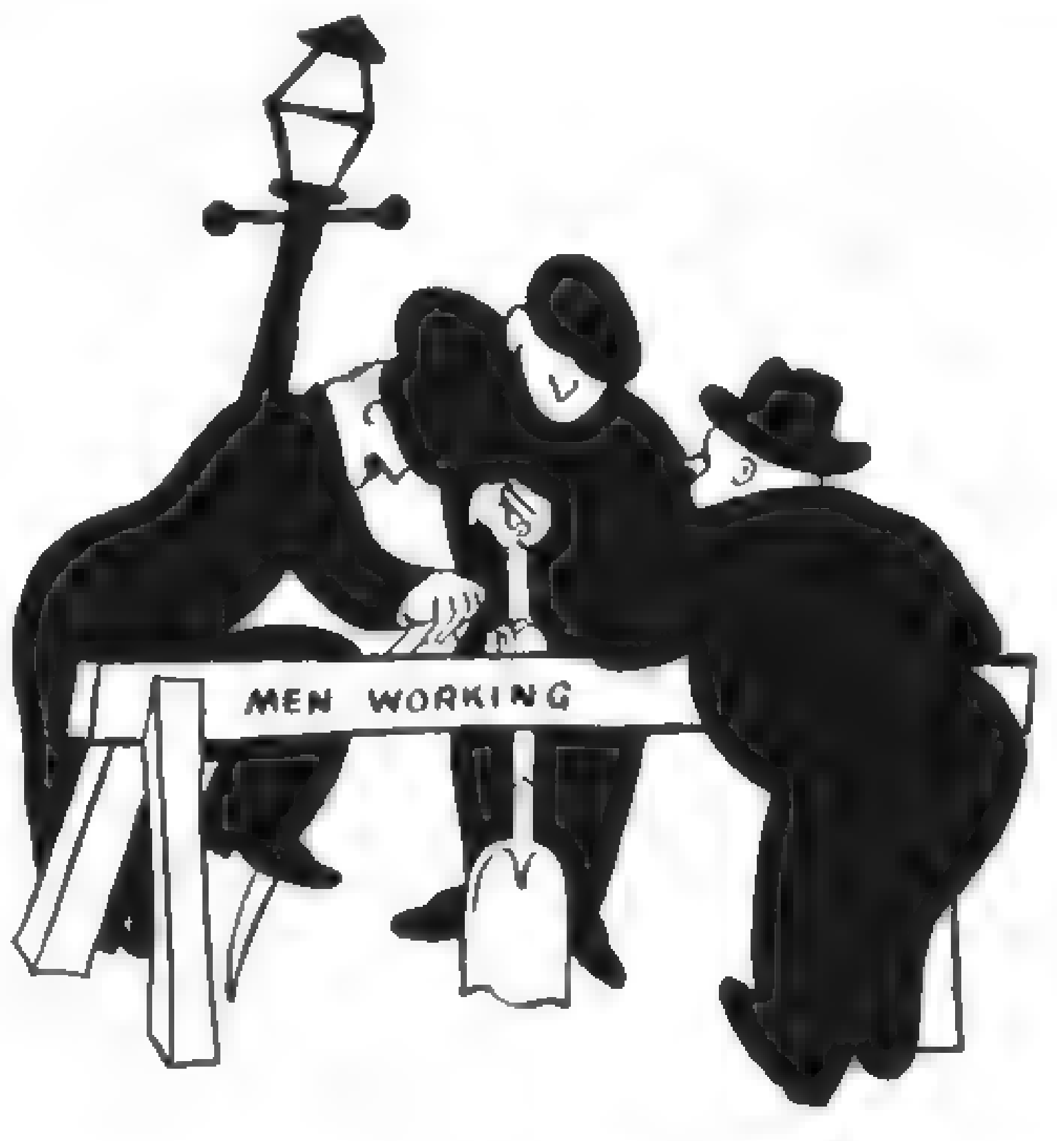
Immediately, Cole hastened across the street and blustered:

"What the hell are you men loafing for? What do you think this is—a holiday?"

The men respectfully explained that they had been told to wait there until the contractor arrived.

"Nonsense," Cole reprimanded them, "you're twenty minutes late now. Follow me."

The workmen quickly slung their outfits over their shoulders and without the slightest hesitation followed Cole to Piccadilly, one of the busiest arteries of London, and stopped near Bond Street. There they unloaded their instruments and at Cole's direction, railings and ropes were quickly and efficiently jointed and stretched across the pavement. Passionately, they attacked their problem. Down swung the picks, up popped the pavement. They did a thorough job and left no stone unturned.



The police, realizing the significance of the enterprise and the many obstacles hindering its progress, solicitously stopped all traffic and rerouted it through the adjacent thoroughfares. Soon the empty Piccadilly was as deserted as a stage setting after a performance. In no time a substantial ditch yawned across the full width of the street, the serious-minded workmen ever nearing their goal; a hidden treasure in the guise of a murky gas main. All day long Cole stuck gamely to his post but, when four o'clock came, he decided to call it a day. And so he deserted his trench AWOL and washed his hands of it all.

The next day, not a single one of Cole's legionaires reported for duty in Piccadilly. It was only after lunch that a zealous bobby, coming to his post and finding his field of activity still roped off and no one on the job, took it upon himself to notify headquarters. The Department of Public Works was called and in all surprise most emphatically denied knowing anything about this extra-curricular activity. But Cole's crew had dug so wisely and so well that only upon the third day did the emergency squad, after a most feverish session, succeed in filling and repaving Piccadilly and restoring it to normalcy.

So utterly successful was this novel method of rearranging traffic, that commendable reports of its possibilities found their way to other metropolises, where enterprising young imitators tried their hand at it, among others being the valiant crew who later dug up the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City.

Ordinarily, Cole did not boast to his friends of his many exploits. But once a year, upon his birthday, he would arrange special festivities and gather all his friends and his friends' friends to enjoy one of his especially lively bits of handicraft, dedicated to them exclusively.

One such birthday was marked by a prank so colossal that it fixed itself in the minds of collectors of rare pranks as an unforgettable classic. For this occasion, Cole had bought out the entire theatre for one night during the London run of a revival of Farquhar's play *The Beaux Stratagem*. For every seat in the house he had sent out a personal invitation, and had been gratified to receive immediate acceptances from all. The performance was to begin promptly at eight. Cole, however, had reserved a block of six rows, in the center section of the main floor for certain special guests. To some of these, he had intentionally sent invitations which announced the performance as opening a half-hour later than was actually scheduled.

It was the night of the performance. Fashionably dressed Londoners packed the house. Cole, surrounded by a picked number of intimate friends, sat unobtrusively in the uncomfortable stalls in the gallery. The first act ended, the lights went up. The intermission was only of two and a half minutes and the late-comers quickly filed to their seats, baffled by the unexpectedly early start of the performance. And then the gallery sitters with Cole looked down upon the main floor and the sight they beheld provoked them to burst into roars of overpowering laughter. Nothing could have been more unbelievable than the view from above. Cole had made certain that these late-comers were all definitely bald-headed. And once they had taken their reserved seats, it was noticeable that there were a number of other bald-headed gentry interspersed about them. All together these exfoliated and shiny scalps completed a rare mosaic. They spelled a four letter word, a monosyllable, not usually found in Webster but which sometimes graces the sidewalks and board fences of some of our more exclusive neighborhoods.

The lights are dimmed for the second act but the audience finds it difficult to settle down. The play struggles on as best it can until the curtain falls for one minute to permit the shifting of the set for the next scene. The lights go up, the anxious gallery looks down—Yes—the naughty word spelled in bald heads is still there. Another and louder crash of laughter shakes the house. Cole's protégés on the main floor, the bald-headed league and all, turn in their seats and look up, mystified and irritated at the disturbance from above. The lights go down for the next scene, then up, then down, then up, with an ever increasing crescendo of excitement to the point of hysteria until the end of the play.

The bald-headed mosaic finally breaks up and each fragment, now well protected under a silk hat, goes peevishly home, with the question mark still troubling him: "What the devil were they laughing about anyway?"

Incidentally, the master craftsman, Cole, in laying this choice and unique piece of mosaic, too evanescent for preservation, had not overlooked the minutest detail. He had even remembered to lay the dot over the one and only vowel—the "I," with a solitary bald head.

In addition to his many unusual talents, Cole was also a mimic of the first order. He could affect the mannerisms of any well-known character, while he could change his voice at will. And among his innate assets was the striking resemblance of his face to that of the pacifistic Ramsay MacDonald—bushy hair, full mustache, stately posture, and all. He had only to utter a sincere and vibrant "My good friends," to convince everyone that it was the Prime Minister of England who was speaking.

With this unusual equipment Cole, while out driving one day, was detained by an indignant bobby for speeding, but unhesitatingly proceeded to crush the representative of the law with the retort:

"You do not recognize the Prime Minister? I am in great haste on urgent matters of state."

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Practical Joker Number One

Continued from pages 66-115

And as he reached into his pocket, continued: "Shall I leave my card with you?"

The now excited bobby raised his hand respectfully to his helmet and spoke a few words of regret as the auto resumed its reckless speeding down the road. It actually appeared as though the "Prime Minister" were again dashing to avert another general European catastrophe.

Some years before MacDonald became the leader of the Labor Government in England, Cole, while strolling leisurely through Kew Gardens, one of his favorite sanctuaries, passed a group of laborers seated upon the lawn partaking of their noonday snacks. One of them observing the distinguished guest approaching, who he was certain was their own Ramsay MacDonald, called out:

"Come on, Mac, old boy, won't you join us and give us a speech?"

For an instant Cole forgot his facsimile resemblance to MacDonald, but quickly rallied, and in the interests of the Party, turned his stately steps toward the men. The laborers, startled by the unexpected acceptance, quickly wiped the crumbs from their mouths with the backs of their hands and expectantly straightened up, ready to listen.

"My Good Friends," the sincere and vibrant words of the accommodating leader rang out. "My thanks to you, for affording me this opportunity to address you upon this open air forum. Upon this fortunate occasion I shall definitely show you the only way to the final solution of all our political problems . . ."

And from here on the speech took some of the oddest and most unexpected turns ever imagined in an appeal to a labor audience. The workers were literally stunned by the outburst. And the longer Cole continued to spin his vaporous yarn, the deeper and faster did the gasps come from his astounded sponsors. For the oration which Cole, now as MacDonald, was eloquently delivering as Laborite Gospel was instead a stream of crass heresy and base sacrilege. Labor, socialism, and trade unions in all their aspects were roundly denounced and emphatically damned, while the program of the most reactionary Tory diehards was proclaimed as the only salvation of the British Empire. And as Cole kept shaking his finger in ominous warning, he slowly began to edge away from his dazzled auditors, who, still petrified from shock, watched him wide eyed, moving farther and farther away, still shaking his finger admonishingly, and repeating and shouting louder and louder his closing exhortations from an ever growing distance.

Comparatively speaking this prank may not appear to be equal to Cole's more brilliant maneuvers.

As a matter of fact, viewed from a historical perspective, some doubt remains as to whether this was even a joke at all. For within a few years, the real Ramsay MacDonald actually did make a complete *volte-face*, reneging his lifelong Laborite principles in favor of Tory doctrine which he embraced in order to retain his post as Prime Minister.

Only a few days elapsed after Cole's strenuous public speaking appearance, and before such a difficult audience, too, that he was ready for his next engagement. This time one of his closest friends was to be especially privileged.

The chosen one was Commander Oliver Stillingfleet Locker-Lampson, the "whip" of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, a man of great distinction and dignity. Elegantly fitted in the uniform of his rank, he was walking with stately carriage toward Parliament, then in session. Finding that he might not arrive on time afoot, and seeing a bus passing him on its way to the next corner-stop, he ran for it. But Misery Me! the ever sleepless Cole was on the job.

"Stop thief," his voice cut through the air in a cry of alarm.

A man running, another shouting after him, could only create a general mêlée. And as the innocent Commander barely lifted his foot to the step of the bus, fifty hands were upon him. All the protestations on his part failed to loosen even one hand from its firm grip upon his shoulders, arms and neck. An unfailing bobby was promptly upon the scene and immediately took charge of the astonished victim. As they pushed their way through the crowd, one of those pathological characters who are unfailingly found wherever commotions are brewing shouted accusingly:

"That's the man. I saw him snatch the purse from the lady."

The throng murmured as Locker-Lampson was whisked to the nearest police headquarters, where without too much difficulty he showed the authorities that the whole incident had been a most unfortunate and inexplicable mistake. It goes without saying that his ruffled appearance necessitated that he forego his duties in the House of Commons for that one session.

As to Cole, he had long since gone peacefully home, probably back to his everlasting picture hanging. But the next day it was his turn to be surprised, when, upon opening his morning paper he read the regrettable announcement of his own death; Locker-Lampson had paid him back.

But this funereal touch did not cure the ever lively and over stimulated Cole of his recurring impulses. He was immune to treatment and without pause broke out again. One of his college chums was being married and a fashionable church wedding was to take place. Cole felt that a substantial wedding gift the bridal couple would long remember, was in order, and when it came to the selection, he showed his unusual and original taste. As the joyful strains of the *Midsummer's Nights Dream* marked the ever-lasting merger of another happy couple, the now blessed pair blissfully proceeded to the front steps of the church to be photographed for the society columns. At this crucial moment a ravishing and breath taking beauty, exquisitely gowned and sensually perfumed, rushed up the steps, and in tears, passionately threw her shapely arms around the neck of the bridegroom, kissed him feverishly and clinging tightly to him, sobbed within the hearing of all:

"Be happy, my beloved. But remember, when your bride grows tired of you, I will still be yours."

In this effective manner she acted her scene out and just as dramatically made her exit. From here she went to meet her temporary impresario, Cole, who presented her with a costly remembrance and thanked her profusely for her artistic co-operation.

But Cole, himself, was not predestined to remain invulnerable indefinitely, for within a surprisingly short time he too, although a confirmed bachelor of forty-eight, went the way of all flesh and found himself marching rhythmically to the altar. Marriage was one thing he could not prank his way out of.

This was an ideal and long awaited opportunity for his lengthy roster of victims to gang up in a united front against him. But Cole had informed his friends that in view of his marriage, and out of regard for his wife, he had definitely decided to retire. Then he modestly confessed:

"I have perpetrated ninety-five major practical jokes during my career and have never once been caught out."

And with this official statement to the press he embarked upon his honeymoon to Italy.

Lounging before the monumental fireplace in their palatial suite in the Excelsior Hotel in Lido, the enchanting resort on the Venetian Riviera, Mr. and Mrs. Cole were about to retire. Cole rose casually to turn the burning logs with the beautiful pair of wrought iron tongs. It was still chilly on the last night of March. Regretfully he mused that after a long life faithfully devoted to the playing of pranks, it was a pity to let April First pass unnoticed because he had given his word. But after all, he was in a foreign country and it would have been a bit ungracious of him to slight this hospitable nation.

That evening, Mrs. Cole retired late, but not before her loving husband told her that he would be going out for a little stretch. Taking two of his large and empty suitcases and arming himself with the pair of wrought iron tongs, he left the hotel and proceeded directly to the nearest riding academy. To the astonished caretaker, unaccustomed to receive such late callers, he explained everything by giving him a hundred lire bank note, only requesting that he be escorted immediately to the stables. The caretaker, in increasing perplexity, courteously obliged and stood by stupefied, watching Cole, who with the help of the beautiful pair of wrought iron tongs, was filling his two suitcases with nature's precious elements which make pretty flowers grow. With this rare cargo, now carefully packed, he silently left the riding academy and proceeded to his goal, Venice, which he reached within twenty minutes. Without loss of time, he went directly to the Piazza of St. Mark. It was the dead of night and save for the mischievous Cole the square was utterly deserted. Quietly, he opened the suitcases and with his trustworthy wrought iron tongs delicately distributed his stock all around the square as though following like a ritual the trail of an imaginary cavalry parade. His mission completed, he returned peacefully to Lido, to his hotel, and to bed.

April Fool's Day dawned as the awakening, busy, citizenry of Venice started for their daily tasks. But a strange excitement seems to grip the natives. From mouth to mouth, whispers spread throughout the city. Everyone is drawn to St. Mark's Place seized by overwhelming curiosity. From every walk of life they come; workers and merchants, loafers and dignitaries, bishops and gondoliers, all circling the Square, to view the miracle of the ages. To the people of Venice it was the most baffling of all possible mysteries and defied explanation by natural causes alone. How could this be? In a city interwoven with canals and completely surrounded by water, with St. Mark's the only pavement? And with no flower beds, no horses and only pigeons?

All day long they stood and wondered, debating in excited whispers the miracle of the winged horses. And thereafter once a year, upon the anniversary of this memorable event, the good-natured Venetians wink at each other smilingly, remembering that their city now has an April First tradition, such as no other city on earth can ever hope to duplicate.

Having succeeded in making Venice envied for its overnight rise to greater fame, Cole actually and definitely let this bored and weary world shift for itself. On February 25, 1936, the passing of William Horace deVere Cole was reported from Honfleur, France.

But can it be that Cole's life has really ended or was this dispatch merely a prelude to another of his pranks? Or maybe just another futile reprisal of some other victim? ⧺

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Who Says You Can't Write?

Continued from page 91

their magazine thrown in. I have letters from both Mr. Green and Miss Gordon, who write for the pulps themselves. Miss Gordon encloses a tear-sheet from *Thrilling Love Magazine*, one page out of the middle of the story *Love's Declaration of Independence*, just to show what pulp paper is like. That Miss Gordon has no illusions about her product is made clear in a paragraph of her letter:

"If you enroll with us and are interested in my stories I will be glad to advise you the issue in which my material appears if you care to follow it, although I don't boast over the quality of my work. I am not a literary writer but a hack writer and although my work probably won't be read by the students of literature in the twenty-first century still . . . I have honey on my bread as well as butter. If you wish to study with me, possibly Mr. Green and myself can advance you to some measure of success at an early date. You don't need to tell me that it is only in the movies that people gain success overnight. In real life you must work and study."

It is with relief that I cast aside Miss Gordon's prosaic message and come upon the four fat envelopes of the Richard Burton Course in Creative Writing. From one glossy page Richard Burton, A.B., Ph.D., L.L.D., M.A., regards me coolly through pince-nez. Dr. Burton, I find on turning the page, is "The Master Teacher of Them All," and I may profit by his rich experience for the sum of $69.50. His course is endorsed by Hamlin Garland, William Gillette, Maud Hart Lovelace, and Irving Bacheller, as well as by scores of ecstatic graduates of the school. On the first page of the Short Story Analysis Test and Personal Questionnaire, I find a picture of Mr. Bacheller's home at Winter Park, Florida, as well as a picture of Mr. Bacheller taking his ease, puffing a pipe, and reading what might very possibly be an installment of Dr. Burton's Course, though it is not so identified. Mr. Bacheller, author of *Eben Holden* and *Candle in the Wilderness*, is a personal friend of Dr. Burton's, it is explained. It is nowhere stated that Mr. Bacheller has benefited from the course, but surely no one would have the temerity to pooh-pooh the endorsement of a man who has built such a fine house with, one supposes, the profits of authorship.

There is much interesting information in these envelopes of the Richard Burton Schools, Inc. Robert Burns, I find, "wrote poems for a number of years before making a sale." Cervantes, similarly, "strove for years to write plays, poetry, and stories before he achieved recognition with *Don Quixote*." John Bunyan had a hard time before *Pilgrim's Progress* clicked with the public; Knut Hamsun once conducted a Chicago street car; Sydney Porter (O. Henry) wrote many of his early stories behind prison bars. These facts are but a few on a page headed "THE STEPLADDER." No editorial comment is made. The inference is sufficiently obvious—that Burns, Cervantes, Bunyan and the rest had no Richard Burton to guide them. At least I think that's the inference, but it may be only that "genius is nine-tenths perspiration, one-tenth inspiration," a saying of the late Thomas A. Edison which is brought to my attention in a separate letter.

The Writing Aptitude Test of the Burton Schools asks the applicant to check the type of story he believes he can write best of these categories: Love Story, Detective, Mystery, Adventure, Human Interest, Sea, Domestic, Religious, Juvenile, Animal, Humorous, Business. It is suggested that he indicate first and second choice by the letters *A* and *B*. It seems to me an inadequate list, for it makes no provision for the man interested in writing stories of the Bathysphere, Malicious Animal Magnetism, or the Sex Life of Insects. However, there is a margin on which any such preference could be scribbled, and I have no doubt the Richard Burton Schools could make room for such a radical.

The applicant is also asked to describe any natural scene as he saw it. Or "perhaps you do not care for Nature. You like a skyline, a boulevard, a market or a boat on the river. Write about anything that you have interest in—a threshing machine, a cake fresh from the oven, a dance hall. But write to express your feelings for a specific thing or place." For this composition you are allowed a piece of paper approximately six inches square. You are allowed a similar space in which to write about yourself or someone you know. There is a space for listing five of your favorite contemporary authors and five of your favorite short-story writers of any period; but none for your favorite movie-star or flower.

For your $69.50 you get the Complete Course of 25 Lessons, Criticism and Revision of Eight Stories, three books of short stories, and several other items, the one of which I feel most lost without being the Personal Note Book. ("It is very convenient in which to record your ideas and impressions as you progress with the Course," they say.)

My eye is next caught by an elegant 30-page brochure. Skimming the first page, entitled "An open letter to *you* from Floyd Gibbons," I learn that there was a call for someone to take up the task of training next year's radio stars, and that it was said to Mr. Gibbons, "Floyd, it's up to you to do something." Whereupon Mr. Gibbons apparently dropped everything except a couple of broadcasting contracts and established the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, with headquarters in the nation's capital. Says Mr. Gibbons, "Radio, I learned, *looked like* the stage, *like* the movies, *like* literature—but was in actuality entirely different."

Pausing to wonder by what devious route Mr. Gibbons arrived at the conclusion that radio isn't just literature in fancy-dress, I skim on and find that his course is of the *table d'hôte* variety. It covers every angle of broadcasting, comprising lessons on Building a Radio Personality, How To Reflect Action in Your Voice, Talking Before the Microphone, How To Write Radio Plays, How To Correct Speech Habits, How To Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, and many others. You get all this, a microphone that attaches to any radio set (station WARD, that makes you), Examinations, Consulting Services, Personal Supervision, a Final Examination, and, if you pass, a Certificate of Proficiency, all for the trivial sum of $55.00 ($67.50 if paid in installments). Following a suggestion in one of the five mimeographed letters I have received to date, I have read carefully the illustrated booklet, "How To Find Your Place in Broadcasting." I have been asked which of a number of $3,000 to $15,000 (and up) jobs I would like to have, and have read many other enticing offers and authentic testimonials. I have read practically every word of Mr. Gibbons' handsome literature, but I have found no guarantee that, subscribing to the course for the purpose of learning continuity-writing, I might not emerge a crooner. But after all, I suppose I should not quail at taking the risk, for, as Mr. Gibbons points out, BROADCASTING offers not only *security*, *financial independence*, and *fame*—but *adventure* as well.

The Newspaper Institute of America holds that the experience of a reporter is essential to all who would become writers, and offers a course providing the equivalent of such experience. The price of the course is not divulged until one has filled in the Observation Test. This consists, in part, of a drawing of a grade-crossing accident, and the applicant is called upon to reconstruct the tragedy, get the story behind it, and note all significant details, just as though he were covering a scoop for his paper. Another division of the test is a story with blank sections which must be filled in to round the thing out. Having a conviction that the story behind the accident is a sordid one, there being in evidence a broken whisky bottle, a woman's shoe (no *lady* would ride in the same car with a whisky bottle), and a revolver, I prefer to leave it where it is. Feeling, also, that I'd flunk on the whole test and be kept after school for my answers to the requests for Personal Information, I am not impelled to ferret the price of the course out of the N.I.A., as it is known to its buddies.

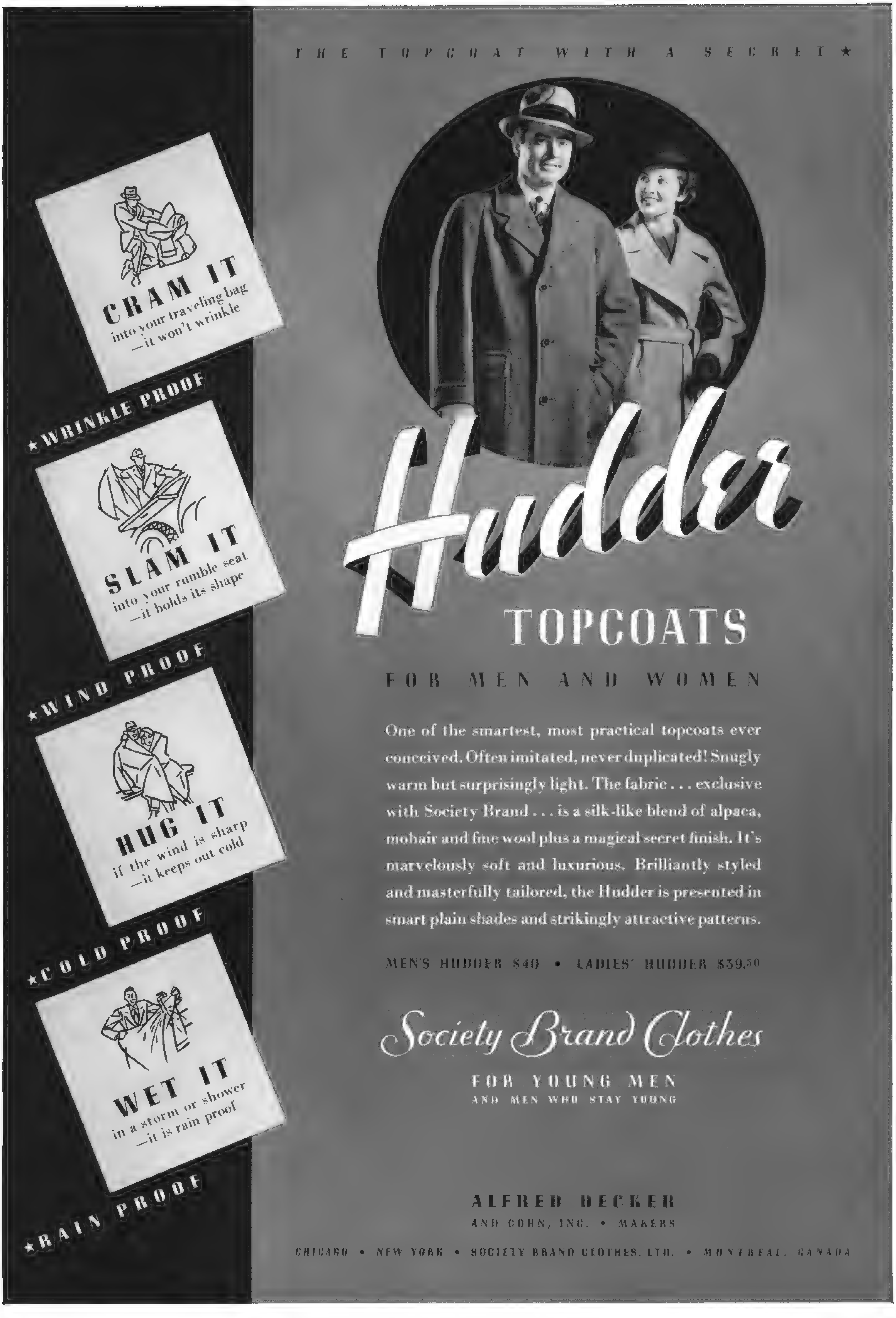
It is gratifying to know that if I should ever get stuck for a plot, I should have but to send for the Ernest E. Gagnon Company's PLOT GENIE, which goes for $10.00. As a spur to the flagging imagination, it is highly recommended by such authors as G. Haines Trimingham and Harry J. Noonan. To hear them talk, it is some kind of a wheel and book arrangement out of which original plots may be extracted by the gross, with no danger of hitting upon the same combination as another purchaser.

The establishments offering criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts are as numerous as the schools, but a little more stringent in their demands for something tangible to work on. They call for some sort of evidence that you *can* write, rather than stirring in your breast vague suspicions of literary pregnancy.

One may learn to crochet, sing, dance, play the zither, become a hotel manager, a civil servant, an osteopath, a cartoonist, a mental giant, or practically anything, by mail, but the drive toward converting every man, woman and child into an author is the most concerted of them all. The time is rapidly approaching when every last one of us will be manufacturing more reading matter than he and his family can possibly read, and there will be a situation analogous to that in certain towns in North Africa, where the natives live by selling oranges to one another.

Of all the advertisers, I think the one which beguiles me most is the Universal Song Service of Hollywood, California. They tell me how Irving Berlin, Buddy de Silva, Jerome Kern, Gus Edwards, Silvers and Cohen, and so forth, "wrote the songs that were in their hearts, and the world compensated their efforts with fame and fortune." As I understand it, I may write the words and the Universal Song Service will take care of the melody, or *vice versa*. As a matter of fact, they'd probably do the whole business if I asked them nicely—they seem so anxious to please. They'll put the song on the air for me as part of the service, just to give the song publicity and afford me the pleasure of hearing it played and sung. Mr. Henry R. Cohen is Chief of Staff of the Universal Song Service. He is the author of *Canadian Capers*, of which, I learn, "nearly a MILLION copies of sheet music and more than a MILLION phonograph records have been sold . . . to say nothing of piano rolls." The part of Mr. Cohen's letter which almost lands my signature is this:

"Whether you write songs for PLAY or PAY, you are to be encouraged, because it shows a lofty thought—a real cultural endeavor." #



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Parachute Jumpers Are Heroes

Continued from page 70

looking up between your doubled up legs. Then the world turns into a whirling maelstrom and you plummet earthward, somersaulting. The sky, the horizon, the green and brown checks below—all pass in blurred review. A new blast of wind opens its din. It screams in your ears, louder and louder as your body gains momentum. Baggy parts of your white coveralls balloon out; others begin a queer thrumming sound. You lay motionless like a log, still yet moving; your right hand clenches the square ring under your left armpit. The emergency chute feels like a large ball on your chest; heavy yet reassuring.

You've straightened out full length and the somersaulting has stopped now, your legs having acted as a rudder in the backwash made by your body plowing its way downward through space. Or is it because your head is heavier than your feet? A thousand feet have passed in split seconds. Sixteen feet the first second you fall, thirty-two feet the second second, sixty-four feet the third second and so on until fourteen hundred feet have been reached—so said a professor of something-or-other. He knew because he'd figured it all out—with a pencil. You've read about it in a magazine somewhere, and you've already fallen nearly two thousand. How long did it take? Ask the professor.

The wind screams louder and louder in your ears and you know you're dropping faster and faster. (Damn the professor and his God-damn pencil!) Yet, somehow you don't seem to be falling any more; the jig-saw below is rushing up to meet you at blinding speed. Reminds you of the Micky Mouse movie cartoons; the one where the villain rushed forward with open mouth and enveloped the screen in cavernous black. That's it—you're about to be enveloped. You look for the hangar, and find it.

The tiny grey dot has grown big now and is looming up bigger and bigger with frightful suddenness. Wonder what Abie does in winter? Probably sells newspapers.

You know by the size of the hangar that you've shot downward more than two thousand feet; nearer three. You'd promised them three and now wait a few ages long seconds more—jerk viciously.

The chute opens in a half-second. You didn't feel it leave your back or the kid glove snaps popping away like popcorn as the rows of folded shroud lines played out above. You didn't feel anything—except a hell of a jerk that sunk the crotch straps deep into your flesh. A moment ago you were falling, head down and fast; now you're head up and not falling—just sitting; in a giant swing fifteen hundred feet from the ground. There's a square metal ring still clenched in your fingers and looking at it you feel a little foolish, perhaps.

You shove up your goggles and look around in the tomb-like silence. Forty feet above you is a round sea of white with the tiny shadow of the pilot chute lying out on top near the vent-hole in the center. The vent-hole is to let out enough air to allow the chute to descend straight, without tipping from side to side. The canopy above looks like a giant umbrella with a myriad of zig-zag seams painted a few inches apart all over it. The seams prevent long rips.

From the outside edges of the chute the silk shroud lines run down to "risers" above your shoulders. They look like tiny strands but each has a tensile strength of four hundred pounds. Twenty-eight times four hundred is . . . Anyway, they're never spliced or sewed together. They run from one of the risers to the edge of the chute, up over the top and down again to the other shoulder. Like the upper half of a ball wound with white yarn. The web risers on each side of your head look thin and weak and you unconsciously reach up and grasp them like the ropes of a swing. Yet each will stand a pull of fourteen hundred pounds and is doubled, stitched with waxed thread. Twenty-eight hundred pounds to the shoulders; fifty-six hundred pounds; almost three tons. You let go again.

A pasture is two hundred feet below, for you've misjudged your drift; that and a cross wind. The chute begins to oscillate and you pull at the risers as you swing back and forth and back and forth like the pendulum of a gigantic clock. Down below a group of boys trot along, gazing straight up. Some distance behind two girls in Levis run awkwardly with breasts bobbing; giggling; one has a small camera. From across the field floats the harsh sound of cold automobile motors as the crowd poises for the dash out the gate; amateur jockeys hoping for first position. A half-hour before you were among them with an open helmet, passing from car to car. "Like to pitch in for the jumper?" you ask.

A man tosses in a dime. Another: "Sorry, buddy, ain't got a cent." Says a fat lady, ignoring the outstretched helmet: "Do you get a feeling in your stomach like people get while riding an elevator down?" A young fellow sitting with his girl in a shiny coupé drops in a half dollar. "Thanks, buddy," you say and go on. The next has a few pennies ready. There are always lots of pennies. A sour faced farmer: "Why didn't you jump when you said you would? I've got chores at home." He grumblingly puts in a nickel. Behind him in the back seat a half-dozen dirty faced kids stare.

Twelve dollars and sixty-three cents it totals, with the pennies. Gobs and gobs of pennies; a double handful. The chutes cost seven hundred fifty dollars. Twelve sixty-three and a hundred thirty-five cars. Nine cents a car; three people in a car. Three cents each. Three pennies. They don't *hope* anything will happen; only come out in case it *should*.

Down below the boys are still keeping pace. The girls have fallen behind; winded. A dry irrigation ditch looms up and you fight the shroud lines again. Landed in a fence, Abie had said. A fellow who wanted to help poured iodine on the bone sticking out of my shin. Damned thing won't heal. You pull at the risers and yell, "Look out, you kids!"

The ditch looms up. You don't float into it; more like jumping into it from a fifteen foot roof. You thud into the bank and roll down it to the damp bottom and sit up. Your feet don't hurt—much. Twelve sixty-three. The kids gather around to reverently touch the soft shroud lines. They feel of the harness. Stare. "Gee!" says one in a voice of awe. "Mister, will you let me carry your parachute?" ⧺

The Silver Fleece

Continued from page 82

to call it correctly every time. I explain this at this point in order that my readers may escape the wiles of such unscrupulous tricksters; naturally no gentleman would take advantage of a comrade in such an outrageous manner.

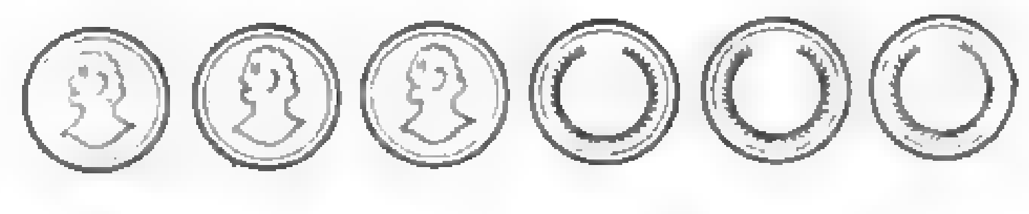
I would caution you that the stunt can't be pulled too many times, for the ears of the uninitiated are likely to catch on to the different sounds, and then good-by profits and enter possible mayhem.

One device to trap the unwary is so simple as to seem positively childish, and so obvious that one would think nobody could possibly fail to see it; and yet people consistently fall for it and are mightily mystified by it. Take a handful of coins from your pocket and keep your fist closed on it (you might jingle it a bit to show your opponent that you are holding more than one coin) and then tell the victim that he may take any number he likes from *his* pocket, odd or even as he chooses, and that you will bet that the total will be different from the number he chose—that is, if he selected an odd number, the total will be even, and vice-versa. His bet, of course, is that his number and the total will be the same as far as oddness or evenness go.

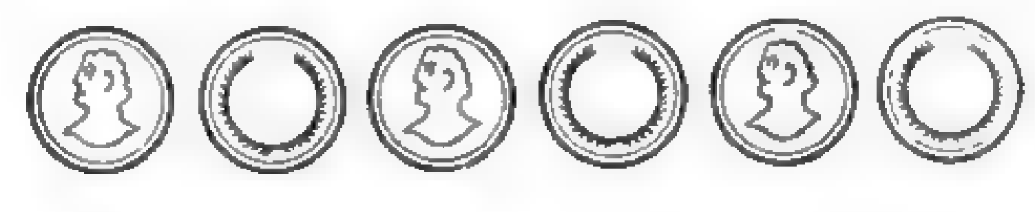
On the face of it, it looks like a good fifty-fifty bet; but—perhaps I should adopt the attitude I selected for the last piece of skullduggery outlined; it's a fraud, pure and simple, and is mentioned here as a warning only. All you have to do is be sure that the number of coins you take from your pocket is an odd number; your opponent will *never* be right. It's quite clear, surely: an odd number plus an odd number produces an even number; an odd number plus an even number produces an odd number. Therefore no matter whether the unfortunate easy mark selects an odd or an even number of coins the total is invariably the reverse.

Of course you can always get somebody to bet that you can't give him thirty cents in two coins one of which isn't a quarter. If you know it, don't sneer; there are one hundred million people in this broad and fairly fair land, and it is reasonable to believe that even the most moss-grown wheeze has been overlooked by two or three of them. And then, maybe you *don't* know it. Come on, then; I'll give you thirty cents in two coins, one of which isn't a quarter. Sold? The money's up? Good; here you are; a quarter and a nickel. One of them isn't a quarter. That's what I said; that's what I promised to do. I have given you thirty cents in two coins, and one of them isn't a quarter. One of them, of course, *is* a quarter, but that wasn't the idea. Pay me.

As a finisher, here is a little stunt which sounds a lot simpler than it is; at least in numerous personal trials I have found it a sticker for some really very fine intellects. Take six coins—they needn't be alike, though it makes the general layout neater if all six are the same—and lay them out in a row, three with heads up and the other three with tails on top, like this:

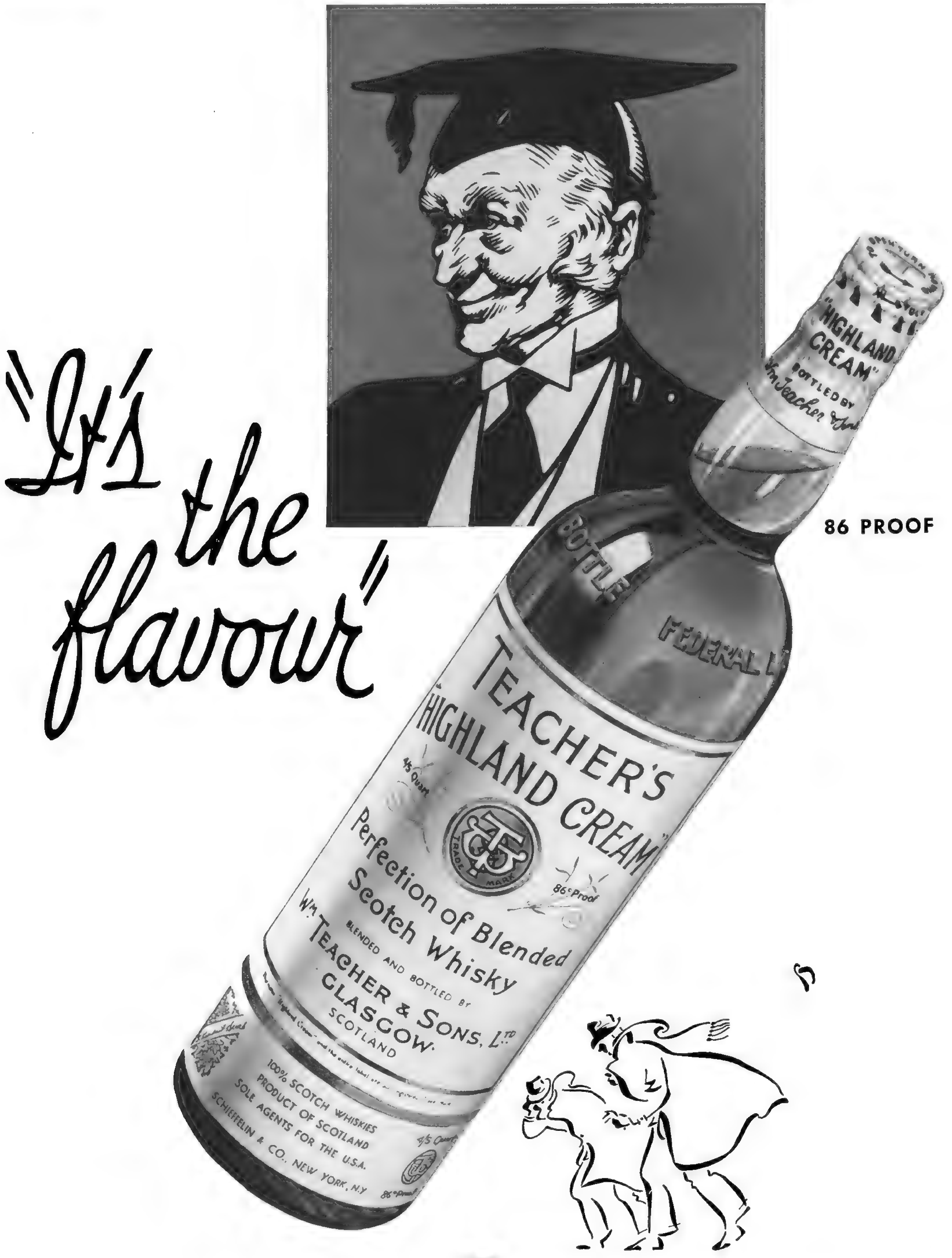


The puzzle is to get them arranged with heads and tails alternating, like this:



—in three moves each move consisting of turning over a pair of adjacent coins. That is, at each move you turn over two coins, and the coins turned must be next to each other. Of course, if you could turn over coins that were not adjacent the puzzle would be solved in one move by turning over the second and fifth coin; but adjacency is of the essence, as the barristers say.

Answers to Puzzles at top of page 134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Storms in Arcady

Continued from page 94

Garden of Eden. The fact is, too, that the worst weather of any resort's winter season seems to be compacted into the days of its golf tourney. It is truly unusual and not an orthodox California alibi. Also as an explanation for the weather report not figuring for more than a sentence in the story is the discomfort that might be experienced by the reporters getting an eye-witness yarn of the proceedings. One does not get the feel of the icy tempest as one sits snugly in a clubhouse interviewing the players for detail matter and responding to invitations by saying, "Make mine bourbon with very little water."

By way of contrast to the Riviera event the National Open of 1930 requires mention. It was played at Interlachen in Minneapolis, July 10, 11 and 12. The date was set in the hope that the weather would give the field and the alien gallery samples of the delightfully mild summer in the Minnesota lake country. It didn't work out that way. Bath towels and cooling drinks were carried by almost every player's caddy and by the time players had gone eighteen holes the cooling drinks had been relayed to the bath towels through the spouting pores of the wilted contestants. At two in the morning groups of pros who had tried to sleep in bath tubs filled with the coldest water available or who had spent the previous two or three hours alternating between their showers and their beds, finally attired themselves sketchily and gathered outdoors on the sidewalks by the headquarters hotel. They gossiped apathetically as the sultry night melted into a fiery morning, then pecked at their breakfasts and proceeded again to their labors.

The next year the laddies got some relief from tournament heat, although the first day of the National Open championship at Inverness in Toledo was so hot that one of the manufacturers stored the balls for his players in dry ice. Golf balls soften not long after the thermometer hits the hundred mark and under championship competition conditions a ball that goes out of round or that hasn't all its original life is apt to cost someone a pretty piece of prize money. The brutal punishment of that year was administered by the weather man to the British Ryder Cup team of professionals at the Scioto Country Club, Columbus, Ohio, a week prior to the 1931 National Open.

The Britishers sweated their paths around the course and tried to play shots into remnants of a cyclone one day, but that wasn't the worst part of their experience. They wore armor-plate tweed clothing with the then stylish British type of trousers which hung down from the armpits like the pants of Snuffy the Cabman in the burlesque shows. They seldom left their hotel quarters except to go to the golf course, and when awake but not playing sat around with the sad look of a St. Bernard dog tied to a hot stove. Most of them were mildly ill from over-doses of cold drinks and in general ready to locate Columbus as somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst. They were beaten 9 to 3 by the American professional team, but their sufferings moved humane citizens to have the international professional matches, when played in this country, scheduled for September so the visitors would have a fair, fighting chance with the mercury.

In the matter of tournament weather the Britishers have their troubles too, although in club amateur competitions the bulldog breed will play in rain, snow, fog and cold that would cause cancellation of an event at the typical American club. The British Open play was called off on one occasion. The 1910 championship at St. Andrews was halted the first day, June 21, at 1:30 p. m. after a thunderstorm had covered many of the greens and filled many of the bunkers. All scores were scrapped. At the time play was called off James Braid was at the sixteenth tee. He continued through the storm and finished with a 77. That 77 was tossed out, of course, but Braid was in the groove and won the championship with 76, 73, 74, 76—299. Bob Macdonald selects Braid's discarded 77 as the finest golf ever played through a storm, although admitting that those who nominate Hagen's 72 in the second round of the 1928 U. S. National Open at Olympia Fields could make out a great case. Hagen started out in fair weather and acquired 40 blows. Then came a drizzle that thickened into a gusty rain which forced a temporary suspension of play. As the storm increased Hagen improved. He returned in 32 strokes, some of which were holed out with his mashie iron from lies on greens too deeply puddled to permit use of a putter.

Professionals who have done considerable competitive playing on both sides of the Atlantic are mildly inclined to the belief that we can present worse conditions for golf than England and Scotland because of the frequency of sudden and violent changes in American weather and because of higher winds. They cite as an example a tournament in Dallas, Texas, that was begun with a light snow on the frozen ground. A mashie shot would hit on the hard turf and continue to bound until it traveled the distance of an ordinary drive. The first day of the competition many of the approaches that eventually found the greens were played back toward the pin from well beyond the green because of the lively hops taken by the first attempts at approaching.

During the night the ground thawed. There was practically no roll to the ball after it landed and players who had been using niblicks for approach shots the previous day were whacking at the ball with midirons to make the distance required by the second day's conditions.

Like all golf arguments, this one about the severity of playing conditions in the United States and in Scotland and England looks to be a standoff. Tommy Armour says he will take no sides because against the citation of Riviera, which he agrees furnished the worst weather conditions of any American tournament, he can put the howling gale and rain at Troon in the British Open of 1923. At the fifteenth, which is about 430 yards, according to Armour's recollection, only one player of that part of the field which had played up to noon had been able to reach the green in less than three shots. Armour relates that he hit three of the best driver shots he could deliver, right into the teeth of the roaring storm off the Irish Sea and barely made the green. In the afternoon the storm passed and players were reaching the green with two ordinary blows.

The Silver Scot also recalls with no degree of pleasure the second round of the National Open at Oakmont in 1935 when he was one of the players caught in a swift and beating storm. During that savage attack of wind and rain Armour claims he hit the hardest, truest blow he ever struck with a driver. It was at the 160 yard sixth hole and his drive barely got on the green.

From damp chills during a round the pros jump in a few short weeks to a blistering heat that actually makes the spikes on golf shoes too hot for comfort. Bob King, the exhibition golfer, tells of playing engagements in Kansas when the ground was so hot pros would take time out at the end of nine holes to change to a cool pair of shoes, after bathing their feet in cold water.

The Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas professionals apparently get acclimated to temperatures that squirt mercury out of the top of the tube like grapefruit juice because they play with no complaints in temperatures that would barbecue the majority of golfers. Last summer the Oklahoma Open was played at Tulsa with the official temperature over 110° on each of the two days of the competition. To make the tournament still more cruel, there were 36 holes played on each of the two days of the championship and a pro-amateur 18-hole event played the afternoon before the championship competition. It's in the midcontinent that the heat really is turned on.

After the boys are broken in by the blazing sun of our midland, they appear to be able to withstand anything else the weatherman can scoop out. Horton Smith, who entered golf through sharp competitions at sun-baked Missouri and Kansas courses, probably is the steadiest all-weather player in the game today.

Smith names the 1929 British Open at Muirfield as having the worst weather he ever encountered. It was held early in May. The weather was so miserable the Royal and Ancient since that year has risked no repetition of the Muirfield conditions but shoved the British Open into the pleasant days of early summer.

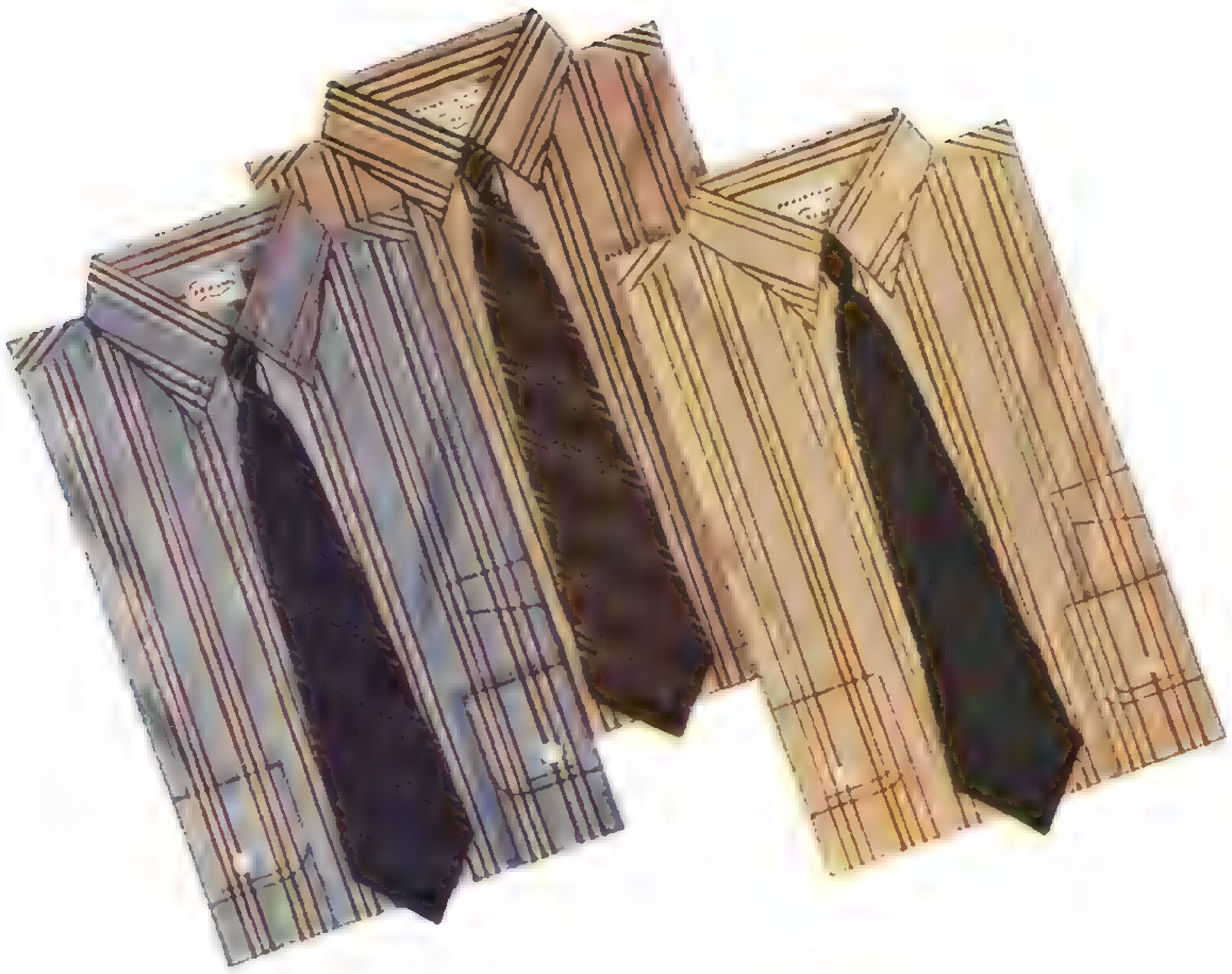
During the first two rounds of the 1929 British Open, Muirfield was behaving pretty for the pros. Hagen had a 67. Diegel and Alliss had 69's. Par, by the American figures, was 39-37—76 for the course which measured 3,414—3,279—6,691. Inasmuch as the course has three holes of 450 yards, one of 455 yards and one of 459 yards, the actual playing par would be 71 but a plenty tough 71. Six of the field were 71 or under during the first two rounds but when that stormy third round was played only Hagen and Al Watrous were able to do as well as 75. Diegel got an 82, Horton Smith an 84, Sarazen 81, Armour 79, George Duncan 81, Joe Turnesa 81, Cyril Tolley 87. Only nine in the last-half field of 64 broke 80.

Master Smith avers that the Muirfield blasts were the most biting ever felt by golfers between the north and south poles. He was dressed for a winter with Admiral Byrd, part of his attire being long underwear, a wool shirt, a sleeveless pullover, a leather coat and woolen wristlets. Still the cold stabbed him. On some greens he knelt in a prayerful attitude and putted from this knee stance to keep from being blown off balance by the wind.

On the seventh hole with a favoring gale which under normal circumstances was a hole to be played with a driver and a 7- or 8-iron, Horton's drive rolled across the green about 390 yards distant from the tee. But the twelfth, going in the opposite direction, saw Smith short after two well-hit driver shots. In calm weather this 340 yard hole was a drive and a pitch.

At one of the elevated greens Smith stroked an approach putt past the hole and while he was walking to set himself for another putt the ball blew back three inches and into the hole. It is often noted by professionals that galleries aid the player on the wind-swept courses. By shielding him from the gale during his shots the gallery helps the player to keep himself balanced for the shot and by surrounding the greens the gallery keeps putts from being blown off line. Occasionally the players miss putts, hurrying because they are afraid the wind will move the ball after they have taken their stances, and penalize them a stroke.

Continued on page 125



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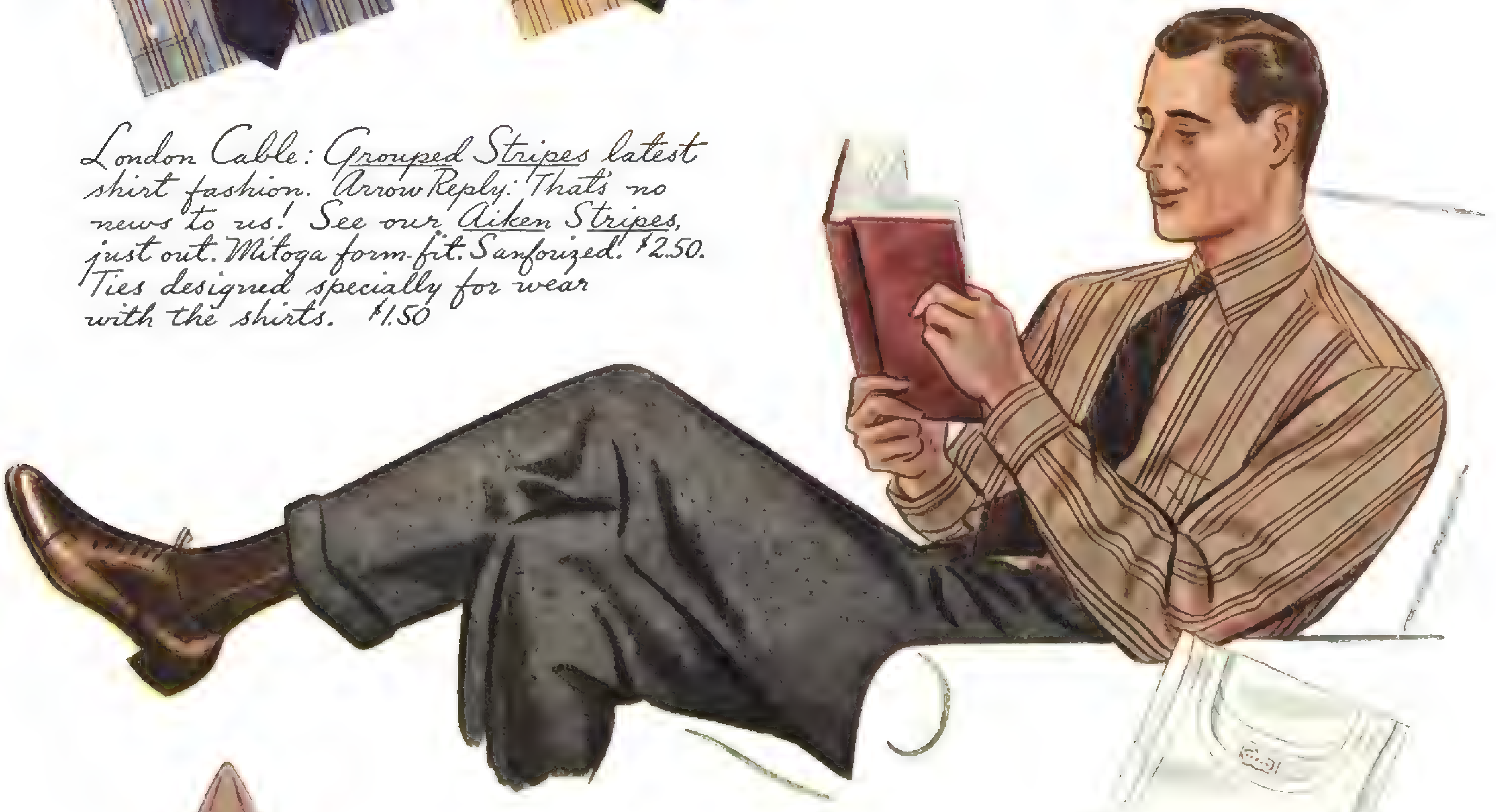

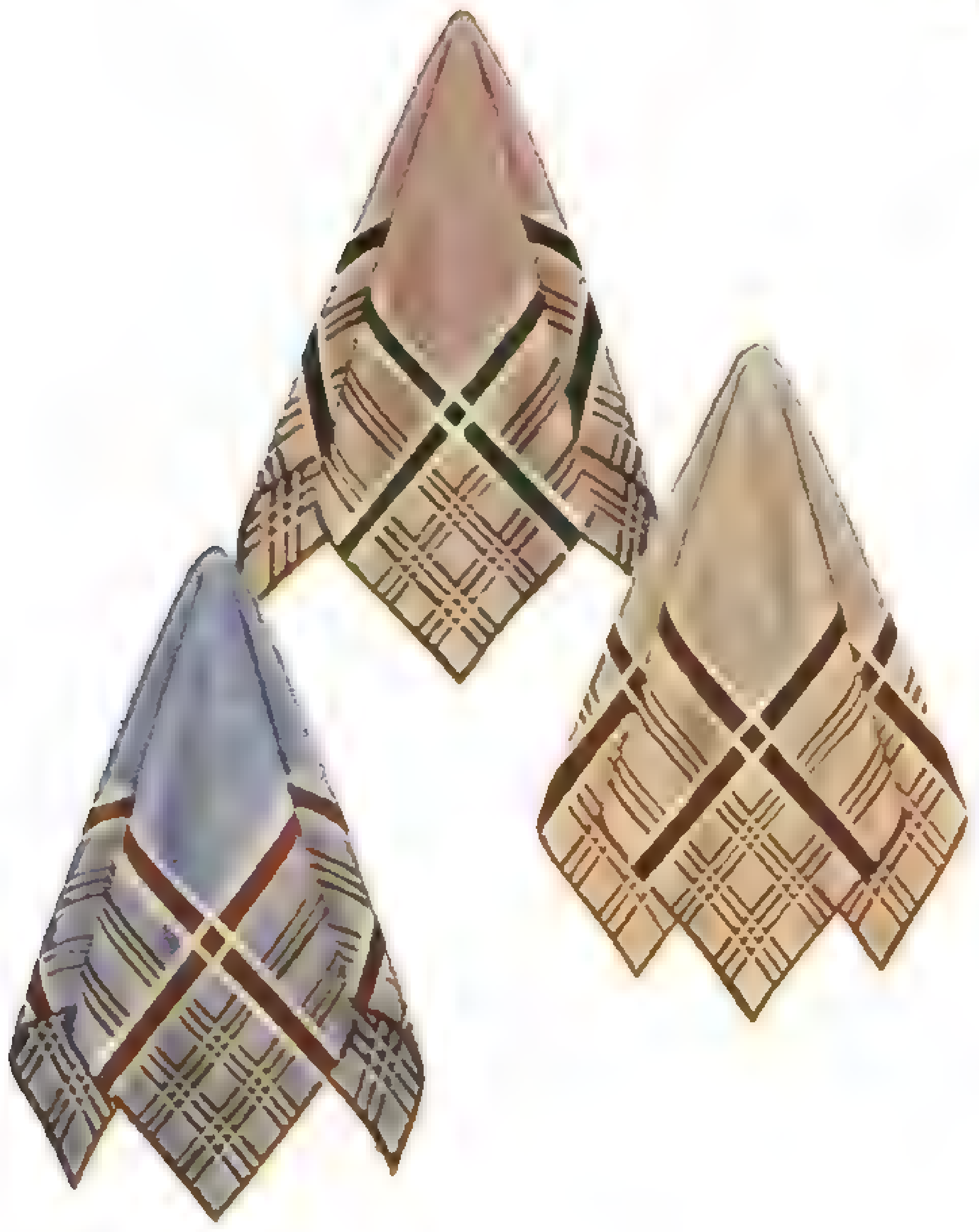

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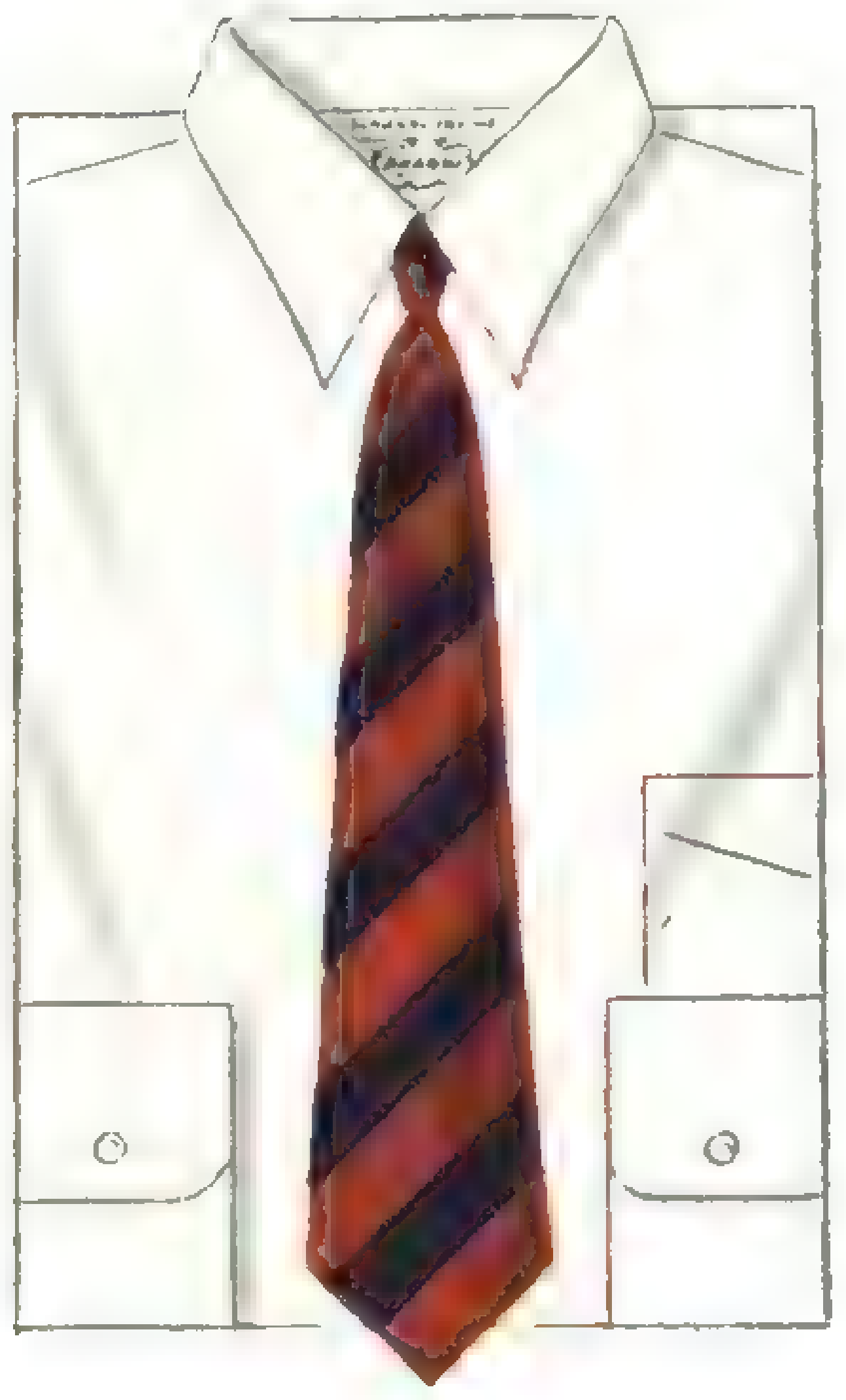

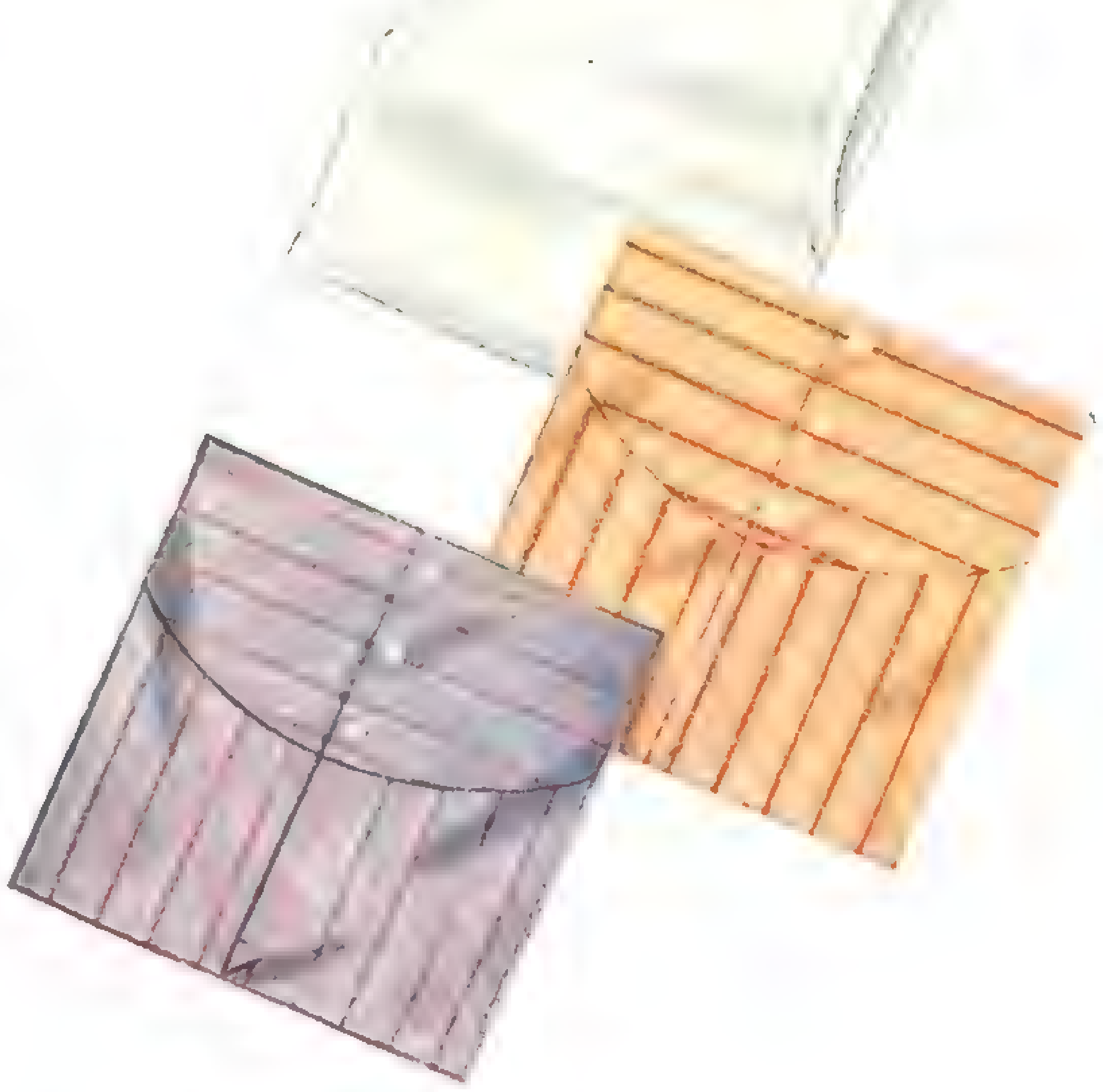

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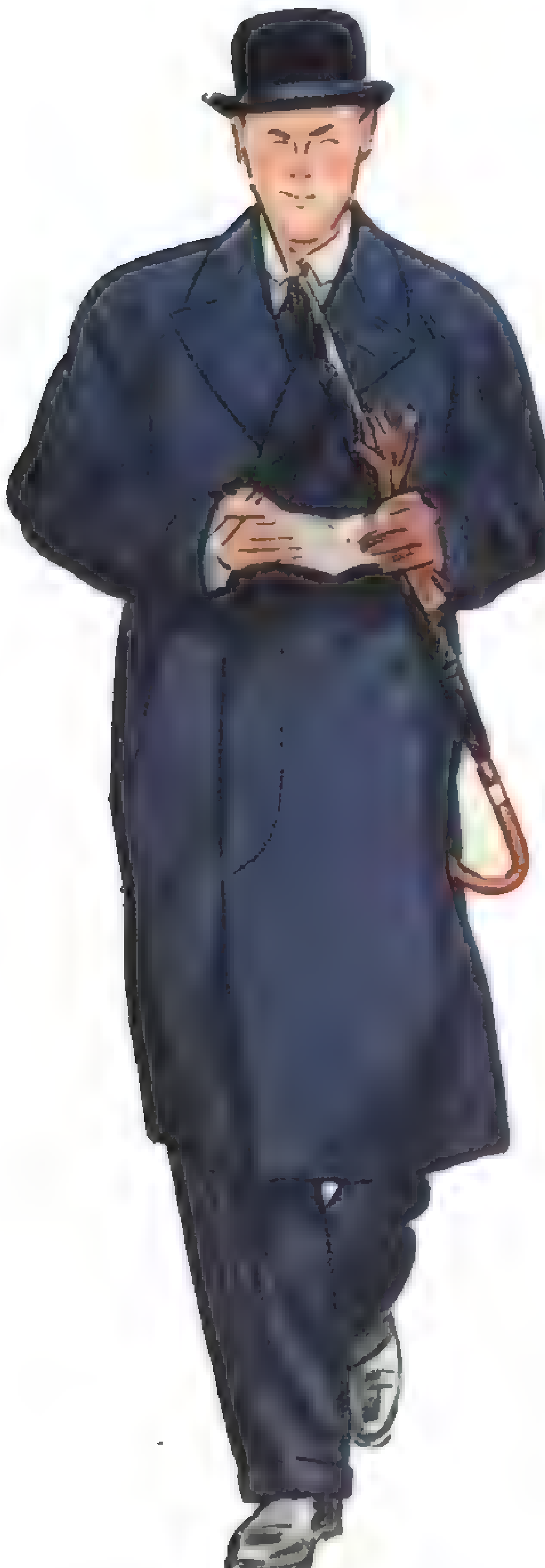
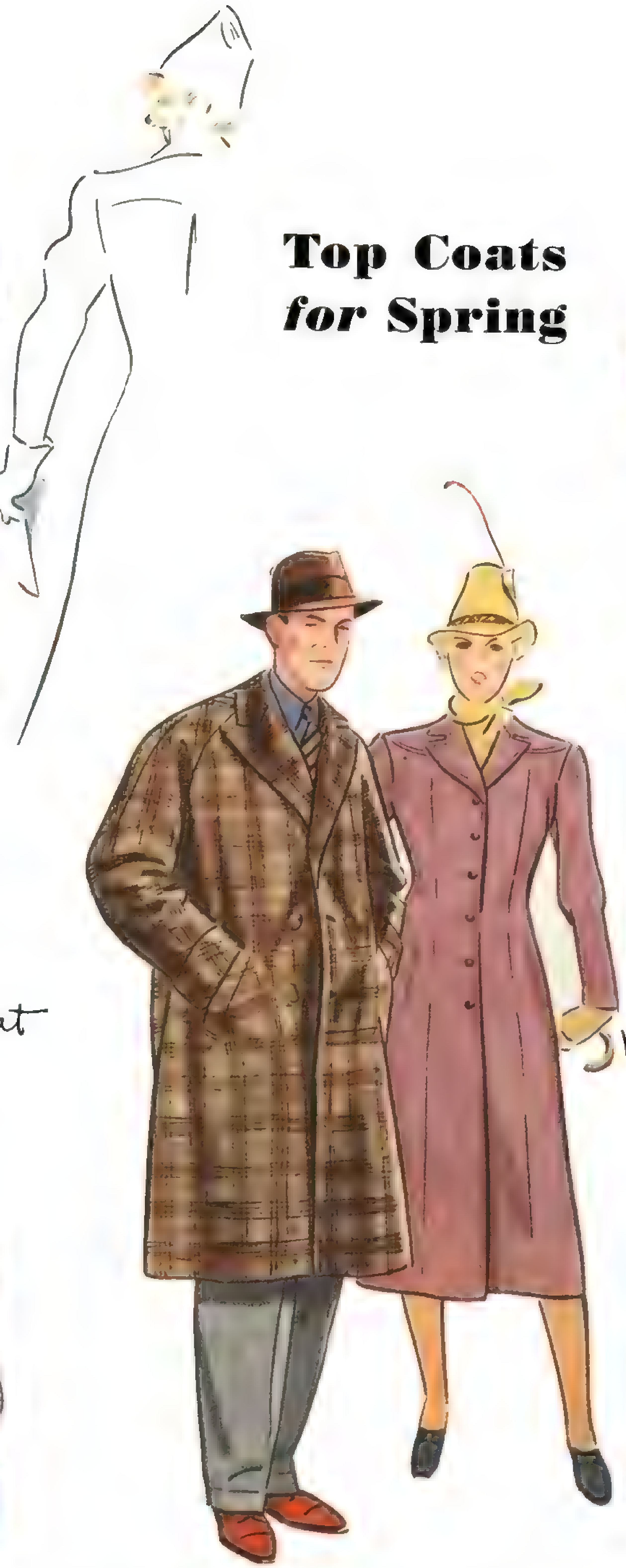
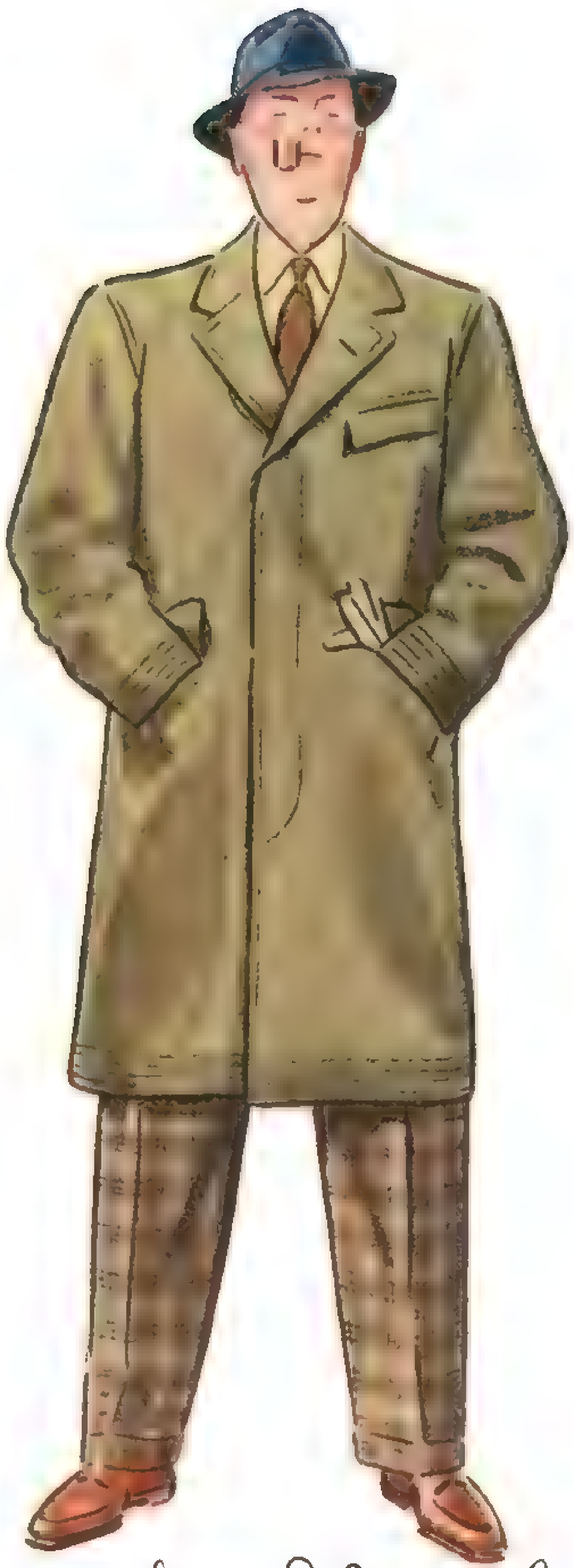
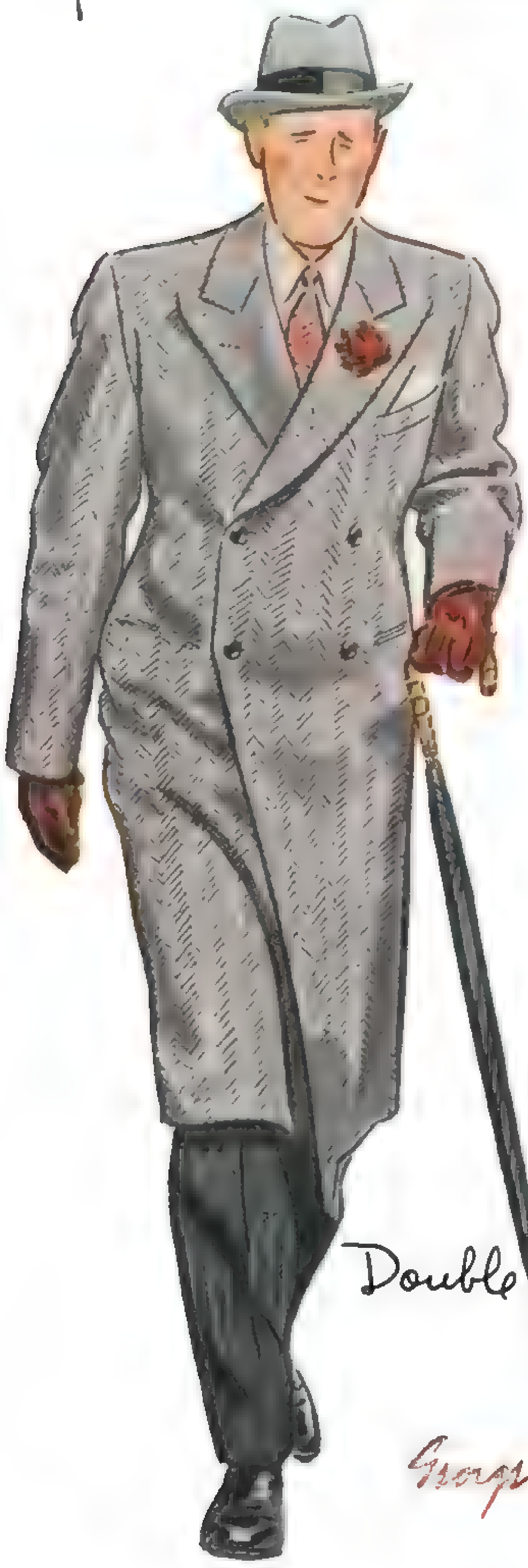
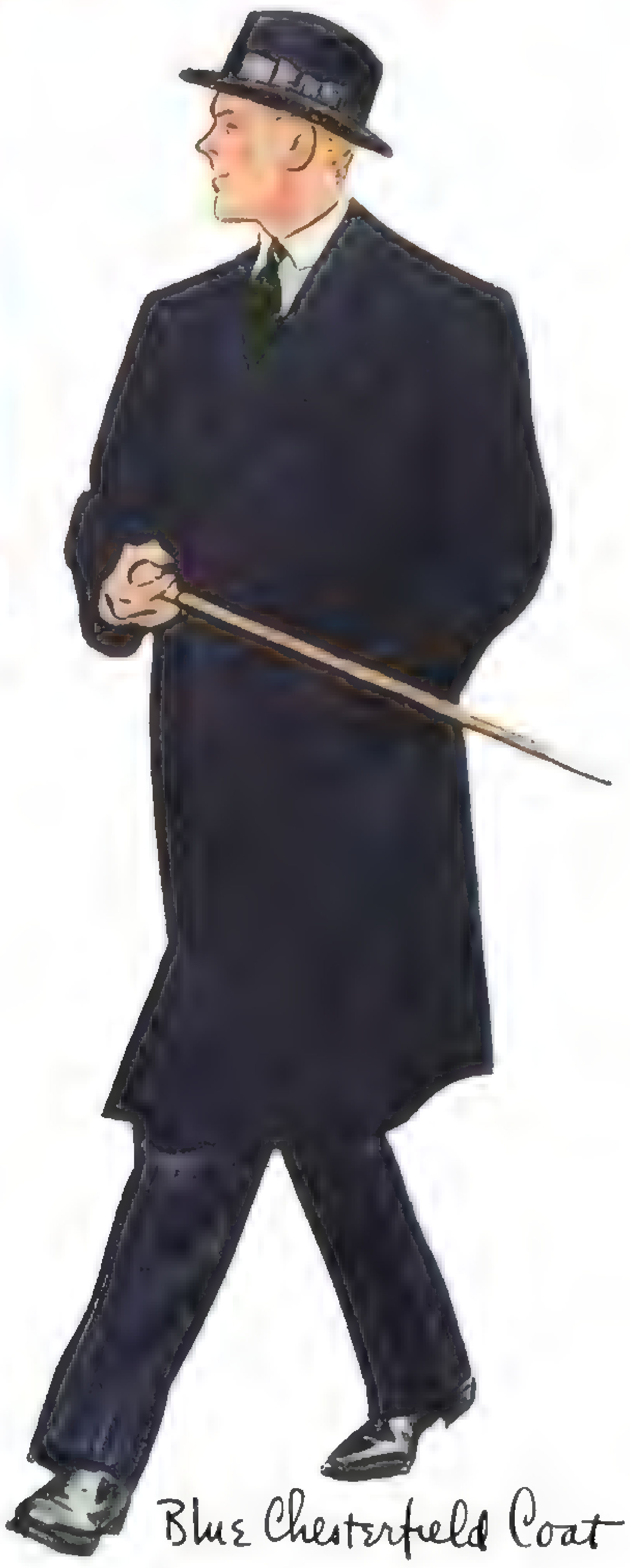

Gabardine Raincoat


Tweed Semi-sport coat


Knee-length Covert Coat


Double breasted Town Coat


Blue Chesterfield Coat

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Storms in Arcady

Continued from pages 94-122

The Smith diary records plenty of instances of wretched playing conditions suggesting to the stay-at-home golfer that tournament golf is a hard way to make an easy living.

Horton chronicles the 1930 tournament at Long Beach, California, when a cloudburst flooded most of the greens. Putting was impossible. The ball had to be pitched to the hole. Horton hit seven consecutive greens in par and three-"pitched" each one of them. He recalls the Oklahoma City Open late in 1926 when he was an early starter over the ice-coated greens. It was biting cold and blustery so a putting touch was out of reason. Two of his putts skidded right over the icy surface of the greens into bunkers.

For heavy going Smith names Agua Caliente in 1935 when the boys tracked wearily through sticky, heavy mud around a long course and the Texas Open at Willow Springs in 1928 when the gluey adobe stuck to the players' shoes so they were leg-dead after walking nine holes. This Texas mud really stuck and made the pros play shots from an inch or more higher than their normal stances. Spikes were useless. It was not until the players acquired knives or chisels to scrape off the mud that there was any golf of championship type exhibited.

But they get used to the heat and the cold; the rain and the gales. They have to or they don't get by in competitive golf. They even adjust themselves quickly to such unique circumstances as the tear gas that drifted from the Presidio military reservation during the qualifying round of a San Francisco match play tournament.

Jimmy Hines, medalist in that tournament, was one of the field who began to cry but he thought nothing of it. Hines believed that he merely had been listening so long to the alibis and wails of other players in the field that he was getting tenderhearted. The wind veered suddenly and cleared the tear gas away and the tournament continued under reasonably normal conditions.

At least two of the stars who later won major titles were upset in championship bids by weather conditions earlier in their careers and seemingly learned enough from their experience to become fairly immune to adverse conditions.

During the 1929 U. S. National Open at Winged Foot a flashing rainstorm caught Denny Shute and washed away strokes. At the last hole Shute needed a three to tie Jones and Espinosa but ended with a five to finish in a tie with Sarazen for second place. The strokes he dropped with his slippery clubs during the rain would have brought the lad in an easy winner.

Olin Dutra at Fresh Meadow during the National Open of 1932 produced a dazzling 69 in a blustery wind, much like the gusts at the Monterey peninsula where Olin learned his golf. He kept playing as if there were no wind at all until the third round, when he suddenly began to get smart and realize he was up against some treacherous blows. He started to play one shot into the wind in a very scientific manner. He ended up on that hole with an eight that blew him right out of the running. The Gay Caballero, Dutra, having learned not to out-smart himself by fighting the weather, gave a demonstration of this at St. Andrews the final day of the 1933 British Open. It was a bleak and blustery day on the moors when the laddies started down that stretch. Dutra, naturally well-balanced and compact in his swinging, began to pick up strokes on the rest of the field. He made the third circuit in 70 strokes and was near enough to reach the leaders with a putter. But Shute and Craig Wood, baptized by the worst of all tournament weather conditions at Riviera, were not going to blow up in the St. Andrews wind. Dutra had an 18 inch putt to beat his compatriots by a stroke. He was too strong and missed coming back. Shute, as will be recalled, beat Wood in the play-off.

Of all the unfavorable conditions that run up scores the slippery grips of rainy or hot weather or of nervous sweat seem to affect the star players most. Horton Smith overcomes this by wrapping electric tape around his grips when he believes he's liable to some slippage. With the electrician's tape he retains a firm grip without tension.

Winter or summer you can depend on it some professionals are playing at what is supposed to be a very pleasant game under conditions that you wouldn't care for, so you can dismiss whatever envy you may have for the merry, carefree career of the star playing-professional. Even the exhibitions often are distressing affairs as Johnny Revolta might tell you in describing an incident of an exhibition match at a cow pasture course.

For three holes in that exhibition Revolta played right down the middle. On the fourth he hooked one and his ball came to rest in the middle of some evidence that this sure enough was a cow pasture layout. Johnny walked as close as he could get neatly to his ball and after surveying the situation, asked one of the club officials:

"What do you do in a case like this; lift without penalty?"

"No siree," replied the native, "wade right in and bang it. We call that 'the rub of the green.'"

Which is about the policy of the tournament pros. They wade in and bang it, for the show must go on as long as there's prize money in the neighborhood. #

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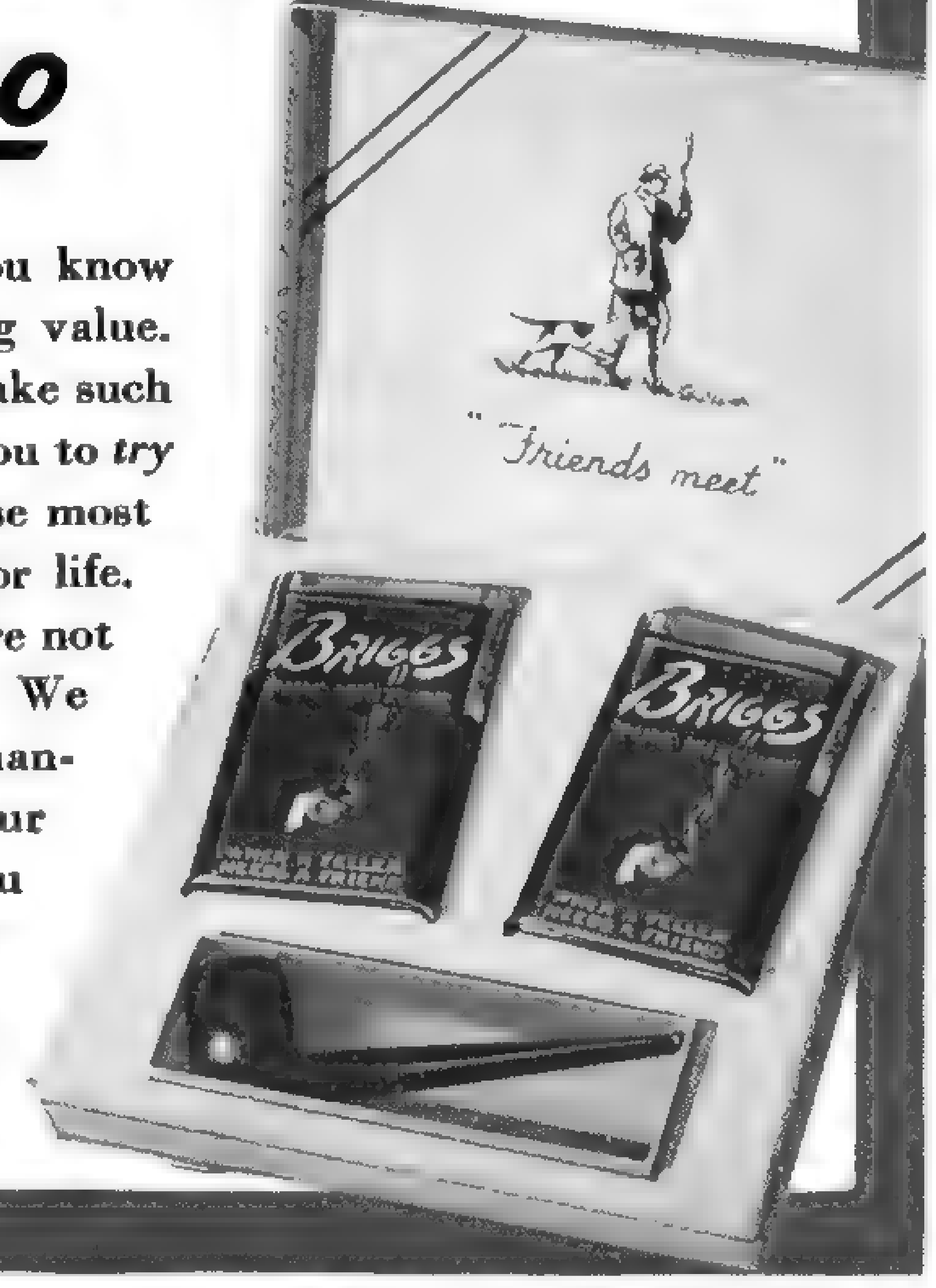

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The Idiot in Cell 33

Continued from page 73

stepped up to the cell door and whispered hoarsely, "Hey, Chick."

Chick was a light sleeper and he woke up the instant the words left Butch's mouth. He was a short skinny guy with big awkward feet and hands. He was a chicken thief and a very amiable fellow and when Butch said, "Pass over a light, will ya, buddy?" he hopped sprightly out of his bunk and replied, "Okay, sure."

He picked up his lighter off the stand and said, "How ya gonna get it? Got a wire?"

"Ain't you got one?"

"No."

"Wait a minute." Butch said to Pedro, "Got a wire?"

"No."

"See if the bastard next to you has."

Pedro asked the idiot and the idiot grinned and said, "What?"

"A wire, you bastard."

"I ain't got none."

Pedro turned, smiling a little. "No, he hasn't got one," he said to Butch and Butch cursed and said "Chick?"

"What?"

"See if Scarfe's got one."

"Okay."

Scarfe was a dark, bald-headed murderer. He was fat and tough-looking, something like Al Capone. But he had a very gentle voice, and a gentlemanly diction.

It took Chick a long time to wake him up.

"Hello," he said finally, opening his eyes alertly—alertly, for he was a man who slept soundly but who, when he woke up, woke up all the way at once.

"Say, have you got a wire, Scarfe?" said Chick.

"A wire?" said Scarfe. He pushed the blanket back and got up. "A *wire?*"

"Yeah, a wire. Butch wants it. That idiot's up again and he wants a light."

"A wire. Let me see," said Scarfe, stepping up to the cell door. "Who asked you to awaken me?"

"Butch. Have you got one?"

"No, I haven't."

"Tell him to get one," said Butch.

"You kindly go to hell, Butch," said Scarfe. For no reason at all he smiled craftily—that same smile he'd opened up with the night he intercepted the passage of a man out the back door of his fourth wife's habitat, her first husband's rooming house.

"Will you be there?" said Butch. grinding his teeth.

"After you," said Scarfe.

"Listen, Scarfe," said Chick, "If you ain't got one will you try to get one from Hiram?"

"I'll try," said Scarfe.

Hiram was not a farmer, as the name might indicate. He was a pickpocket, with long, lily-white fingers, also a long nose and beady, sharp looking eyes.

"Yeah, whatta ya want, Scarfe?" he said, sitting up.

"I want a wire. Have you one?"

"A wire? What for?"

"Chick. He wants to send a light down to the idiot."

"Yeah? I was sleeping sound."

"So was I, and dreaming. Have you got one?"

"No."

"Oh, hell." Scarfe turned and said, "No luck, Chick," and Chick turned and said, "He hasn't got none, Butch."

"Okay, forget it," said Butch, and he turned and said to Pedro, "Tell that Goddamn idiot to shut up and get in bed. There ain't no wire and no Goddamn light without one. *Goodnight.*"

Pedro smiled a little. "Okay, Butch," he said. He turned and growled, "Get in bed, you bastard. I can't get you a light, so *shut up.*"

The idiot by this time was asleep.

"Hey, you," said Pedro, "did you hear me?"

The idiot woke up. "What?"

"Get in your Goddamn bed and shut up. Do you understand?" He crawled into his bunk and listened.

He heard the idiot say, "Yeah? . . . Okay," and flop into his bunk.

Butch got into his bunk and pulled the blanket over him savagely.

Chick got into his bunk and fell asleep immediately.

Scarfe got into his bunk and lay there, wide awake.

Hiram got up and tapped the wall on his left.

The name of the skeleton in cell 27 was Michael. He was a young fellow with soft blue eyes and curly hair. His charge was robbery.

This was his first rap, the robbery his first robbery. He was getting t. b. He didn't have it yet—he was just getting it. He knew he had it though, but the doctor said it wasn't a case yet. Not for the hospital.

The X-rays showed it a little, but not the sputum. He was 28.

Tap tap.

Michael sat up. A pain caught him between the ribs and he doubled down and held his breath. It wasn't the first one.

"Hey, Mike," whispered Hiram, He tapped again.

Michael turned in his bunk and said, "What do you want?"

"You got a wire, Mike?"

"Yes, why?"

"Pass it over, will you?"

Michael doubled down again. Perhaps sitting up suddenly had done it—it might have been waiting for just this opportunity.

"Wait a minute," said Michael.

Deibel, the night guard in the cell block, wore felt slippers over his shoes. Just as Michael started to pass the wire out through the bars around to Hiram whose arm was out with the long white fingers at the end waiting to grasp it, Deibel came down the range. Hiram saw the light from his flash and pulled his arm in quickly. "Duck it," he whispered and leaped into his bunk.

Continued at top of page 128

Season Skipper

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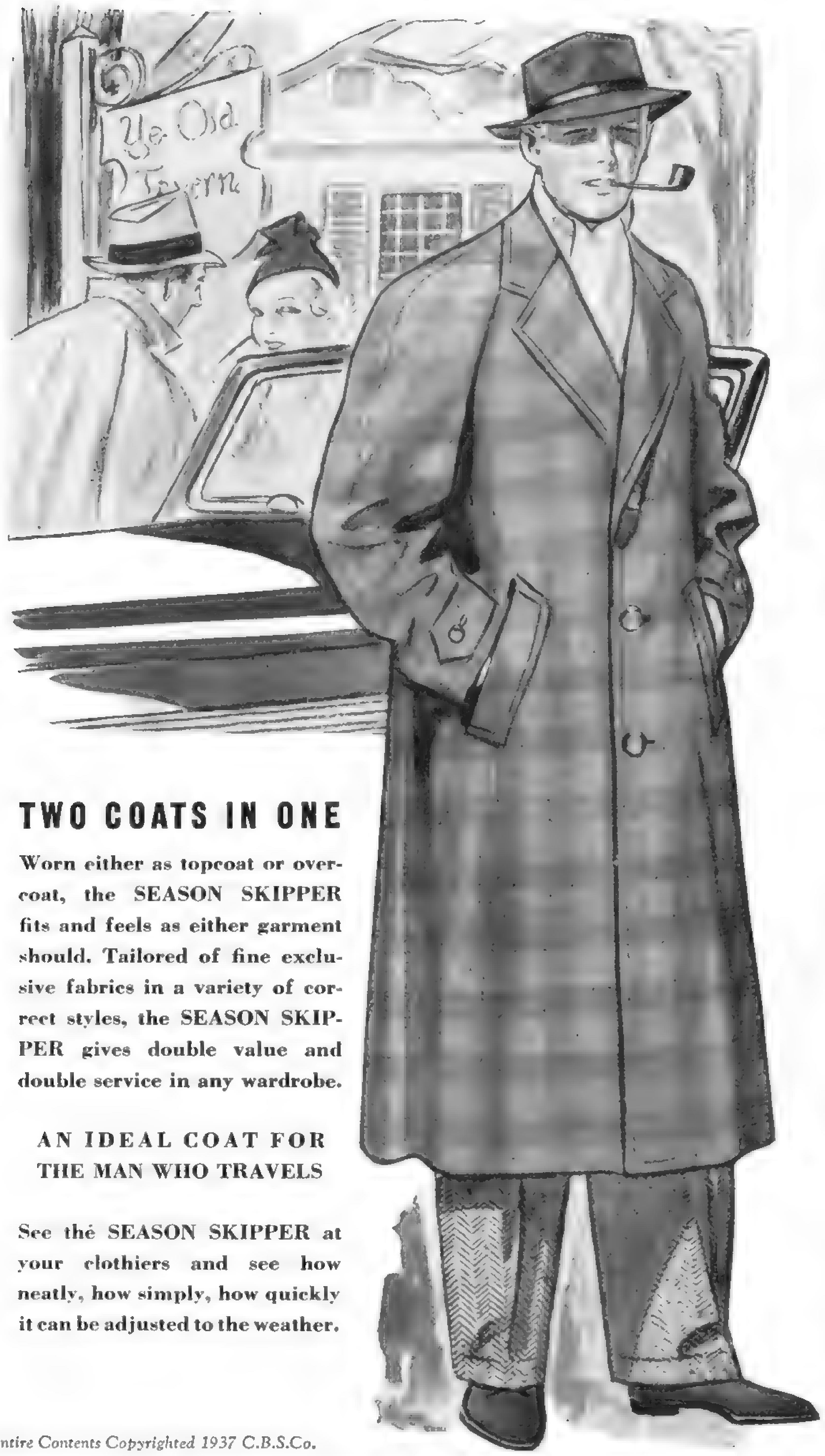

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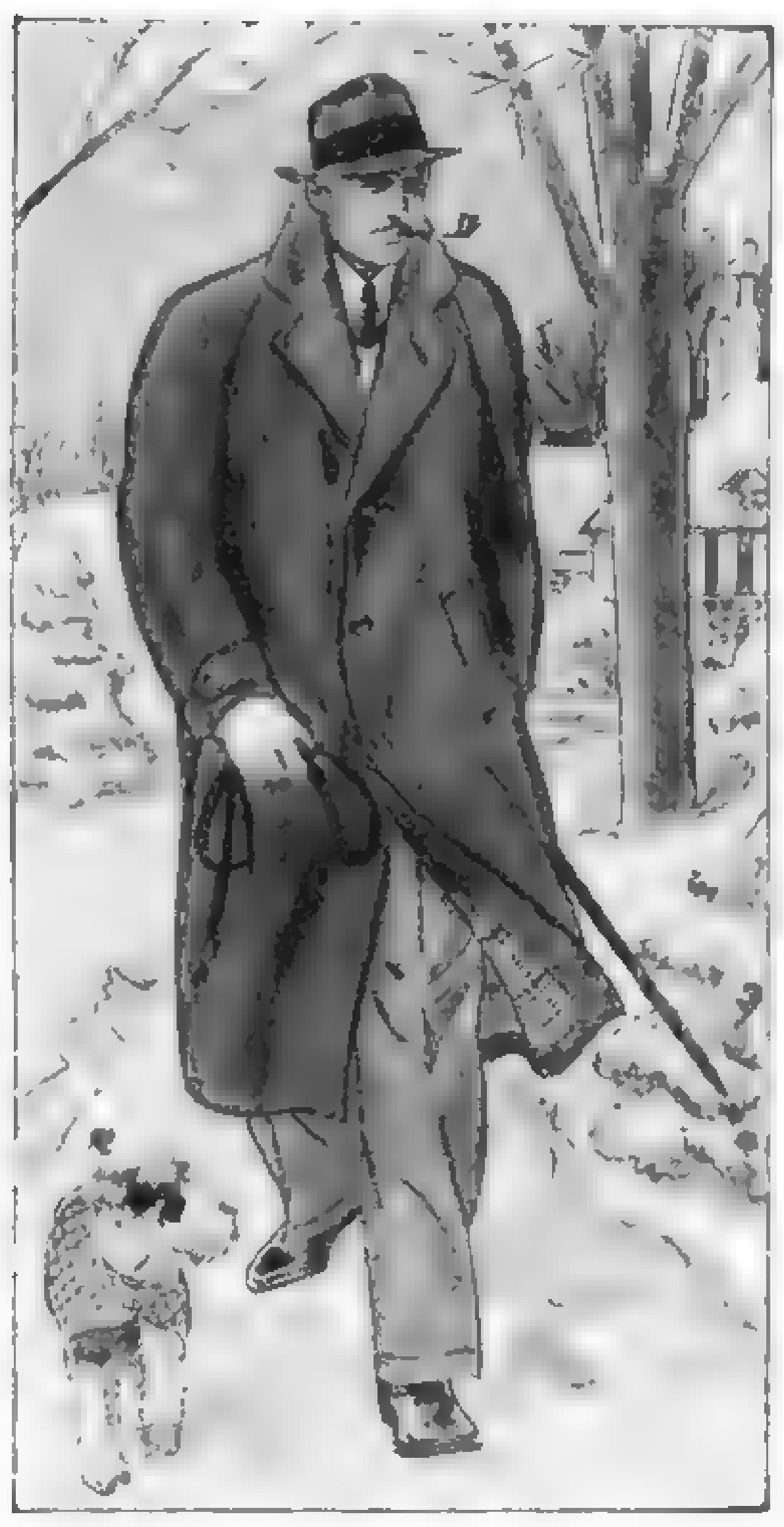
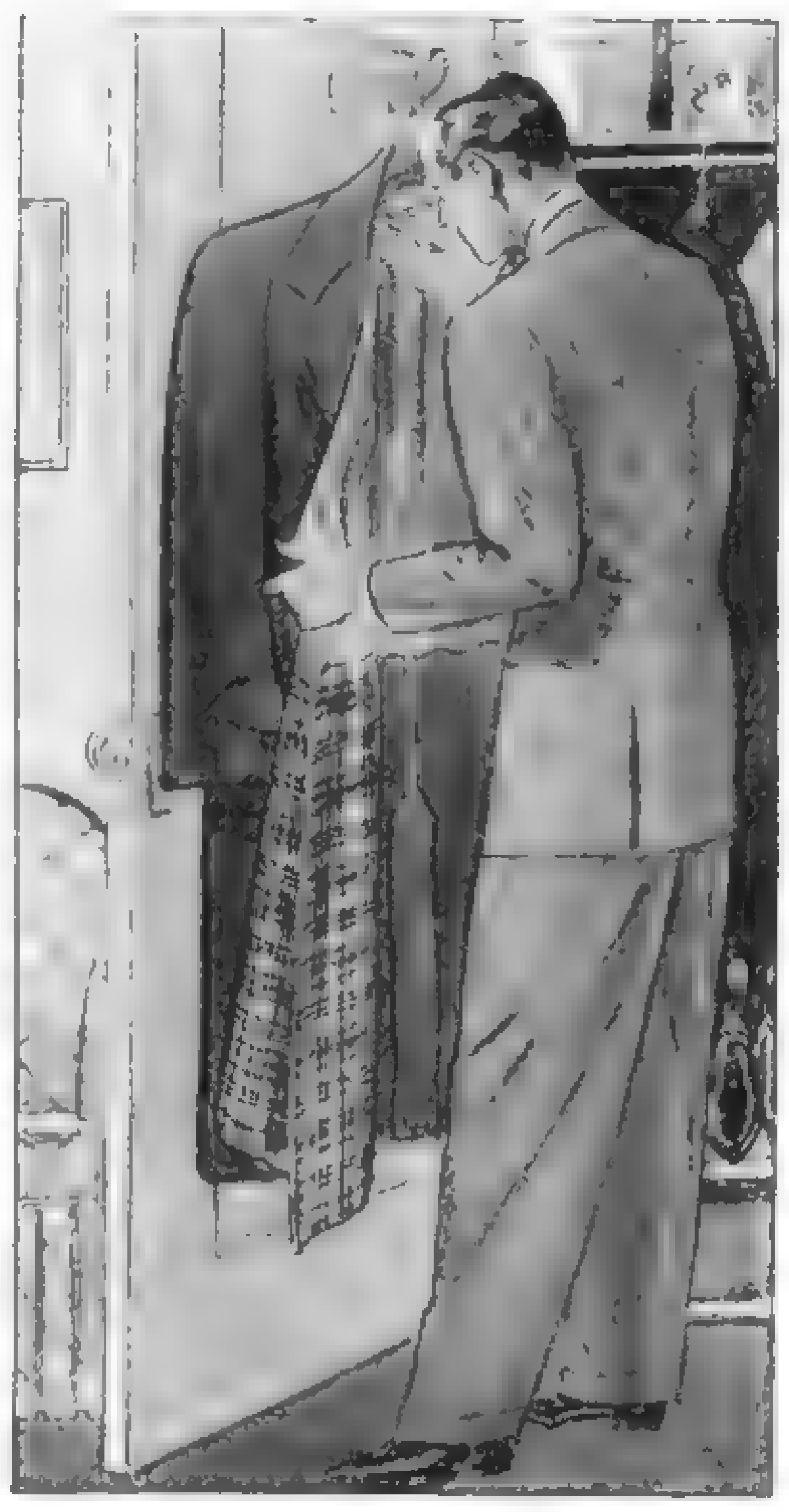


WHEN IT'S COOL

TAKE THE LINING OUT



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The Idiot in Cell 33

Continued from pages 73-126

But Michael was having another pain. Way up high in his chest this time. He let the wire drop and grabbed the bars in the cell door.

Deibel picked up the wire and flashed his light in Michael's face. "What's going on here?" he said brusquely.

Pedro got up quietly and picked up his range flash, a small round mirror he'd gotten from his wife on one of her visits. He stuck it cautiously out through the bars in the cell door and looked up the range.

Scarfe lay very still and listened.

Hiram groaned to himself and held himself stiff, trying hard to pretend that he was sleeping.

"I was just throwing that wire away," gasped Michael.

"Yeah?" said Deibel. He threw his light into Hiram's cell and took a look at Hiram in the bunk. "Yeah?" he said. "Come on, you—get the hell up here."

Hiram got up. He didn't want to be dragged up.

"Get dressed, both of you," said Deibel.

Scarfe got up and stepped up to the cell door. "Say, Mr. Deibel," he called.

Deibel walked over.

"It's my fault, sir," he said. He told Deibel about it.

Another pain smote Michael and he started coughing. He coughed violently.

"It's my fault," said Pedro. He'd called Deibel down to his cell.

Deibel was a pretty good guy. He looked into the idiot's cell, growled a little and went on.

Michael flopped down on his bunk and wept.

Hiram and Pedro went back to their bunks, but Scarfe stood up in back of the bars in the cell door. It was a cool night. Outside, through the bars in the long block window opposite the cell, Scarfe could see a piece of the moon and a couple of stars. He'd forgotten Michael, and when he heard the sound he tightened up all over and felt a sickening twitching in the pit of his stomach. He'd heard it once before, on the outside.

Michael gagged, it came, he gagged. He held his mouth, but that didn't help. It was coming bad.

He rolled off the bunk.

Scarfe got his tin cup and pulled it back and forth over the bars. It made a terrific noise in the vault-like cell block.

Deibel heard it and swore.

Hiram and Pedro and Chick and Butch heard it. They sat up.

The whole block sat up, cursing.

The idiot lifted his head and said, "Yeah? . . . Okay." He got up. He waddled up to the cell door and listened. "Yeah? . . . Okay," he said.

Just then Deibel came fast around the corner, flashing his light. He saw the idiot standing there.

"So it's you!" he barked.

"What? *Hey*, you gotta light?" said the idiot. He grinned and looked down at his fingers, wondering suddenly where in the devil his cigarette had gone to. ⧺

Ham on Air

Continued from page 97

as a *QRR* or *SOS* could ever be. Bob was on every night, dishing out homely philosophy and dry humor indiscriminately, and his absence from the air spelled only disaster.

When this decision was reached, a rescue party set out to break a trail through to the ranch, and they went prepared for anything. Upon reaching the top of the mountain and starting down the other side, however, they came to Bob's closest neighbor, and there was the Old Man of the Mountain, sick in bed. He had been stricken at the ranch, but instead of summoning aid over the air, well knowing the work it would entail for a party to reach him through all that snow and wild country, he and Ruth, his wife, had started for their neighbors'—and made it! He had overlooked the fact that his silent transmitter would accomplish the same end!

Throughout Hamdom human incidents and dramas are constantly unfolding themselves, but they are not discernible to the ordinary eye. . . . Amateurs themselves are interesting studies. Their locations, conditions, existence. . . . Their conversation during a *QSO* . . .

W6CVL is the only operator on duty at an electric power substation at North Fork, California. A somewhat similar location to that of the Old Man of the Mountain, he is on CW (code), and is therefore not so widely known. A survey of the number and usefulness of amateur stations in the hearts of wildernesses would prove a long, interesting story in itself.

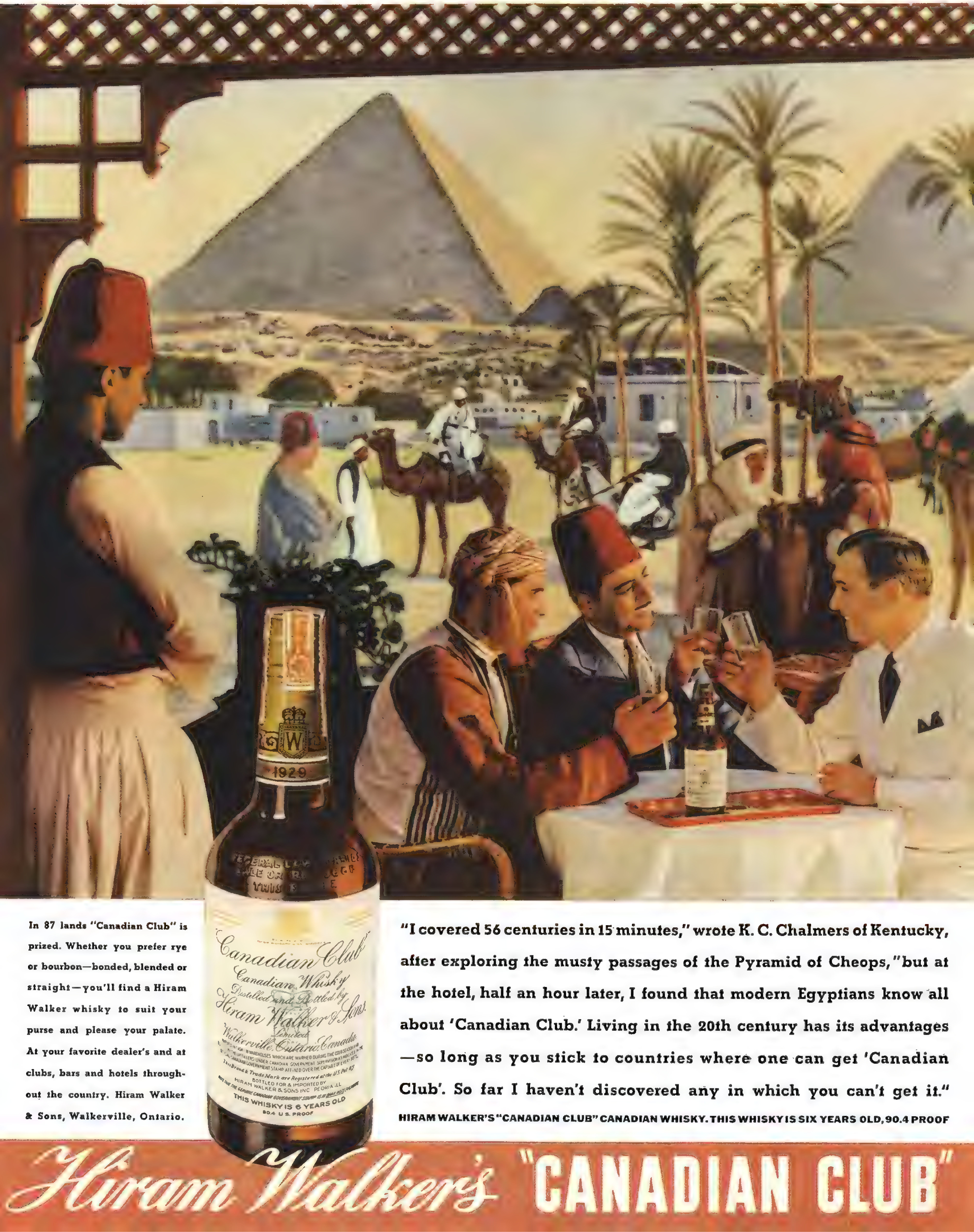
One of the attendants at Talmadge, a California institution for the criminally insane, used to have a 'phone rig under the call W6JOV. He nearly threw a fit when some visiting ham sent out a *CQ* (general call to all stations) and signed, "W6JOV at Talmadge, where the nuts go to." Despite the evident disrespect, such golden opportunities present themselves but once in a lifetime—witness the fact that the station is now non-existent.

All amateurs on the air are greeted as "OM" (Old Man), one of the traditions of the game, and it is always a surprised and pleased ham that has the other come back, "Say OM, I'm not an OM. I'm a YL (Young Lady)." Although there are many feminine exponents of the art actively engaged in the hobby, their number has not yet reached the point where it is a common occurrence to work one.

Whenever a member of the fair

Continued on page 131

"I COVERED 56 CENTURIES IN 15 MINUTES"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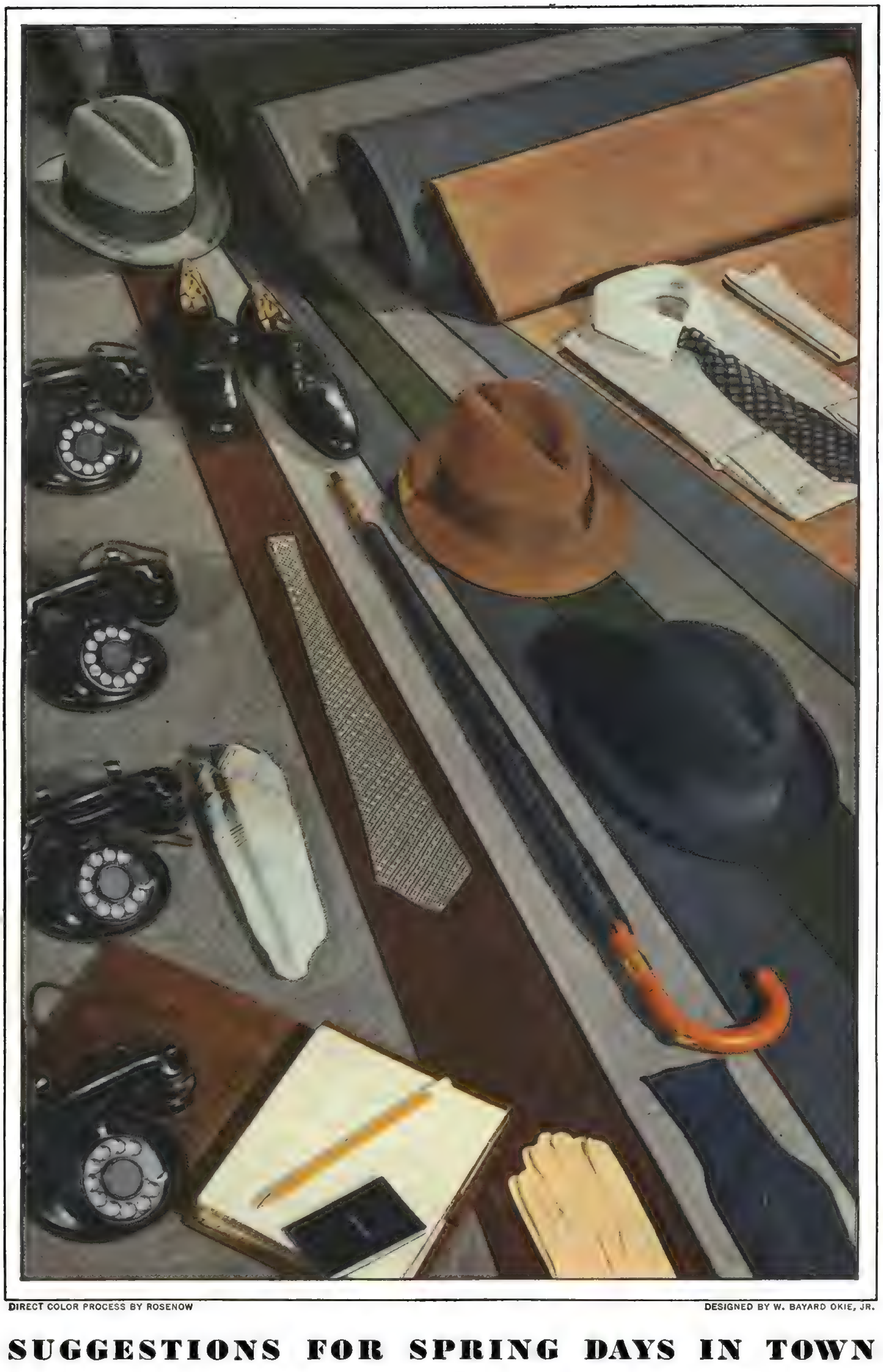
"I covered 56 centuries in 15 minutes," wrote K. C. Chalmers of Kentucky, after exploring the musty passages of the Pyramid of Cheops, "but at the hotel, half an hour later, I found that modern Egyptians know all about 'Canadian Club.' Living in the 20th century has its advantages —so long as you stick to countries where one can get 'Canadian Club'. So far I haven't discovered any in which you can't get it."

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD, 90.4 PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"



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DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING DAYS IN TOWN

In the upper left-hand corner is a grey Homburg with a well rolled brim. Next a pair of the new square last town shoes with perforated toe-cap. The next hat is the English tan snapbrim, next to a racing umbrella with a leather pigskin handle which carries a gold pencil and is decorated with a gold band. The tie is a foulard in a pattern that is suitable for business wear and the pocket handkerchief is of linen with a discreetly colored and patterned border. The third hat is the increasingly popular midnight blue Homburg. In the upper right-hand corner is a new broadcloth shirt, shown with a separate starched collar but equipped with a matching detached collar in the new lounge model. The tie on the shirt is a recommended Spitalsfield. Other items shown are blue lisle hose with a colored clock pattern, a pair of yellow chamois gloves, an address book for the pocket and a memo pad for the office.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Ham on Air

Continued from pages 97-128

sex does get on the air, she is always assured of a gleeful welcome by the rest of the gang. She rates pictures and news in radio magazines for no good reason other than her existence, and is forever regarded with awe, like a child prodigy or something: Behold! It moves, it lives, it breathes! Nevertheless, if she is good people and acts feminine but not silly, she is welcomed, liked, and respected everywhere.

The inevitable story goes that in the early days when radio was wireless, a girl passed the examination for commercial operator and got a job on a ship. It would seem that she only lasted a few trips though, because in those days operators "said what they pleased, and were often pleased with what they said." Nowadays the purity of the air is on a par with the virtue of the mails—or better.

The amateur's language is a mixture of phonetic spelling with a capital "F," useful initials, and horrible contractions consisting mainly of consonants, with anything else thrown in that strikes his fancy. Then there's an international system of "Q" signals that's brought freely into play, and what's left of a numbering system that was used some years ago on land-line telegraph. The main idea is to form abbreviations that will permit the transmission of intelligible conversation by jiggling a key up and down with a minimum of physical effort. This is further alleviated by the use of a "bug" key, one that moves sideways instead of up and down. One side makes dashes while the other makes dots automatically—as long as you care to hold it there. The resulting signals are either very good or awfully bad, depending on the skill of the operator.

Unlike driving a car, drunkenness on the air is usually quite harmless, and if you believe what you hear instead of what the moralists preach, often extremely amusing. It can at least be put in this light: If you must get drunk and then do something devilish, by all means go in and crank up the rig and tell the world you're cockeyed. (Amateur Radio again to the rescue.) The worst you can do physically is fall over the transmitter while it's on and get thrown across the room; or morally, use obscene language or pour tainted stories into the eager ears of your microphone and momentarily increasing audience. The last will probably get you a little slip from the Federal Communications Commission wanting to know why your license should *not* be revoked, but that's nobody's funeral but your own—which is more than can be said if you've been whooping down some highway at seventy miles an hour and wake up the next day in a hospital with a manslaughter charge lodged against you.

Back in the "good old days," along in '22 or '23, a well-known San Francisco ham who resided in North Beach arrived home late one night brilliantly illuminated.

Even in those times there were 'phone rigs, and he had one of them. The amateur channels were also nearer the broadcast band than they are now. For some unexplained reason, instead of desiring to work the set or go to bed, this noble soul felt the need of music, so he turned on the broadcast receiver.

Strange as it may seem, he was unable to find a program that appealed to his mood, and he finally came upon one originating in a large local station that pained him excruciatingly. He bore with it as long as he could, and then surrendered to an urge that everyone has felt, even in their sober moments, but few have enjoyed the opportunity of gratifying.

Going to his own set, he tuned it with the aid of a wavemeter and with the howl produced in the broadcast receiver, as close to the frequency of the broadcasting station as possible. Then proceeding to crank it up, he informed the broadcaster and world at large of his views regarding their program, interspersed with selected adjectives, and did a thorough job of defining the sponsors, the station executives, and broadcasting in general. It was really too bad that the incident resulted in his own license being suspended for six months.

Two phases of the game that are always interesting, are the extremes in time and weather that are so often encountered.

The other night, for example, I was *QSO* ZL3KG, in Christchurch, New Zealand. After we had talked a bit he said he would have to shut down and have supper. Upon referring to a small world globe, I found that though it was 10:30 p. m. here (Pacific Time), it was 6:00 p. m. there, the *next* evening. Incidentally, while it was the middle of winter here, they were enjoying the warmth and balminess of summer.

Climatic dissimilarity was also prominent in two other contacts that are outstanding in my memory, and are typical of ham radio.

The first occurred one night when I raised RX2B. RX used to be the prefix for the Republic of Panama, and is no great DX, the rarity of RX contacts lying in the fact that there are only two or three stations down there. I don't think this lad was there anyway, and if anyone can tell me his location I'll appreciate it. He gave his address as Hacienda de las Flores, Cambodia. I have yet to see Cambodia on a map of Panama.

Anyway, it was a cold night here, and during the course of an elegant conversation, he excused himself to go and mix a drink, saying that it was *so* warm there, that though he had just had one, he felt the need of another—at the

Continued at top of page 132

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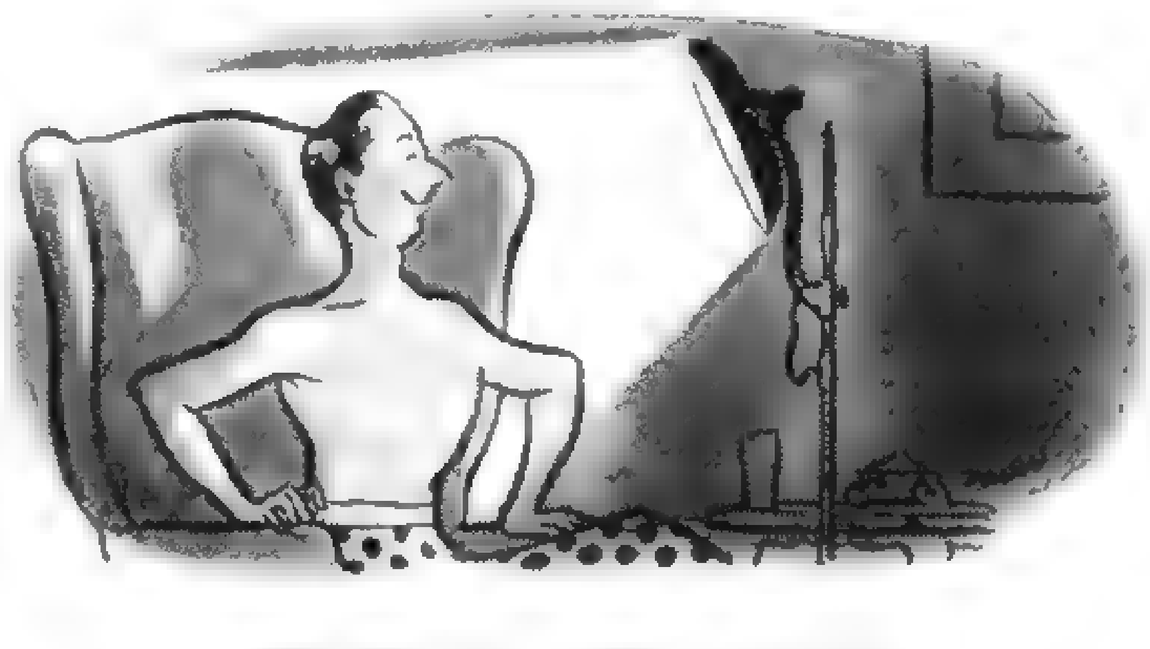

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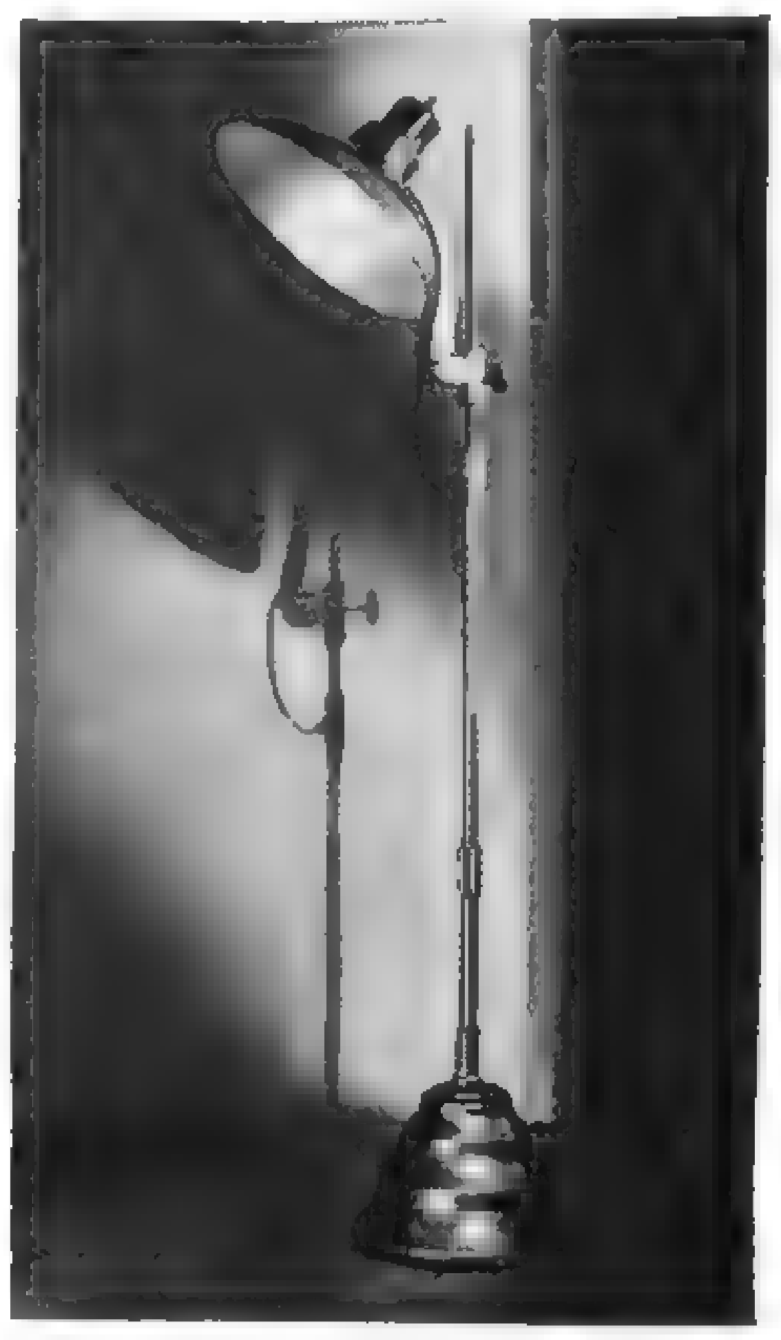

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Ham on Air

Continued from pages 97-128-131

same time politely bemoaning the deplorable conditions that prevented my joining him. I bemoaned them just as loudly, and told him so, adding that the reason I desired one was not to cool off, but to get warm!

The exact reverse of that atmosphere was felt in my early days of radio, while listening in on a *QSO* between W6ZS in San Francisco and K7AKV in Alaska. It was a warm, summer night here, and it seemed grotesque when the Alaskan station asked ZS to stand by, that it was getting very cold, and he wanted to throw some more coal on the fire!

The only ham I ever knew personally who answered an *SOS* in the amateur channels was W6CBR.

In the course of tuning over the band one time, he heard someone sending, "*SOS* HELL *SOS* HELL," and signing. Now it's dead against international law to send or cause to be sent any false or fraudulent signal of distress, and if you're caught at it, they just lock you up and toss the key in the drink. For the use of obscene language you get fined or your license revoked, or both, depending on what the judge had for breakfast.

All in all, what CBR heard was a quaint combination, so he gave the station a call, asking if he could be of any assistance.

When brother ham came back, he thanked CBR, and told him that nothing could be done, because he had lost his job, his wife had left him, the baby was sick, the finance company had movers there taking all the furniture (he was sitting on an apple box), and he was shortly to be ejected from the house. So he figured he might just as well keep sending until the Radio Inspector had him arrested and locked up. The last CBR heard, he was still sending, "HELL *SOS* HELL *SOS*. . . ." ⧺

Property Protected

Continued from page 98

wanted the truck to come back in bad shape so the boss could put on extra guards on the trucks —it was okay by him. They'd show the reds where to get off.

The driver came out of the grocery. "You lose somethin'?"

"Gotta wrench? This lousy burg ain't gotta rock in't."

The driver's mouth shot open. He appeared as if he had just been clipped on the side of his face. "What you want a wrench for?"

"Hey," the guard yelled. If this punk figured he was coming between him and a bonus, he would give him a boot to remember. He shoved his face close to the frightened driver's. His knotted fist smacked into the driver's chest. "Who's guardin' this truck? Me or yuh? Me. Me. I'm the guard so when I wanna wrench to guard yuh, gimme it."

The driver pulled up the front seat and from among his tools handed the guard a heavy wrench. What else could he do? That's how strikes went. The driver shrugged his shoulders pathetically. Christ sake, he only hoped the guard didn't take it into his head to smash his face in. The guard could do anything and get away with it.

As he drove the truck into a street where there were no houses but vacant lots, the guard suddenly smashed the wrench against the windshield. The unbreakable glass turned yellowish white. Silver streaks spread all around the point of impact like a spider's web.

Right away, the driver shoved his foot on the brake. The guard shot forward. As he recovered his balance he raised the wrench like a club. "Wanna push my head through, huh?"

"No, no," the driver whimpered.

"I oughta give yuh the boot." "Look what you did. The comp'ny'll make me pay."

"Naah, dope. We'll say the strikers did it. The strikers busted the glass with rocks. Yuh wait a minnit." He got off the truck. In the lot he picked up some rocks, hefting them in his broad hands.

The driver stared like a small boy fascinated by the violence of the biggest boy on the block.

The driver returned. "Get outa the truck, buddy."

"What for?"

"Whadda dumb louse. Doncha catch on I'm the guard, the guy in charge?"

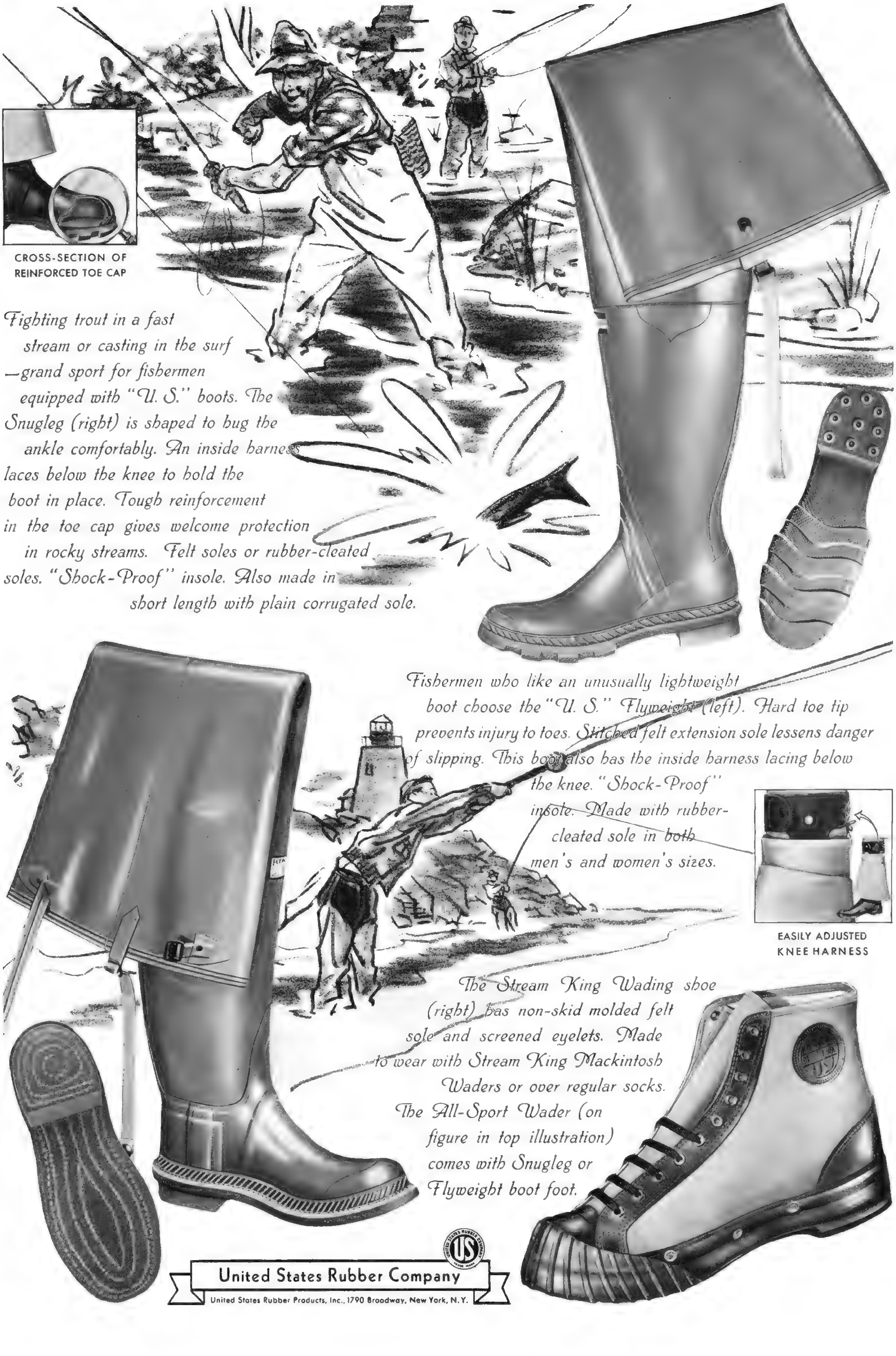
The driver stood on the sidewalk. His thick jaw was trembling. More than ever he seemed like a panicky small boy.

The guard glanced at him and explained patiently. "Yuh wanna wise up, buddy. You're paid to drive. I get paid to guard." He wound up like a big league pitcher, one of the rocks gripped tight in his hand. He let go. The rock whizzed. Smash.

He grinned and picked up a second rock. Smash. The enamel chipped off the hood. "Strike three," he said. He recovered the rocks and threw them onto the floor of the truck. "C'mon, buddy. Yuh can deliver the stuff now."

As the driver fumbled with the gears, the guard settled his big body. The job was done. The bonus was his. With the rocks as evidence the company ought to put on extra guards. Maybe he'd get Yank or Screwball? Screwball was good company. The stories that guy could tell. "Oh, yeah," he commanded. "Stop at the first phone. I gotta call the boss an' tell'm about them strikers bustin' property."

The guard felt pretty good. "Say, buddy. Yuh call me Jim. Looks like we'll be workin' together a coupla weeks." ⧺



CROSS-SECTION OF REINFORCED TOE CAP

Fighting trout in a fast stream or casting in the surf—grand sport for fishermen equipped with "U. S." boots. The Snugleg (right) is shaped to hug the ankle comfortably. An inside harness laces below the knee to hold the boot in place. Tough reinforcement in the toe cap gives welcome protection in rocky streams. Felt soles or rubber-cleated soles. "Shock-Proof" insole. Also made in short length with plain corrugated sole.

Fishermen who like an unusually lightweight boot choose the "U. S." Flyweight (left). Hard toe tip prevents injury to toes. Stitched felt extension sole lessens danger of slipping. This boot also has the inside harness lacing below the knee. "Shock-Proof" insole. Made with rubber-cleated sole in both men's and women's sizes.

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The Stream King Wading shoe (right) has non-skid molded felt sole and screened eyelets. Made to wear with Stream King Mackintosh Waders or over regular socks. The All-Sport Wader (on figure in top illustration) comes with Snugleg or Flyweight boot foot.

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Leaves go with the autumn winds; but Nature replaces them in the spring.

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So help the hair you have with Kreml, America's most successful hair tonic.

Kreml will remove every trace of dandruff.

Kreml stimulates the scalp, helps cleanse the pores, checks falling hair.

Kreml is invigorating, lends the look of lustrous new life and vitality to the hair.

Kreml also makes it soft and pliable, easy to comb, and keeps it neatly in place without plastering it down like gigolo grease.

Women, too, love Kreml—for the alluring sheen it imparts to the hair—for helping to overcome dryness and brittleness after permanents.

Ask your druggist for Kreml; tell your barber to use it after the haircut.

Kreml Shampoo, too

Made from an 80% olive oil base, Kreml Shampoo gives lashings of soft, rich lather—rinses out in a wink—leaves the scalp and hair fresh, clean, invigorated.

KREML

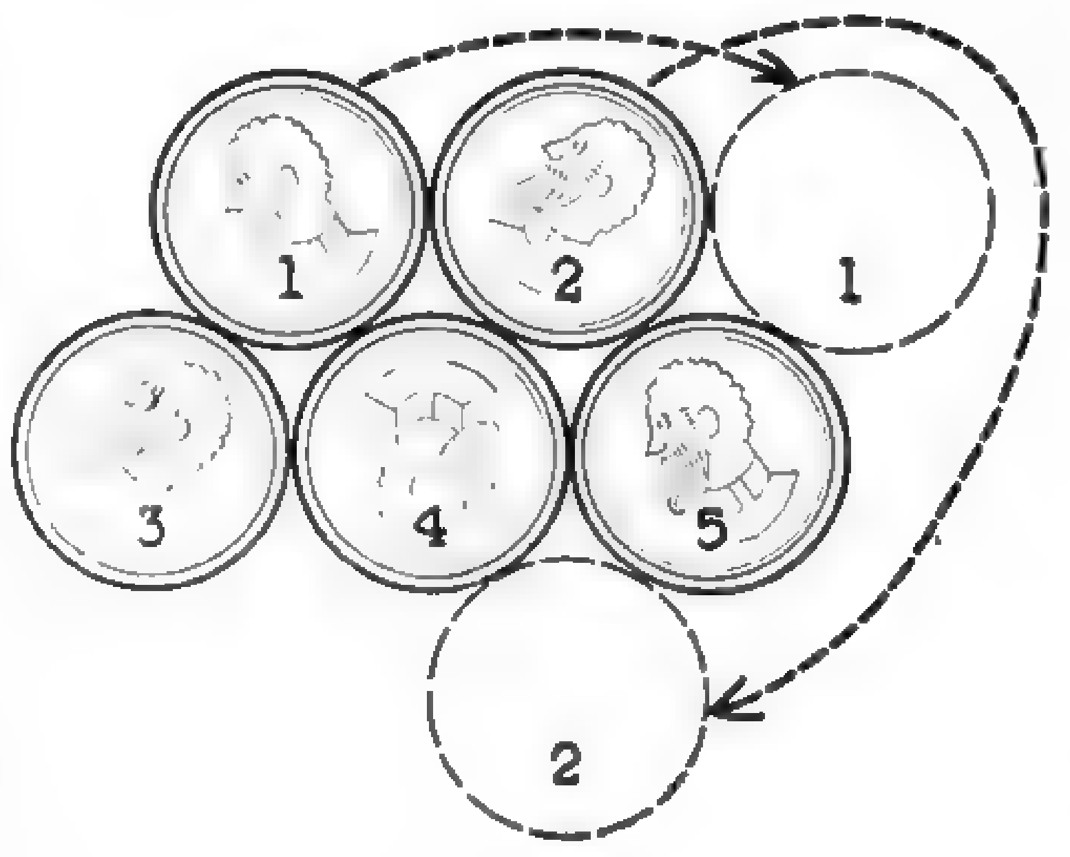
REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Answers to Coin Puzzles

Continued from pages 82-120

Five coins can be moved from the formation given into such a position that each would exactly touch a sixth, if it were there, by the following four moves (See diagram below):



Move coin No. 1 to dotted position 1; coin No. 2 to dotted position 2; slide coin No. 4 up to the place originally occupied by coin No. 2; and move coin No. 1 back to its original place.

In the case of the five nickels and five pennies, to get them together move the following pairs, considering that the two blank spaces are numbered 11 and 12, and that the numbers refer to the spaces and not to the coins. If the directions, for instance, call for No. 2 to be moved, to space No. 6, say, then that coin becomes No. 6. Move 2 and 3, 7 and 8, 4 and 5, 10 and 11, and 1 and 2. As there are always only two blank spaces it need not be specified where these moves are made to.

The three-nickels-and-three-pennies puzzle is solved like this: move a nickel, then two pennies, then three nickels, then three pennies, then three nickels, then two pennies, then one nickel. The nice thing is that these moves are so easy to remember: 1, 2, 3, 3, 3, 2, 1, and alternating nickels and pennies. In a very short time you can learn to make the change so quickly that a watcher can't follow your moves.

To get the coins alternating heads and tails in three moves, turn over pairs 3-4, 4-5, and 2-3. ⧻

Nocturne in a Minor Key

Continued from page 81

gers crumpling it into a tiny wad. She grabbed his hand and closed his fingers around the shapeless bit of paper.

"Take this," she murmured. "It'll do for a hamburger now and then when you can't make a touch. It ought to last at least three days and you'll be in Louisiana by that time."

"Louisiana?"

"It's warm down there, and the people are soft. They don't put much value on a meal or a bed. Maybe they don't put much value on—on anything." She laughed a short, mirthless laugh. "I'm from Louisiana."

He stretched the bill between his hands. "A fin!" He whistled softly and looked up at her. "Sure you don't need this?"

"Not at all," she answered with just the right casual tone, and then thought that perhaps two lies would do better than one. "Yesterday was my payday."

"You're some dame." He grinned the old grin that made his handsome, pallid face look so young. Then he put out his arms and drew her to him.

"Don't do that." She placed her hands against his chest and pushed herself away from him with surprising strength. "It'll be daylight in a few minutes. You've got to go while no one will see you come out of the alley."

"Oke." He put on his hat and turned up his coat collar.

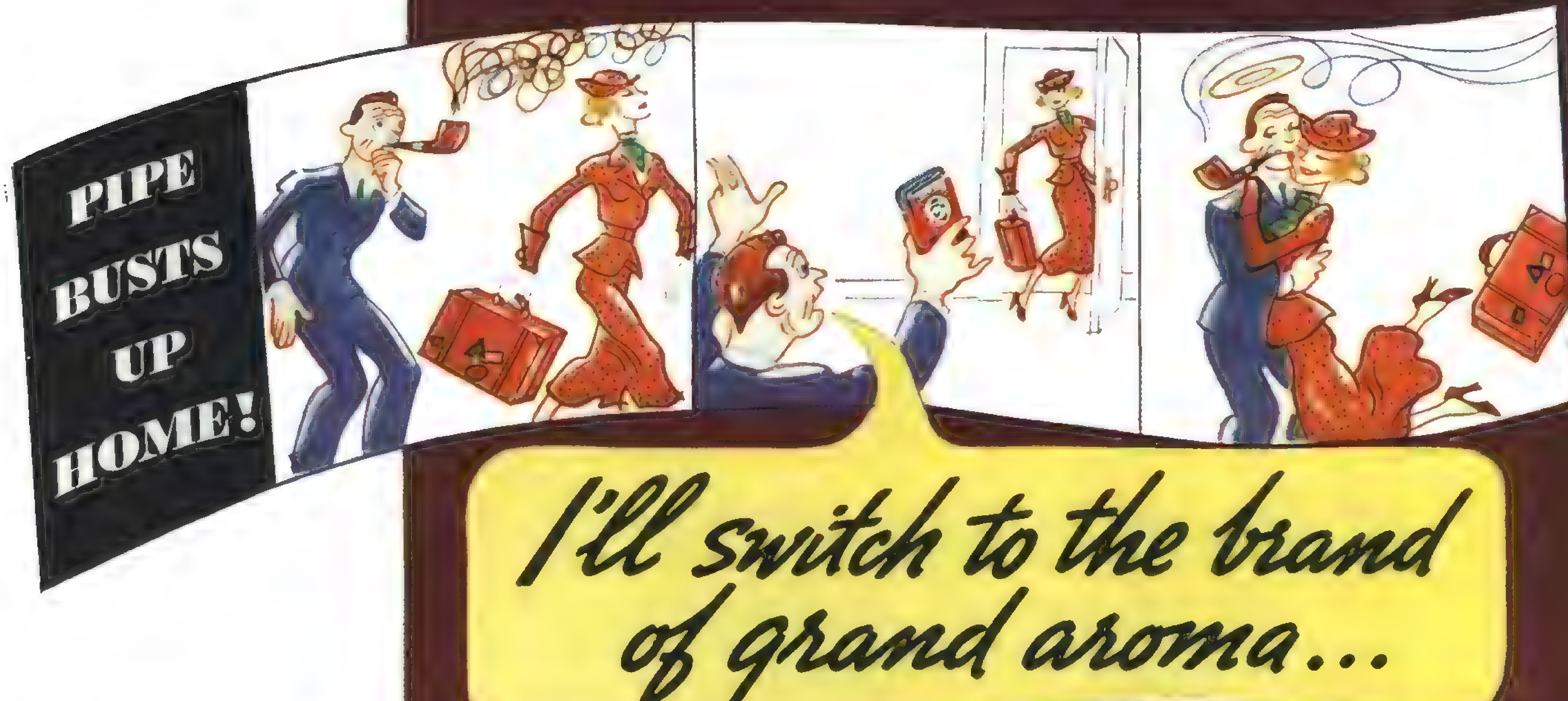
She led him down the hall, opened the door for him, and watched him go softly and expertly down the outside stairs to insure their minimum amount of creaking.

In the alley he turned around and looked up at her, and traditionally he waved. She had seen that done in the movies, too. But he added a gesture that was not in the book. He held up the five dollar bill, waved it in the air, grinning widely, and then he brought it to his mouth and kissed it. When he had pocketed it he started down the alley and never looked back. His was the easy, swinging gait of a man who knows neither destination nor commencement.

She watched him until he was out of sight and then long after, while the memory of the broad shoulders, the eloquent mocking eyes became indelible etchings on a quivering brain.

Sunup was but moments away. The inter-changing grays of the dawn were tinged with the pastel tints of a blushing sky. The heavens are blushing for me, she thought. It was a poetical idea. For a second the realization that she could still think soothed her. It was good to know that this stupendous, unbelievable thing had not paralyzed and crushed her.

Soon she must dress and go to work. She tiptoed back to her rooms and stood beside the wrinkled bed with its crumpled sheets and its two dented pillows. It was another day. She must pick up where she had left off. Nothing was changed. She must say that over and over again. Nothing was changed. But for a moment she flung herself on the bed and buried her face deep in the pillow next to the wall, the pillow that was so thrillingly, so poignantly imbued with a strange new masculine odor. With a great sigh she clenched it and pressed it against her cheeks, her mouth, her head—and soon the linen was wet beneath her tears. ⧻


PIPE BUSTS UP HOME!
I'll switch to the brand of grand aroma...

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FOR PIPE CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later — Your Favorite Tobacco"

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15¢ *...and worth it*
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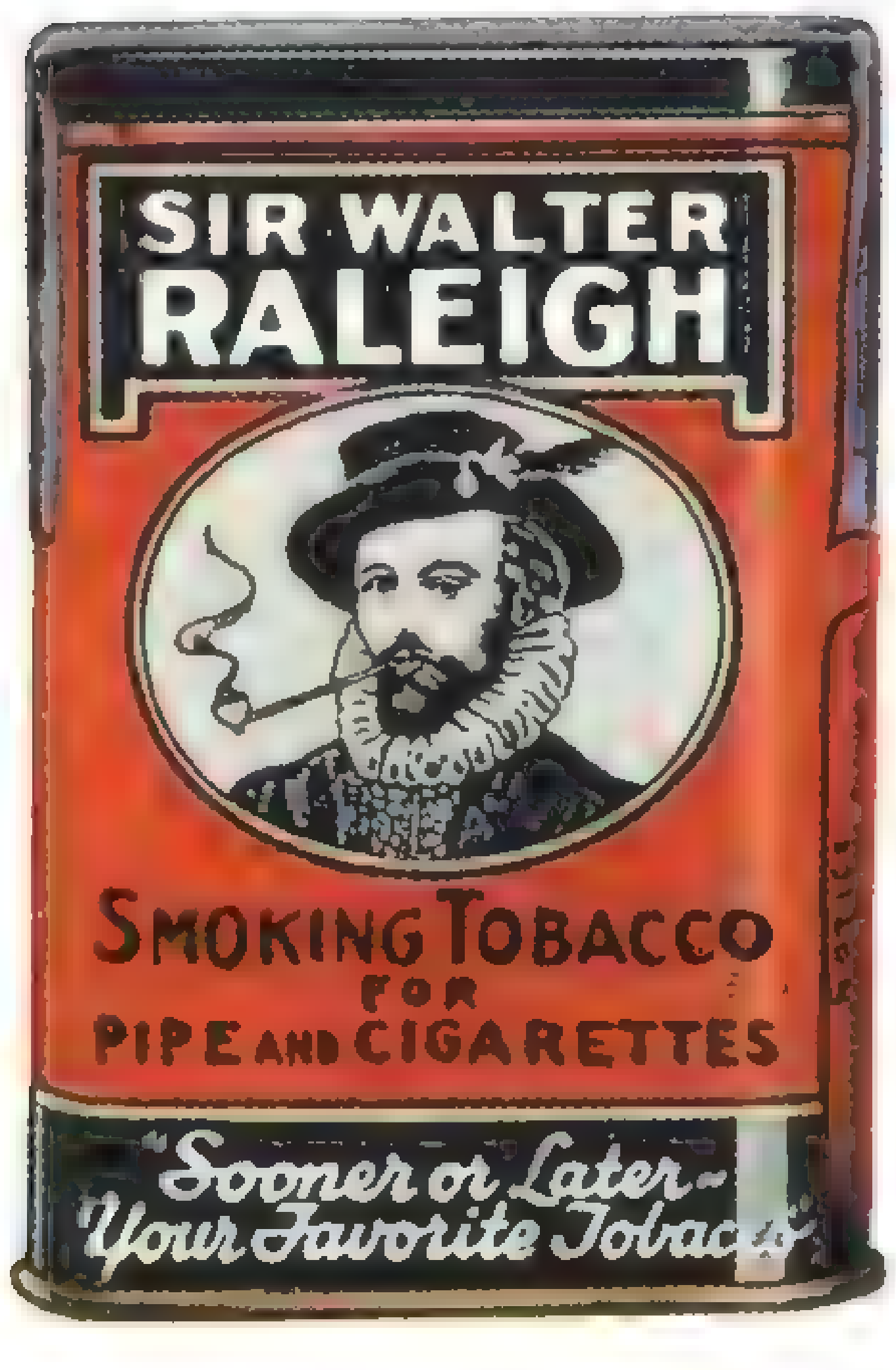
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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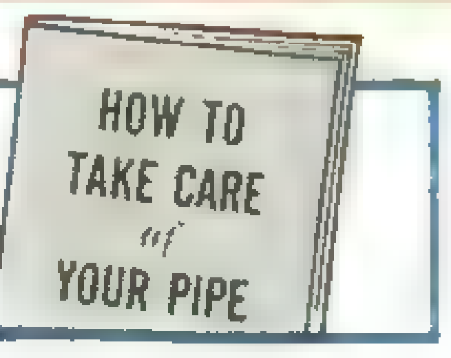
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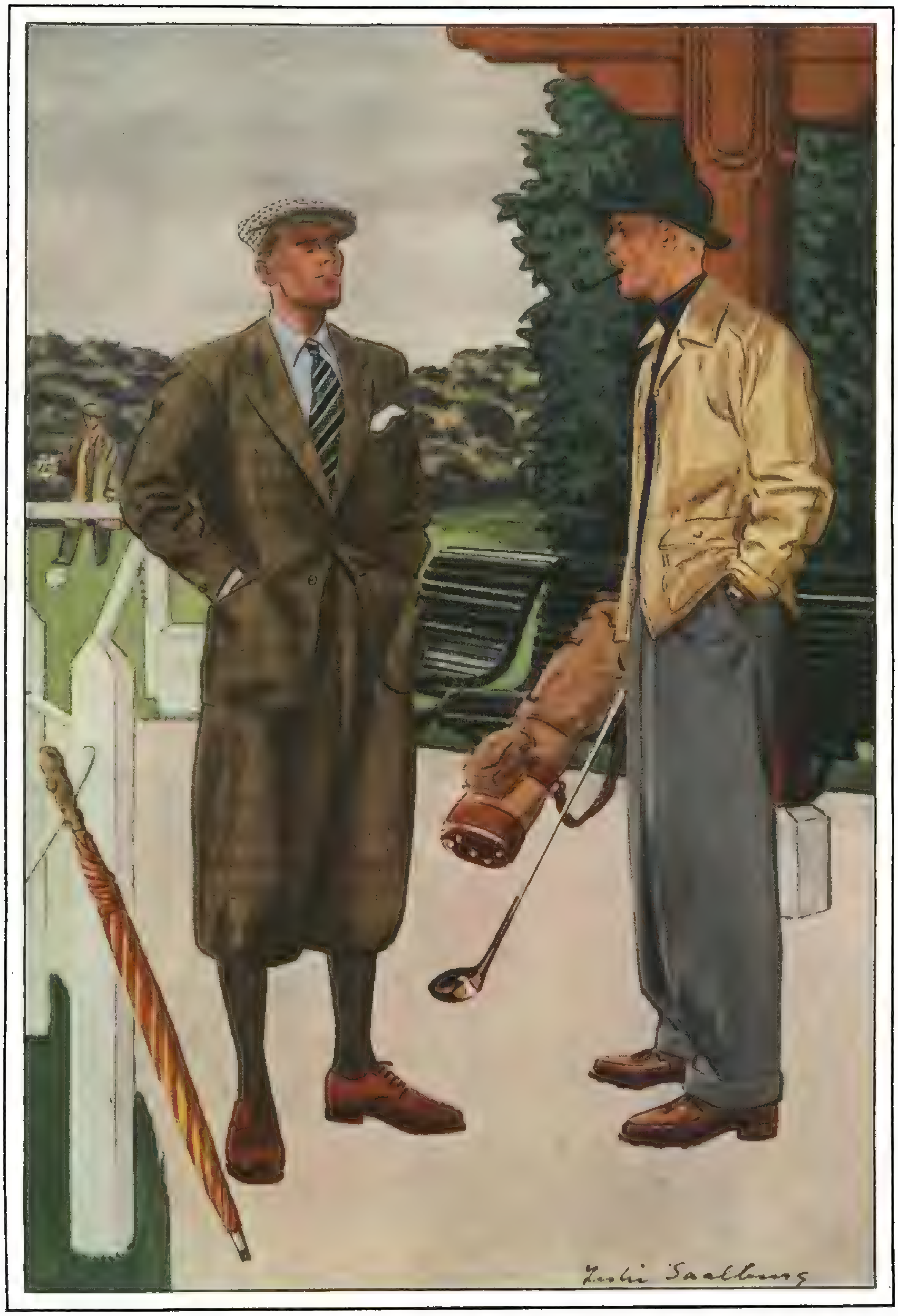

GOLFERS DRESSED FOR THE EARLY SEASON

The plus four suit has been out of fashion for a long time, but its comeback began last year and gives added promise, by all advance reports, of increasing this season. Aside from being ideal for early and late season golf it is a useful knockabout outfit and has a definite place in the wardrobe. This one is of lovat cheviot with a rust double overplaid, a grand color and pattern because it always looks old even when new. The other outfit is also suitable for the early season, with its navy turtleneck sweater, slide-fastened windbreak, grey flannel slacks with natural turnups, brown Norwegian model shoes with rubber spikes and a green semi-sports hat in a rough finish felt. The colored shirt is flannel with a soft lounge collar attached, worn with a club striped rep tie, heather ribbed wool hose and crepe soled reversed calf blucher front shoes. The back of the jacket carries either a ten-inch center vent or side vents.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Pure Painter: Bernard Karfiol

Continued from page 76

and triumph. Slowly his influence penetrated among the knowing and in 1917 his work was shown, with that of John Marin, in a two-man exhibition arranged by Hamilton Easter Field, the patron-painter-teacher. Joseph Brummer put up Karfiol's work on his walls in 1923, again in 1924 and yet again in 1927, since which time Karfiols have been shown at the Downtown Gallery, chiefly in group displays.

The best of the Karfiols may be seen in the Museum of Modern Art, which owns perhaps the most beautiful, the *Seated Nude;* and in the Whitney, which has *Hilda.* The Metropolitan, being squeamish about nudes, except when Titian and Rubens are the painters, has an adequate, if unrepresentative, landscape. Other Karfiols are to be seen in the Field Foundation, also in New York; in the Corcoran and Phillips Memorial Galleries in Washington, in the Detroit Institute of Arts and also in museums in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Newark, Andover and Baltimore.

It goes without saying that Karfiol has won prizes, medals and honorable mentions. Only once, however, did he win a money prize, $2,000 from the Clark Fund of the Corcoran, which subsequently bought the prize picture.

There are many senses in which Karfiol may be called a pure painter. One is that he does not sketch in outline form first and paint afterwards, or first prepare on canvas a cartoon on which to erect his form and color. Brush and paint do all the work. He draws with brush and gives substance with color. He has the great painter's gift of painting in a low key and giving the effect of a deep, rich glow coming up to the surface of the canvas from the shimmering sub-surface. To those who see his pictures for the first time they will seem unfinished, not quite polished off, careless in detail, but that is because Karfiol is concerned essentially with the emotion that the picture is to convey rather than with accuracy in representation. For the emotion conveyed about the subject implies the representation as well. That personal accent is stated as clearly in flower piece, landscape, child's portrait as it is in his paintings of the female figure. That accent which a personal emotion has marked on each canvas makes it as fresh upon the tenth view as upon the first. A Karfiol is a work to which it is a delight to return. ⧺

Rabbi ben Advertise

Continued from page 85

But at any rate, Dr. Townsend recognized the growing importance of the elderly, and in that respect he stood against the almost morbid fear of maturity which runs through American business and, for all I know, may make a monkey of us all in the end.

I have already noted in this magazine the steadily lowering age limit of advertising appeals, from the address to the sound, respectable, bearded bourgeois of the 1890's to the seduction, by advertising I mean, of the charming matron, after the turn of the century; then on to the college youth and finally, in our own time, on the air, the appearance of the childish treble advising one and all to buy. I now note that that process exactly reverses the direction of the birthrate and the mortality figures. We have added something like ten years to the average life in the past few generations and I do not see anywhere in American business any recognition of this fact. Are motor cars built now for the greater comfort of those who creak in the knees? Are there canned goods and packaged foods especially attractive to those over fifty? Is there any less emphasis on sport now that less and less people, physically able to enjoy sport, are in existence? Does the radio put on more programs for the contemplative middle-aged, than for the sprightly and the active? Do the movie producers in Hollywood rise from their chairs and kiss on both cheeks the scenario writer who brings in a script which is sure-fire for the senescent? The answer to these questions is no.

The jigsaw puzzle is the only exception I can think of at the moment. Apart from that, all our recent fads and inventions leave out of consideration the overpowering desire of the adult male and female to sit still for long periods of time. I suppose that Contract is another exception, but it is so wrapped in mystery to me that I dare not make any bold statements about it. My general impression is that the strain on the mind is too great for those who really don't want to do anything much.

I doubt the theory that the vast majority of adults is completely unreconciled to hearing Time's wingéd chariot. As a government, we are now beginning to provide a miserable minimum of cash to those who will persist in living until they are sixty-five, but as an industrial enterprise, we do very little for the same ever-increasing group. The time will come when the government will be giving out its pittances and the real money-making of the country will be in the hands of the middle-aged and the advertisers will be caught flat-footed, not having anything to offer those who have most of the millions to spend. The manufacturers will still be making kiddie cars when the majority of their customers will be asking for a streamlined crutch. ⧺

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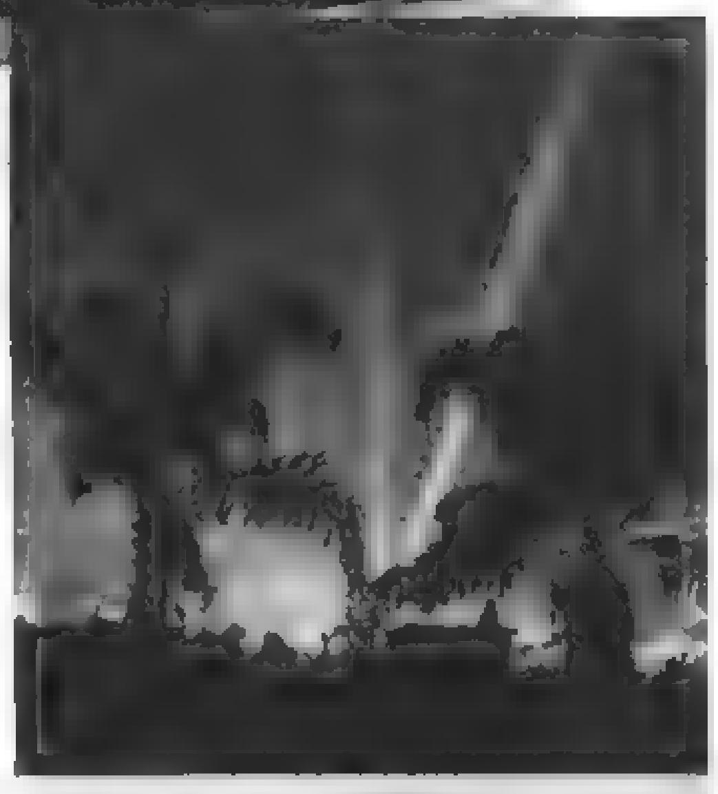

We lack the intimacy of New England's neat green hills, the storied courtliness of the Old South, the Midwest's broad, lake-dotted plains, the Northwest's mighty, rushing rivers.

But, just as these things thrill us when we visit you, Southern California's *difference* from familiar scenes is why, we think, you'll call it your most memorable vacation.

You'll find, for example, the highest mountains in the U. S., with snow peaks, mile-high lakes and streams, meadows, forests. Two hundred miles of ocean, with sandy beaches, rocky coves, giant swordfish and other fish that fly, barking seals, pleasure islands, protected waters for sailing, surfing, speed-boating, swimming.

Golf courses by the score, and every other sport. Celebrities, world premieres, smart clubs and shops in Hollywood and Los Angeles. Old world charm and hospitality in Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona, other cities. Orange and olive groves, vineyards, gardens, oil fields. Rainless days, cool nights (summer average temperature of 69.4°). Missions, street markets, fiestas. Fascinating oil, movie industries of Los Angeles County. Papaya, sapote, cherimoya. Eucalyptus, jacaranda, pepper and camphor trees...

You'll find all these and more, just overnight, even from New York, by plane; 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage, two weeks by steamer via Panama. Costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts.

Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; for tourists, attractions are unlimited.

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Man About Town

Continued from page 69

She had spoken languorously and in whispers, but she leaped up with a suppressed shriek at the ape-like booming sound that seemed to come right through his chest rather than out of his mouth. But Olin laid no hand on her. Half an hour later he was deep in the forest, traveling through the night and the next day until he came to his cabin. Weary as he was, his eyes red rimmed and bloodshot, he did not lie down on the bed, a hand hewn box filled with pine needles covered by deer skins. He sat for a while on the thick corner of the bed, his massive head in his hands that were the smallest and most delicate portion of him and, as many women had learned, could be wonderfully tender as well as strong.

The idea of murder did not disturb him too much. You killed to eat. You killed to protect yourself. He had himself once killed a man with his hands. But the man had been in his wife's bedroom and the jury had acquitted him. That day he left the north country and wandered for a year until he came to Eastchester. He had been eighteen and his wife sixteen when it happened.

For a long time he sat motionless in the cabin which seemed smaller because he was in it. The sun's rays had left the tops of the sky-reaching pines surrounding the cabin when with a grunt of satisfaction he fell back on the bed, rolled over on his side and was asleep.

Four weeks later, widow Raines heard her garden door open, and a quiver of joyous anticipation ran up from her toes. When he came in she was too excited to notice his own purposeful excitement. Later when she offered to go down to prepare a snack he said "No, stay—I have eaten. Everything is all right." She sighed luxuriously and was asleep when he left.

Elizabeth Slater, bitter at having apparently driven the joy out of her life, was at first afraid when she saw him trudging up the road. But that night when he told her they would see later about what she had said, ten years of farm drudgery dropped from her shoulders. He stayed until she had fallen asleep.

Within the space of two weeks Olin visited each of the ladies in his life. With all of them he behaved in this same fashion.

Olin returned to the cabin he had built out of pine logs. It was well supplied with jerked venison and cured beef. He had never been so happy in eighteen years. He actually sang as he trudged through the forest inspecting his traps. His booming baritone echoed back from immemorial rocks and although it was *John Brown's Body* that he sang, the lugubrious words and music had a merry lilt to them.

Five weeks later he returned to Eastchester. Over any number of supper tables, the word was passed that Olin Jennings had smiled and greeted folks he passed on the main street.

At the Ethan Allen Lodgings, Mrs. Clune came to his room as soon as she could conveniently escape from her spouse. Her mouth drawn thinner than ever, her long face pale and frightened, she told him what had happened.

"Good," said Olin. "Sleep with your husband tonight. Then in a few weeks tell him the good news."

"After twenty-two years," whined Mrs. Clune and distractedly cracking her knuckles she left the room. With minor variations, as he went to the house of each of his clients ostensibly to find if there was any work to be done, this scene repeated itself. Only Elizabeth Slater cursed him venomously and hopelessly. Mrs. Molton had left unexpectedly to go to the city—no doubt because of the sudden elopement and marriage of her daughter.

But with the widow Raines an altogether different conversation ensued. Without any great show of emotion Mary Raines told him there was nothing for them to do but get married. She said she would make him a good wife and give him a good home and not mind his excursions into the forest. Olin thought that would be a good idea. The following week they were married quietly and Olin carried all of his belongings over to the trim little brown and white dwelling of the former widow Raines in the same duffle bag he had lugged into Eastchester over his shoulder eighteen years before.

The only disappointment in his many years of happy married life with Mary, was the fact that all the fourteen babies born within one month that year were boys except his and Mary's. Their baby was a chubby little thing that at six months was an exquisite miniature of her mother. From all that is known, all her brothers have turned out to be fine lads, too. ⧺

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SO DOES A GENTLEMAN'S LADY

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The Stowaway's Story

Continued from page 86

I had to go below to see the pilot off. Immediately after that I ran up to the boat deck.

It was dark up there, and the wind insulated all other sounds. I walked warily up to the little iron door opening into the dummy stack, my mouth as dry as desert sand and my throat plugged up with a huge gag. After ascertaining that no one was watching, I quickly slipped through the door and closed it after me. I don't mind admitting that I was frightened stiff. What there was to greet me on the other side of that cylinder I wasn't sure. That there was something, someone, I knew. But that was little comfort. Have you ever sat alone in a room, waiting for someone to come, knowing he'd enter soon? You experience a weird discomfort; a fleeting thought passes through your mind: *something* is coming in that door. A ghoul, perhaps? a monster?

I knocked three or four times at the base of the ladder before starting to climb. There was no response. I almost retreated, but pride and curiosity conquered my fear, and I placed my foot on the first rung. I climbed very slowly, stopping at intervals to listen. There was no sound but the whine of the wind as it raced over the stack. When I had reached the top and fetched the flashlight out of my pocket, my hands were trembling and cold. I turned the light down the shaft and whispered, "Hello there!" There was silence, but I detected a slight movement behind the gear. "Hello!" I whispered more loudly. "I'm your friend." It seemed an imbecilic thing to say even as I said it. A hand came up, grasped the machinery, and a body hoisted itself. It was a girl.

Had it been the monster I vaguely and childishly feared, I should have been no more startled. She wasn't very tall . . . about five feet . . . and barefooted. Her dark hair, rounded nose, clear eyes under heavy eyebrows, and assertive jaw gave me to believe that she was Slavic. Her accent corroborated my belief. And if there had remained any doubt, it would have been dispelled by her frankness and sincerity. "I am from Vladivostok," she said. "I must get to the United States. You will help me?"

There was that about her face which seemed to indicate that her predicament was part of a deliberate and aggressive plan. I don't know how I sensed this. It was a sort of confidence, an intelligent mastery, in her face. There didn't seem to be any doubt at all that she controlled her life perfectly. Her question had been less an entreaty than formal notice that I had been drawn into her program; there was no retreating. In fact, my surprise somewhat abated, I determined that I should refuse no help I could give. There was none of your Sir Walter Raleigh instinct in this; I didn't feel in the least gallant. She had that vigor, that vitality, which seems the special quality of persons who govern themselves according to the dictates of some great and unselfish cause or principle. You never *know* a person like that, you *intuit* him. You felt that this girl would exhibit the same confidence, the same power, on the stake; and you were willing to sacrifice everything else to help her. It was simply a matter of casting aside irrelevancies and attending to an important and compelling duty.

"You will help me?"

"Why . . . uh . . ." I muttered, knowing that I would, but feeling rather foolish in affirming it. One doesn't play chopsticks after a Beethoven symphony. I nodded, and she smiled, a sad sort of a smile but satisfied, as if she should say, "There, I knew you would. I need help."

I was in my blue uniform, a strange contrast to her simple, peasant-like garment, the coarse shawl, and the bare feet. "Shall I fetch you a pair of my shoes?" I asked. "I'm afraid they'll be rather large, but that'll be better than this . . ." I pointed to her legs. "Ah no, thank you," she said. "I have boots, but they are very wet."

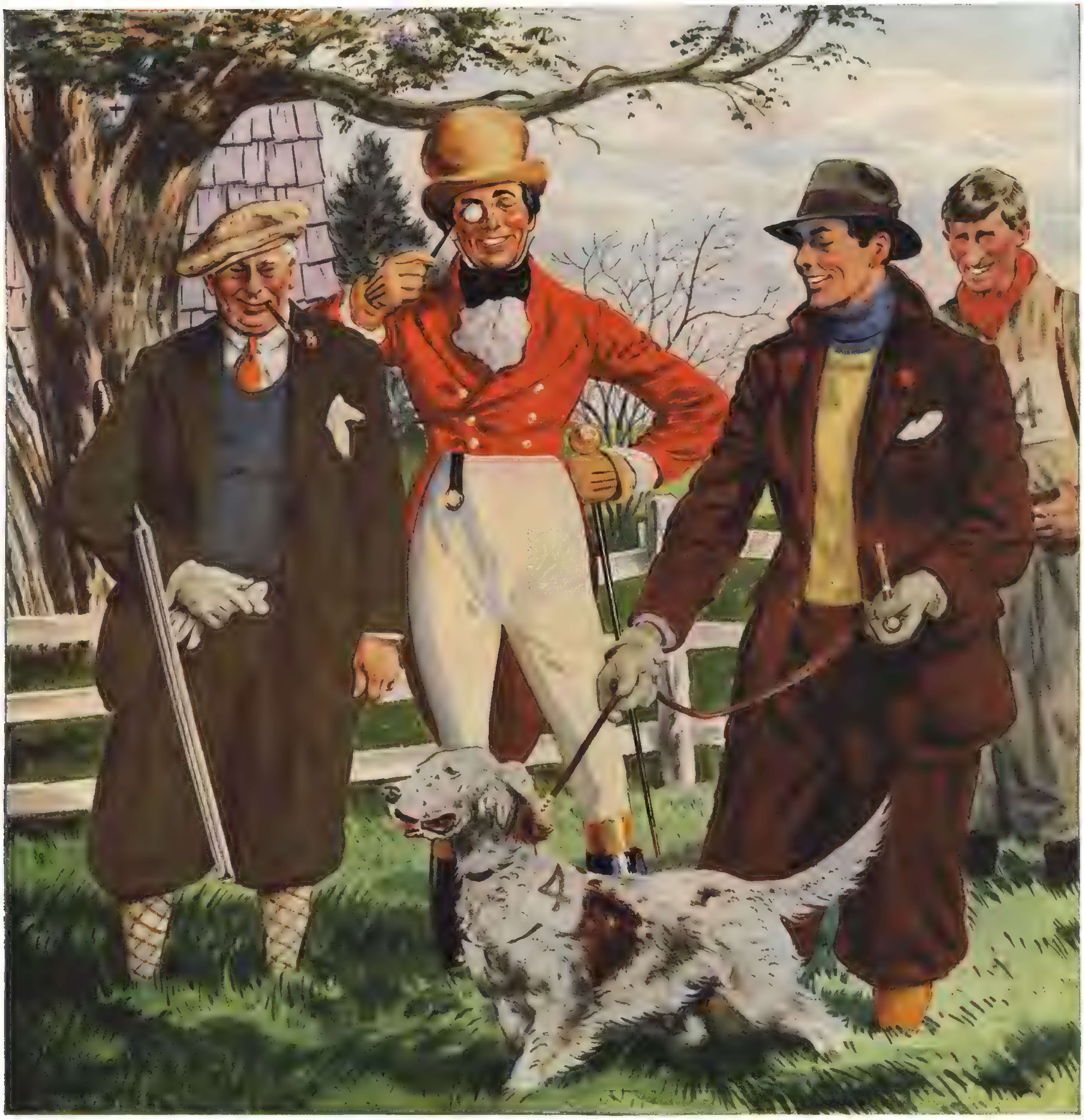
We arranged that I bring her food and make her as comfortable as possible. The whole adventure spread before me like an appealing stretch of country. I refrained from telling anyone about her, out of a feeling partly of protectiveness and partly of jealousy. The dog watch, twelve to four, was peculiarly adapted to the situation. I'd go on at midnight, stand watch on the bridge for about two hours, and then get a half-hour off to go below for coffee. During lunch and dinner I made a practice of confiscating various things, with the help of the mess boy, whom I had plied with beer in Shanghai and who thought that I wanted them for myself. When I'd get off for the half-hour, I'd get the food, wrap it in a large napkin, and steal back to the hiding place. Gretel . . . which was the only name I knew her by . . . thanked me each time I brought this napkinful. We would talk quietly until I had to get back on the bridge. She asked me all about myself, and now that I think back on it she found out my whole life history while all I discovered about her was that she was from Vladivostok, maybe, wanted to go to the United States, certainly, and was both witty and intelligent, most certainly.

I got a fire bucket, which she relieved herself in, and which I'd empty each night. I stole some blankets out of the store for her, and inveigled a large pitcher from one of the stewards. This I kept filled with ice-water. Gretel was, for a stowaway, traveling first class.

Continued on page 143

JOHNNIE WALKER

"Points" the way
to a pleasant day at the Aiken Field Trials



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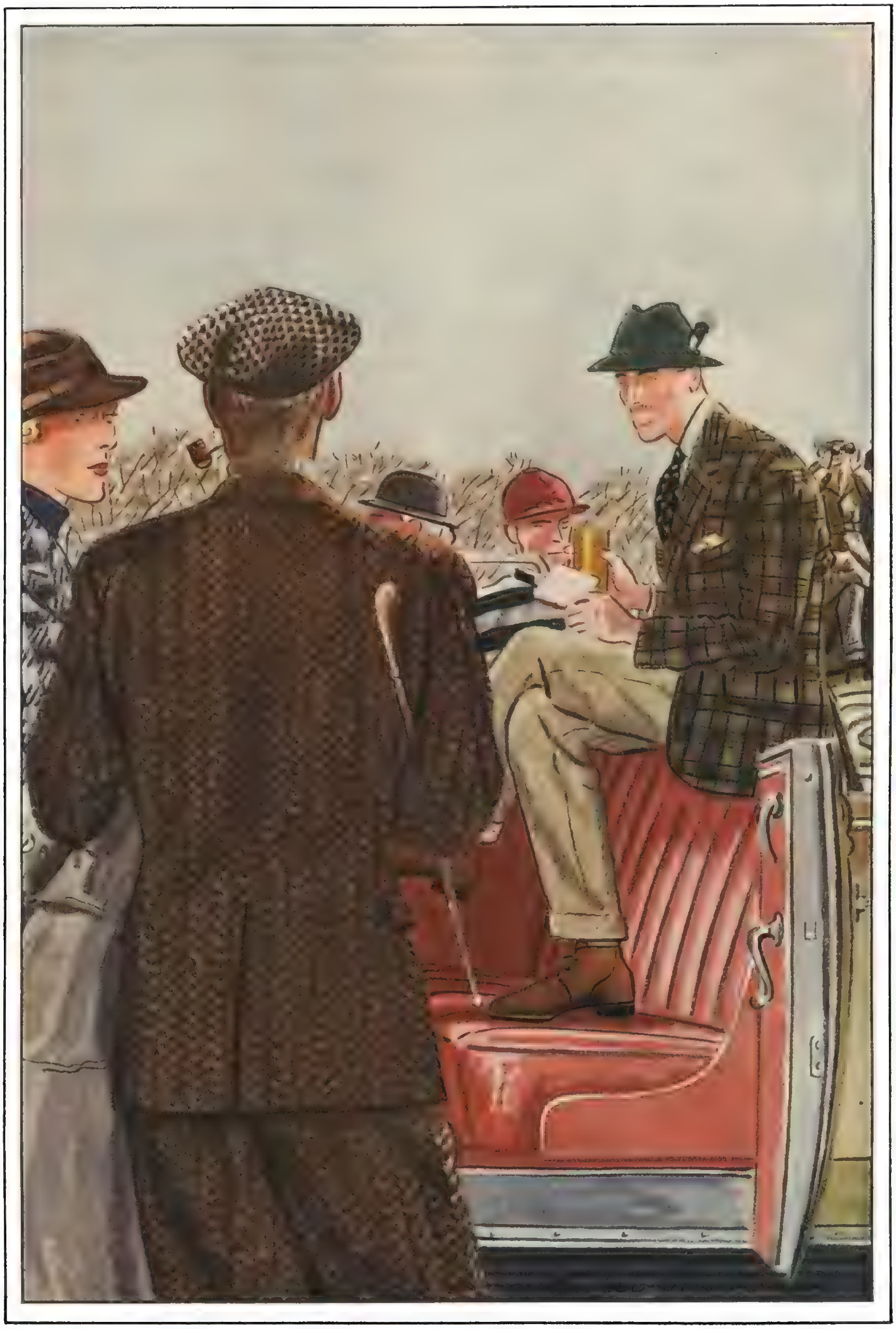


AIKEN OR CAMDEN IN THE MONTH OF MARCH

The rear view of the jacket in the foreground is of interest because it shows the extreme amount of fullness at the shoulder blades on each side. This is the London innovation now accepted by the majority of the best tailors in this country. This coat is cut in the new cubbing model, resembling a riding coat, with a long center vent and slanting flap pockets. The grey ribbed turtleneck sweater and checked cap complete this outfit. The other turnout, worn by the man lunching, features a cheviot tweed sport jacket in an authentic Scotch district check, with very practical long side vents, adapted from the saddle jacket, which allow extra freedom and comfort. The one button at the sleeve is a small detail but one that seems to characterize the newest country jackets of both English and American sportsmen. His narrow Newmarket trousers are cavalry twill. Molière boots, green shirt and Tyrolean hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Stowaway's Story

Continued from pages 86-140

The third night out, when I took her food up to her, she asked me if I could get her any books. The days were long and tedious, one may well imagine; I was sorry that I hadn't thought of it sooner. All during the day my mind would revert to her little cell, and I'd wonder what she possibly could be doing to keep from going mad, but it didn't occur to me that I could relieve her monotony with a few books. I asked her what she'd like to read, and mentioned some of the books in the ship's library. She wanted Carlyle's *French Revolution* and one of the volumes from Proust's novel. I got them for her, and she had them both finished in two days. After that I kept her supplied with a new book each day, and paper and pencil with which she made notes and did some sketches.

We made Honolulu without any untoward incident; it took us a little over six days. While we were in port, the ship was almost deserted on top side, making it possible for me to be up there quite a bit with her. I came up from the reefers where I was supposed to be superintending the stevedores loading pineapple. We had long and extremely interesting conversations about things which I had long thought women knew nothing of: art, the world economic situation, literature; and I must confess that I was the more ignorant and confused of the two on each of the subjects. She urged me to acquaint myself with Karl Marx, and pointed out certain forces and movements in the contemporary world that have clarified things immeasurably for me. It was as if Gretel had given me the key which let me into a lighted room out of the fog and dark. She never spoke of herself, and I never questioned her.

As I say, we had no trouble up to Honolulu, but the first night out, bound east for San Francisco, something happened that knocked the props out from under things and instigated a chain of events which now I can hardly believe occurred. The mate on the dog watch saw me come out of the dummy stack.

He was a sour one, the mate, big boned and long armed. At one time he had been captain on one of the line's smaller ships, but he had had to be demoted because of his vicious temper. Two of his crew had objected to their mess, and he had shot them. To this naturally evil temper had been added, by his demotion, a bitterness that knew no equal. I was told that he was a Finn and had run away to sea when only twelve. He had never seen his family since, although one evening in New York he had had his younger sister for dinner in his cabin. Old hands remembered that evening, because the mate had almost killed her over something. They hadn't met again. The seamen and underofficers called him The Ghoul. It was reputed that he never smiled in his life, but I don't know how true this is. What I do know is that his very presence was poison to me after I'd been on the ship only a week.

On the night of which I speak, I had brought Gretel her food and water earlier than usual. "I stole a march on the boys," I said. "I'm taking an hour off tonight. How goes it?"

"Oh, *nechevo*," she said. She had a queer way of saying that word.

I took up the fire bucket and went over the cylinder and was just coming out of the little iron door in the stack when the mate came along the deck without my seeing him. "Wot ye got there?" he growled. I was paralyzed. What I told him I don't remember, but I hurriedly scuttled around his imposing figure and ran below with the utmost speed. I sat over a cup of coffee and tried dazedly to chart a course, but the more I tried to rationalize my position, the more I tried to figure out a logical plan of action, the more confused I became; until finally I concluded that the only thing to be done was to warn Gretel. She might possibly be able to think of something.

I went up cautiously, peering to right and left so as not to be caught unaware again. The waning crescent moon was just rising in the east, casting an eerie light over the decks. When I reached the stack, I stopped for fully five minutes before entering, listening for some sound that might warn me of the mate's presence inside. Then suddenly my mind cleared. I realized that I was just fearful for myself in tarrying there, that if I had any friendship at all for Gretel I'd go in and help her regardless of what happened to me. Impulsively I opened the door and stepped in. I rapped on the cylinder base, and was relieved to hear an answering rap.

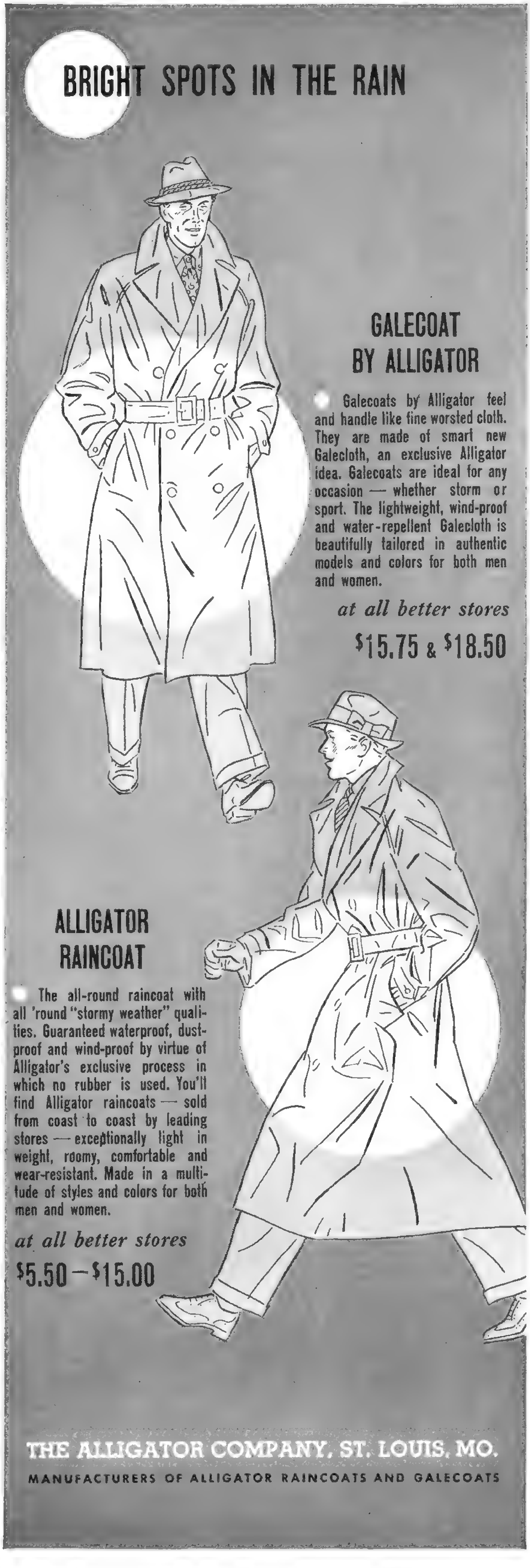
There was a moment during my scurry up the ladder when I lost my footing and almost fell, but I clung with one hand and swung myself in place. Then I was up and descending the other side. "Gretel," I whispered hoarsely. "Yes," she said, "quickly, quickly!" My blood congealed with sudden fear.

"The mate," I said pantingly as I lowered myself, "the mate . . ."

"Yes, I know," she said, her breath coming long and deep, "I've killed him."

I once knew an attorney who, after a decade's practice, just when his career was in its infancy, contracted a gangrenous infection which necessitated the amputation of his leg. I recall his telling me of the emotional reaction which he had when the doctor told him of this necessity. The content, the communicative meaning, of the words was so strong that it produced a singularly weak effect, if any at all. It's something

Continued on page 144



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The Stowaway's Story

Continued from pages 86-140-143

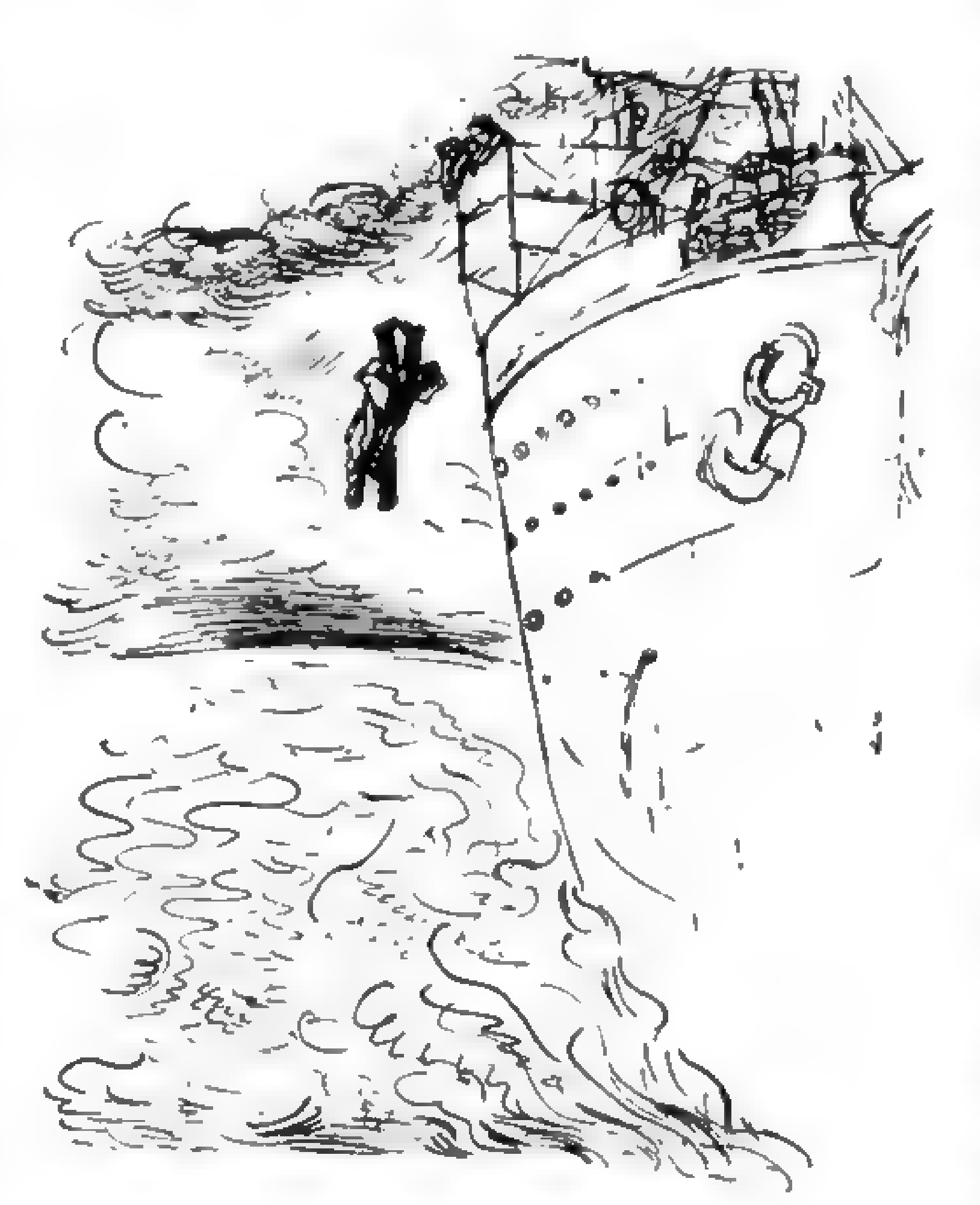
like that horse race game which you find in amusement parks and beaches, where you turn a wheel to make your horse go, but if you work it too energetically the horse automatically returns to the starting point and you have to start all over again. It is only by turning your wheel with a slow and steady persistency that you bring your horse to the finish line. The abruptness and intensity of the statement, "It is necessary that your leg be amputated," is comparable to the too energetic manipulation of your wheel; it resulted in an emotional response of zero. But after the first overly vehement thing, when the steady and monotonous repetition is kept up within your mind, there comes the sudden and startling apprehension of what is meant. The whole process takes on a real-unreal character. You may, for a period, doubt your sanity.

After a lapse of time that may have been long or short, the full meaning of Gretel's words penetrated my consciousness. My legs weakened and I sank onto the deck. "What are we to do?" I asked finally, my voice hoarse and strained.

"I have been thinking," she said, "and there seems to be only one way to dispose of the body. You must carry it out and throw it over the side. Then you must raise the cry of man overboard."

I heard and registered the words, but only as a phonograph recording instrument would; I had them and could repeat them, but they were only words, without meaning. "How did you do it?" I asked, my lower lip barely moving . . . "why did you do it?"

Gretel became visibly impatient. "He came here," she said, "and I had no choice. I used this wrench." In her hand was a massive tool that had hung on the bulkhead; my light made evident several splotches of already dried blood. We were both silent, and then she repeated the plan. This time I understood. I looked at the body. It seemed enormous, mountainous, lying there in the billows of a greatcoat, the limbs sprawled grotesquely on the deck. "I don't know that I'll be able to carry him," I said.



"I'll help you to get him up over the ladder," said Gretel, "and then you can drag him." With a maximum of effort, we did succeed in getting the body over the cylinder wall and down the other side. Our breaths came doubly fast, from exertion and fear. When we had got the body maneuvered so that I could drag it through the door, I tried, in an effort to relieve the situation, to suggest that Gretel pray. I was unable to utter a word.

How I managed to get the body over the rail I can't say. I leaned, exhausted, and watched it hurtle down, like a great bat, lit occasionally by lights from some porthole or other, finally to hit the water. The swirl and eddy of the phosphorescent foam seemed to gather up the corpse greedily, toss it about playfully for a few moments, and then casually drop it to the depths . . .

In accordance with the plan, I then ran up to the bridge crying, "Man overboard!" There was a great to-do. The quartermasters had been arguing with the Junior Officer, and apparently weren't aware of what I had said for a while. When they finally understood, after my repeating the cry almost in their faces, they summoned the skipper and orders were given to swing the ship around. When the cry "Man overboard" is given on a fast ship, the procedure is not to stop and then run the engines full speed astern, but to make a great circle always going ahead. It takes half the time. And so orders were telegraphed down to the engine room: full speed astern port, full speed ahead starboard, and the wheel was thrown over hard left. The great ship shuddered in protest.

It was after dawn before the search was given up. I hadn't thought it possible for the man's body to be found, but I breathed easier nevertheless when we had resumed our course after receiving orders from the San Francisco office. I testified that I had seen the mate fall near the starboard running light, and that it had been out when I ran up. He had evidently intended to inspect it and stumbled, I suggested. Services were read for him at noon.

We made elaborate plans for Gretel to sneak off when we got to San Francisco. She was to pose as a friend who had come down to see the ship, and I was to show her around, finally getting off with her, talking inconsequentials all the while. After I had made all arrangements, I entered the dummy stack, climbed the ladder, and was about to tell her that all was ready when I saw that she had gone. There was a note which read simply, "Thank you." I looked around awhile and, not finding her, assumed that she had managed to get off on her own.

Continued at top of page 146

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The Stowaway's Story

Continued from pages 86-140-143-144

I don't know whether or not I ever saw her again. It was rather strange. I had got off the ship after the next voyage, about two months later, and was riding up Market Street in San Francisco on a street car. Do you know how they run there? Four tracks, you see, two routes in each direction. Consequently cars move along side by side very often. I was in a car on the inside lane; we had stopped for a traffic signal. On the next track another car came up and also stopped. I looked through my window into it in a vague manner and recognized a friend of mine, a painter. He didn't see me, so I made no sign to him. He was talking with a young woman sitting next him. Suddenly I stiffened. I could have sworn that the woman was Gretel. I jumped out of my seat and in two bounds was out of the now moving car. Too late, though, because the other car had moved off.

Several days later, after I had attended to various affairs that required my attention, I went up to the painter's studio on Montgomery Street. He said he was glad to see me, mixed me a drink, and asked how I'd liked the mariner's life. After the usual palaver, I told him that I'd seen him on the street car with a young woman, that I'd tried to catch them because I thought I knew her. The painter remembered immediately. He had, it developed, only met the young woman the night before at a studio party. Said her name was Barbara or something like that. He had been extremely interested in her views, and had arranged to have lunch with her the next day. I asked where I could get in touch with her; but the painter said she'd gone to New York the night of the day I'd seen them.

Then the painter rubbed his eyes and said, "She was a queer one. At lunch, I forget how the conversation got twisted around to it, she told me that she had killed her brother in mid-Pacific."

He said that the rug was old anyway, and it didn't matter that I'd spilled my drink. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 88

him an honorary degree this winter, though, judging by similar activities of the Nazis, this may be interpreted merely as a political gesture intended to increase cultural friendship with Finland, rather than as a sincere recognition of Sibelius. Whatever the contemporary judgment, it is my guess that when the Straussian meteor is nearing the horizon, the Sibelius star will still be climbing toward the zenith.

The accomplished German master has been more concerned with externals, the Finn with the inner message. The orchestrator puts little in much, the symphonist much in little. As Sibelius himself says, "Strauss is *actuel* . . . modern, for this time. I, abstract . . . all times, all places!"

But there is nothing to be gained from setting Sibelius against Strauss. They are mutually exclusive talents. Each satisfies a different need.

* * *

The growth of the Sibelius cult with us has been phenomenal. Ten years ago the name was known only by *Valse Triste* and *Finlandia*, which today no musician above brass-band tastes would admit liking. Last season New York Philharmonic Symphony listeners, comprising our most distinguished radio audience, gave Sibelius more votes than any other composer, living or dead. And this, with Toscanini not conducting his music, and with Beethoven getting twenty and Wagner fifty performances to his one.

The present rage for Sibelius here and in England is not due, as continental music authorities are convinced, to unconscious national politics. That they think we, having no Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms of our own, are anxious to promote a composer from some small and politically insignificant country is evidence only of their own chauvinism.

The relative prominence accorded Sibelius by us is not the result, either, in any final sense, of a natural tendency on the part of critics to pick a "dark horse" and run him up so they can take credit for discovering him.

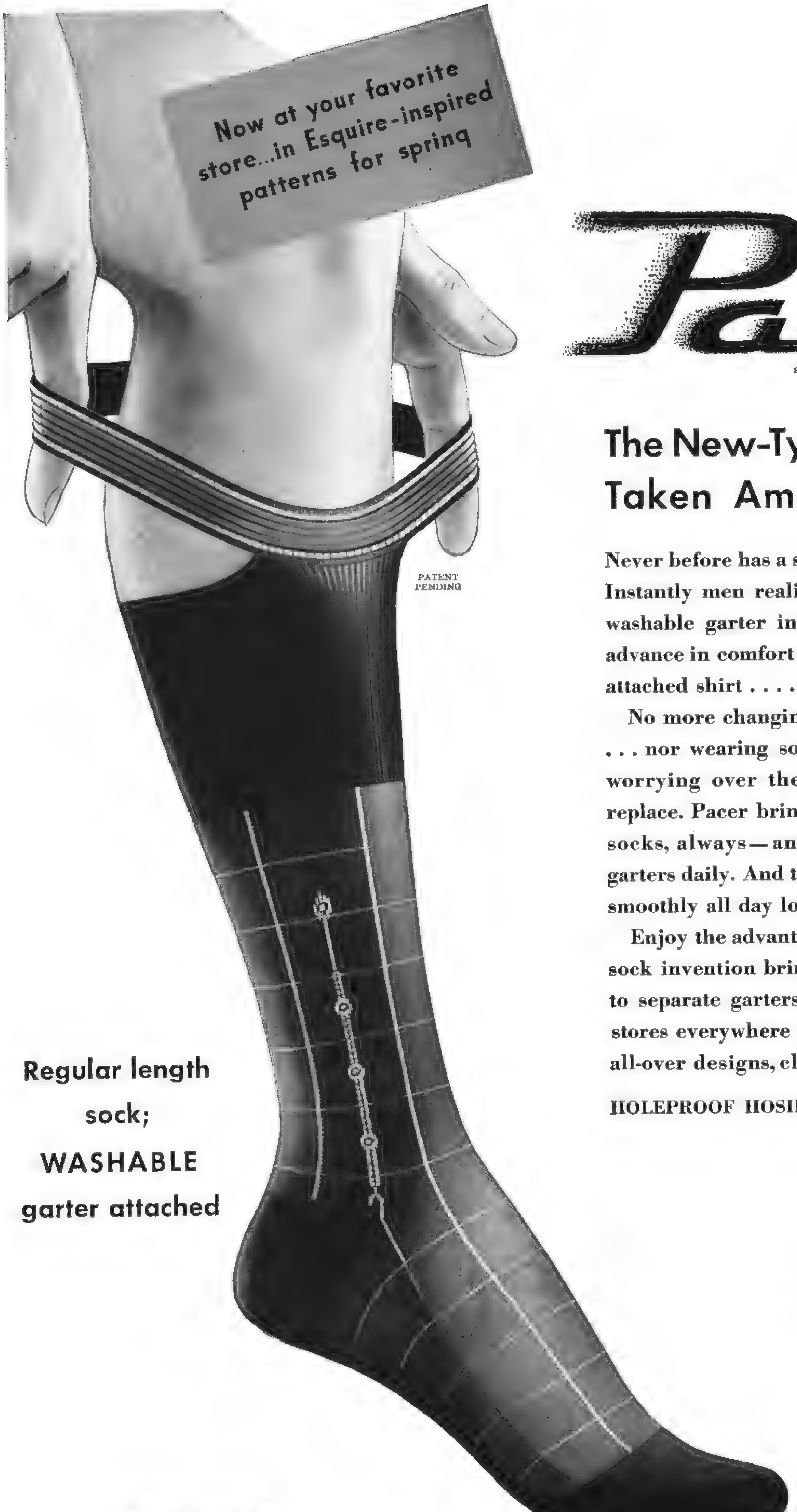
For ten years a leading conductor and an active critic have been campaigning for him. Both have made pilgrimages to Finland. Much shouting has been done in the press and the learned periodicals. Various brands of rah-rah have been used, and all opposition has been promptly squelched. Toscanini, who doesn't relish the Sibelius music, seldom conducted his important scores and, naturally, the maestro's bootlickers took their cue from him. But with his retirement from our local scene, that became ancient history.

The Sibelians hold full sway again. And when those in the know begin to nod, the outer circles are not long in catching on. Right now, dowagers from Boston to Washington who couldn't tell you the number of his symphonies pass out a Sibelius sales talk with every cocktail. In their circles a confession that you don't understand Sibelius is tantamount to admitting musical imbecility.

Lecturers concentrate on Sibelius, and music appreciation books are being revised to feature him. He has now been successfully anointed and canonized.

Self-appointed disciples spread his gospel at every concert. Yes,

Continued on page 148



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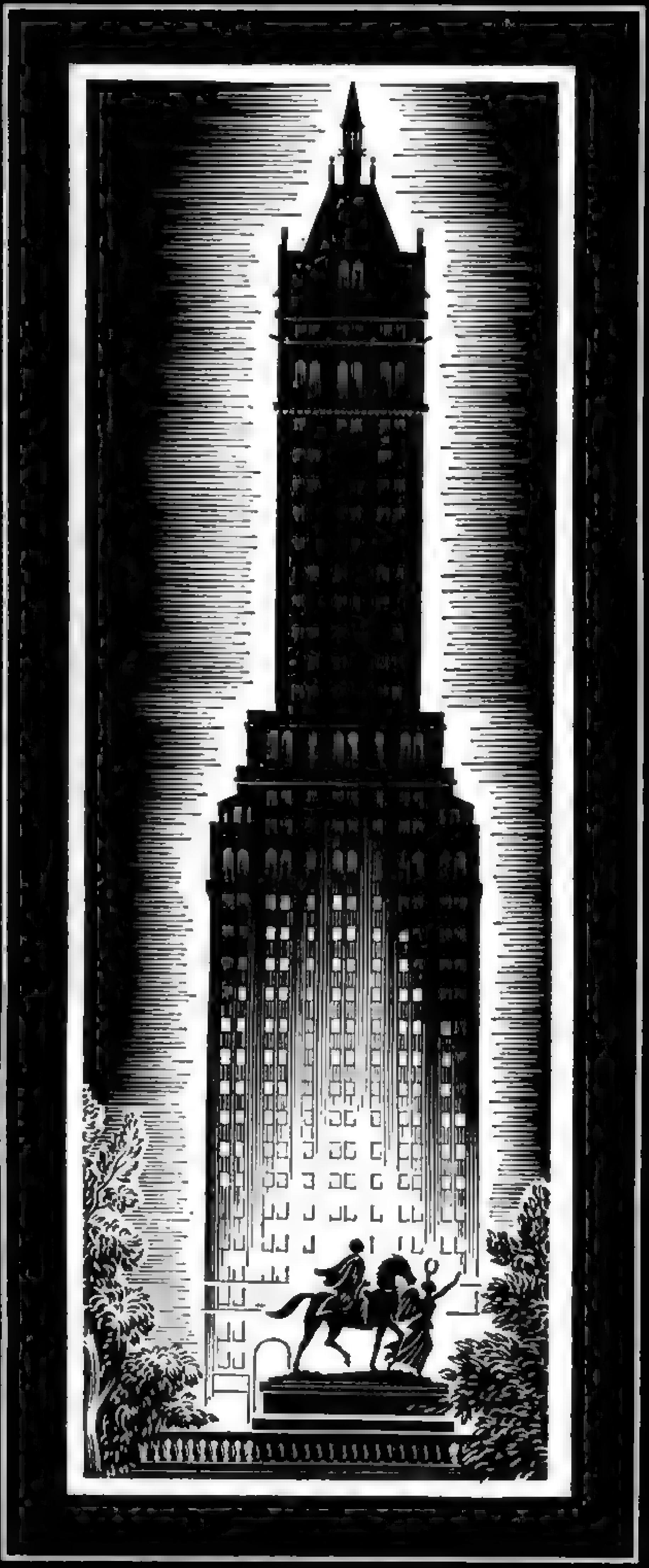

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 88-146

they are the same group of the faithful who ten years ago were genuflecting before Brahms and telling us that his music was "better than it sounds." Now you hear them reciting the Sibelius litany in every *entr'acte:*

He is cold.
He is hard.
He is austere.
He is plain.
He is angular.
He is spare.
He is impersonal.
He is ascetic.
He is forbidding.
He is Finnish.

Then they talk for hours of rugged mountain crags, pine forests, barren wastelands, ghosts of Northern spirits. All these stock *clichés* obscure the real Sibelius rather than explain him. His symphonies are not to be described by catch phrases nor understood by pondering over word-pictures. Like anything of real value, they yield themselves only to him who knows them through and through.

* * *

To understand them well, it is necessary to hear them often and to get over that feeling of unusualness with which they first fall on the ears. As Ernest Newman has rightly observed: "Once this sense of strangeness has been overcome, the hold of Sibelius upon the average intelligent person increases in proportion as the works become known to him. It is only the first step that costs."

Naturally, this first step should be taken under the proper guidance; that is, performances which do justice to the works should be heard. This is not as easy as it would appear. First of all, many conductors are not in sympathy with Sibelius. They find it more advantageous to perform works with which they can better display their own personalities. Therefore, his greater symphonies are seldom played. Second, interpreters who sincerely try to understand his scores often fail because they approach them through music already familiar to them. This is fatal, as Sibelius is original, unique, and utterly unlike any other musician who ever lived before him. He is not derivative and, moreover, the Sibelius symphonies do not play themselves. Often they cannot be played even by excellent orchestras, quite capable of getting off Beethoven, Brahms, or Wagner. Without seeming specially difficult when they are well performed, they require long and careful preparation and an uncommon interpretive insight.

The best Sibelius performances in our country today are given by Serge Koussevitzky, who has remarkable intuitive gifts and who learned the scores from men in his orchestra who had formerly played in the Helsinki Symphony, often under the composer himself. Not for every symphony, but for most, Koussevitzky's readings may be taken as authoritative.

For the reason that they play Sibelius as if he were Brahms or Mahler, German conductors cannot touch his greater pages. Stokowski is inclined to make them theatrical and to overstate the composer's individual patterns. In his recording of the *Fourth Symphony*, Stokowski distorts certain passages beyond all recognition, retarding the tempi, laying on heavy orchestral coloring, and putting in expression marks where none exist. In the *Scherzo*, he fails to observe that the tempo is plainly marked *allegro molto vivace;* his choice of a slower time completely changes the meaning. In the final movement he introduces large bells, which have a place in *Tosca* or Tchaikovsky, but not in Sibelius. Not only is the passage sounded an octave lower than it is written in the score, but the sensational climax here produces an effect extraneous to the whole structure of the composition. The printed page contains only the word *glocken*, but Sibelius never used such bells when he himself conducted the symphony.

Robert Kajanus, Sibelius' fellow-countryman, who did the most to make his music known in early years and who conducted many recordings for the Sibelius Society, knew the correct tempi and had the right feeling for the music, as he studied it with Sibelius. But, unfortunately, he was not a conductor of the first rank and when he made these records he was a sick man. Neither he nor Sibelius was satisfied with them.

* * *

In view of the loud shouting, surprisingly little has been done to secure adequate performances of the great Sibelius masterpieces. It is no wonder that the old man himself, sitting alone amidst his clump of trees north of Helsinki, wonders if his much heralded success in America means anything, if there really are many here who understand and love his music.

Unfortunately, only a very few can sit down with his scores and be stimulated to even greater enjoyment by the black dots on the music paper than by ordinary performances. Also, for them, this has been expensive and not easy. Only in the last year or two have miniature partiturs of his best symphonies been available.

To that extent that listeners do understand and appreciate his symphonies, it does them credit. For no other music written in our time has so much to say or says it so well. Sibelius himself stated the case clearly when he said to his German music publisher that whereas other modern composers were engaged in manufacturing cocktails, he offered the public pure cold water.

As time goes on, his music will be more thoroughly understood and more genuinely appreciated. Exactly how important will be

Continued on page 150

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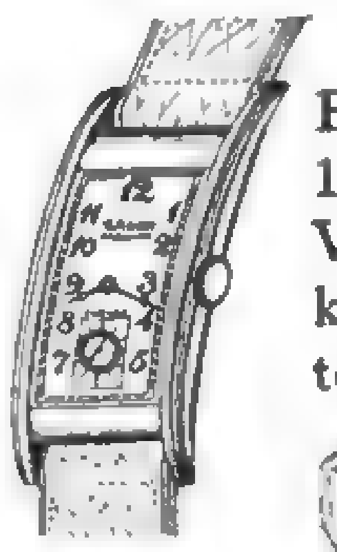

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 88-146-148

his place and what his label will be, the public and the historians of the twenty-second century will have the pleasure of determining.

We are now too near him to make any positive evaluations. We know only that his music is his own, that each symphony is a definite landmark in the natural development of his musical nature, that no two are alike. In each of them, he has made an honest statement of a profound conviction, said something that was important to him and that he could not hold back. His symphonies were not the result of a determination to write something.

With each symphony, he started afresh . . . from the beginning, not knowing himself where he was going. He has let his small "inner voice" have its say. And that ability to be himself has been his greatest asset, as it is the greatest asset of any artist.

He has also been fortunate in being richly gifted: he is certainly the most colorful musical personality as well as the most profound thinker in music of our time. Not only has he explored the depths of human emotion, not only are his greatest works full of his struggle with the problems of existence (like Bach and Beethoven and every great composer, with the exception possibly of Mozart, he has turned out at times second-rate and inconsequential tripe, bearing his hallmark but not to be placed alongside his symphonies); but they are the expressions of a luminous and highly sensitive imagination.

Ideas come to Sibelius on a ray of sunshine reflected in the water . . . from a streak of blue across his lake . . . falling with a dead leaf . . . hopping with a bird. And they still come. Today he spends hours alone in the woods around his house, walking and thinking. Then he does his actual composition. Only later is it sketched out. "I write very easily, write very much," he says. "Only I accept very little these days."

The highly individual quality of Sibelius' imagination has made his works hard to classify. Is he romanticist? Realist? Modernist? Classicist? Is he a poet of nature? Is he a nationalist?

This last question has disturbed many. I have watched Finnish workers in Northern Michigan cry when hearing his music, saying it made them lonely, reminded them of home . . . and this, even when they did not know they were hearing the music of Sibelius. Undoubtedly, there is something intangible in Sibelius' nature, something that makes him a Finnish personality on every page of his music. It may be that the scenery inside his mind is not dissimilar to the scenery outside. Nature has meant much to him, and yet his music is not adequately described as either "descriptive" or "national."

To classify him or to analyze his music is not important. If you are interested, there are long descriptions to be read, varying according to the background and susceptibilities of the writer. But, as Sibelius has said, "They speak for themselves, not for me."

As to structure and form, there is also much that is new and difficult to pigeon-hole. Through all of them, the thought and orchestral timbre are organic and indivisible. The color changes from phrase to phrase even as the facial expression of a sensitive man changes momentarily with fleeting thoughts. Here is a new conception of orchestration and also of form. What some listeners are still apt to think of as a gift for orchestral tone-coloring, revealed, for instance, in the music of Ravel or Respighi or Rimsky-Korsakoff, is by comparison only an external mechanical dexterity, merely the brilliant arrangement of piano music for instruments . . . the "laying on" of effective shades and timbres over more or less obvious rhythmic patterns.

Also, with Sibelius, the old ideas of form go by the board. No longer is theme *A* followed by theme *B*, with *A* brought back again and the whole developed according to a pre-conceived plan. In his symphonies unity and continuity are achieved by much more subtle means. And yet, they are achieved. His works are not padded or lacking in coherence. His huge climaxes are always the natural outgrowth of his material rather than the mere piling up of sounds. You come away from hearing any one of his later symphonies with the conviction that what he has to say could not be said in any other, not to mention any better, way. The form and color are bone and blood of a living being.

If his masterful and original musicianship disturbs you, as indeed it does many . . . if it gives you no satisfaction . . . if you resent the fact that it is unlike the old classics, that it perhaps raises questions and does not answer them, then either you have not heard his music often enough or Sibelius simply is not for you.

Do not be sure that it is not, until you have explored each of his symphonies thoroughly and persistently. You may be missing the biggest mountain and the grandest perspective of all. The climbing is to be done only with the scores themselves. They are the best guidebooks. Failing them, you must depend on occasional performances and on the recordings, whose shortcomings will be all too readily apparent.

In the end, whether you like Sibelius or not is a matter of taste, or perhaps even more of mood. But in these years after our noble experiment, the best all-around drink at the musical bar is likely to be the Sibelius glass of pure cold water ⧺

★★★

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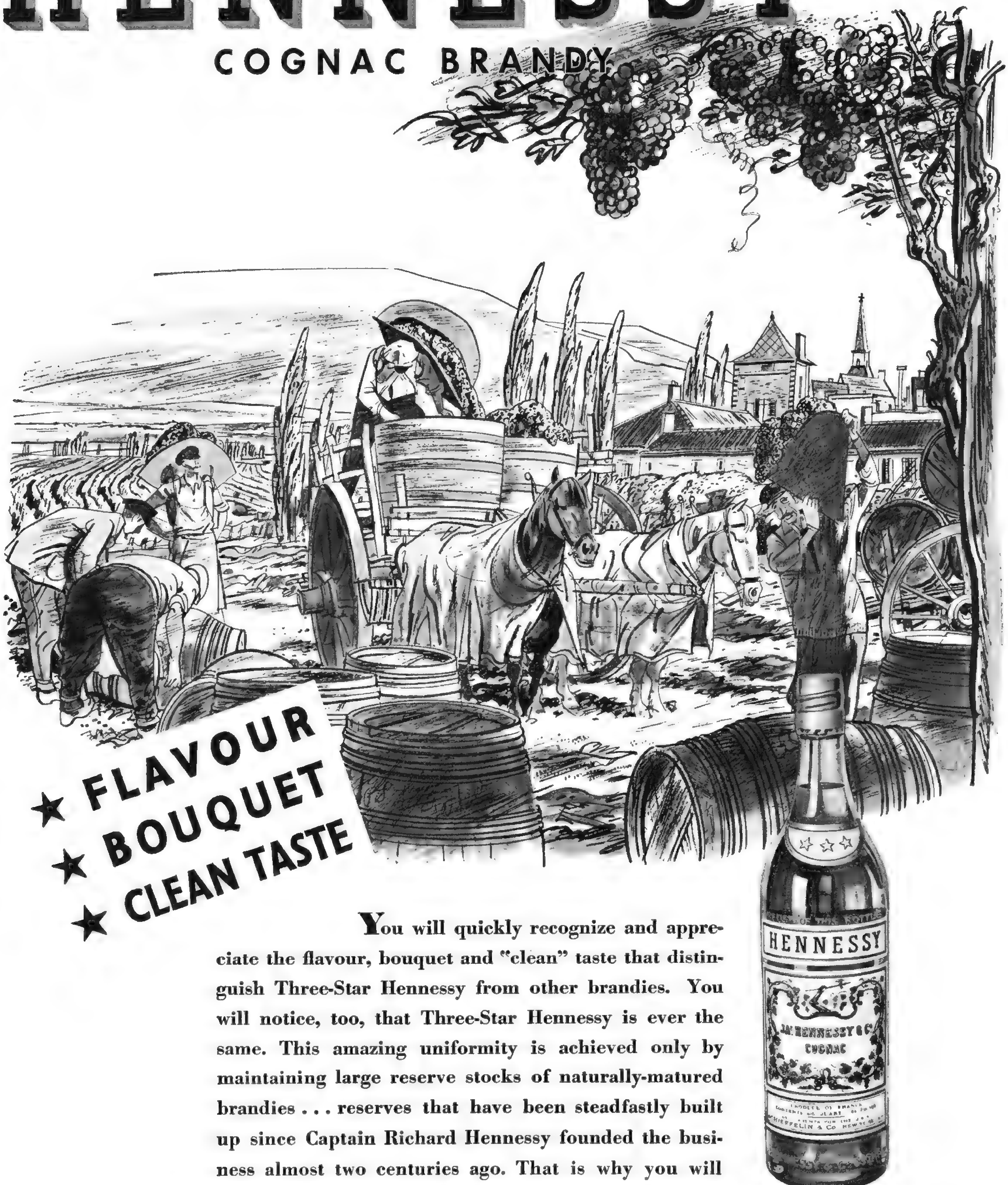

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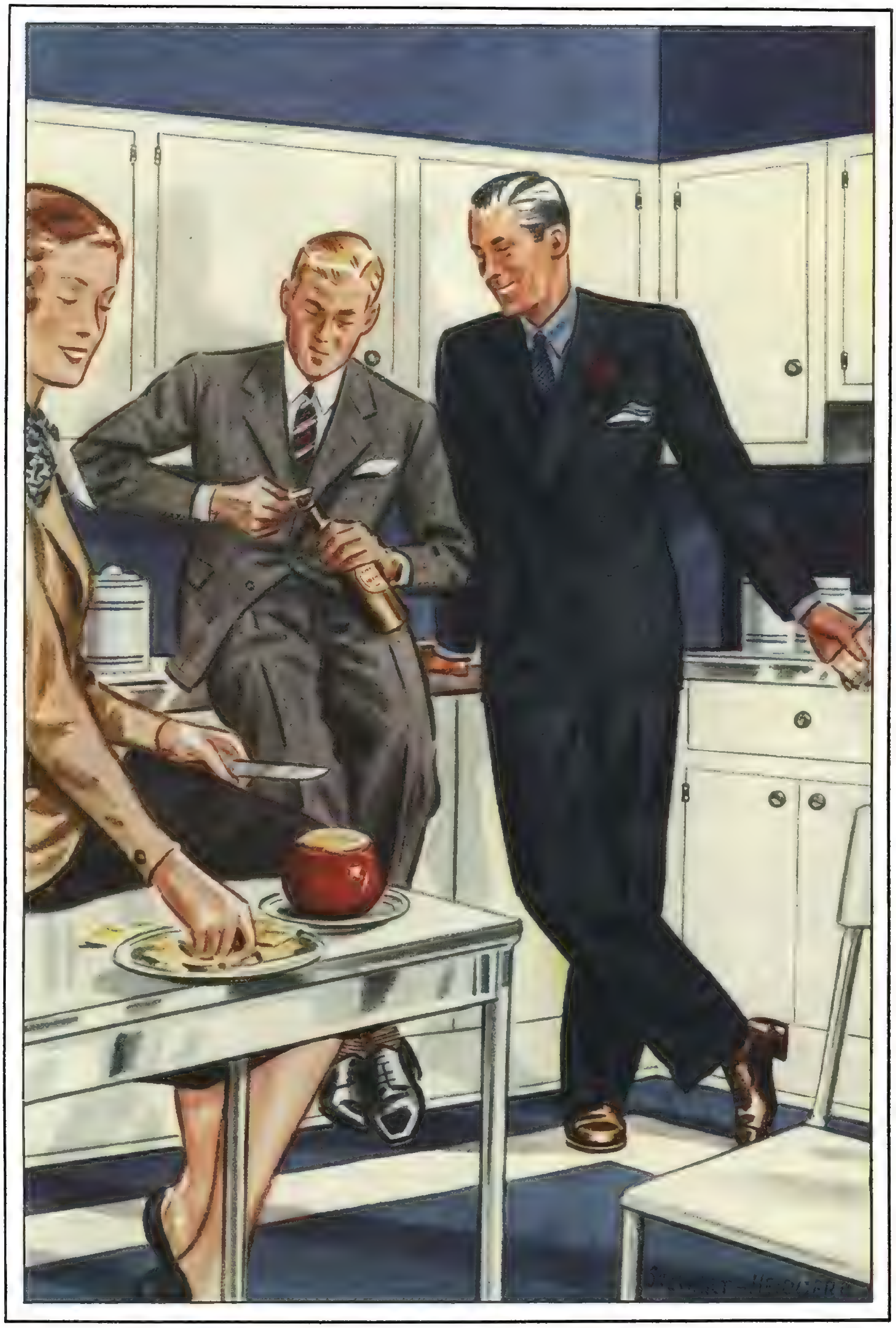

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Utopia in Japan

Continued from page 79

not default on his share of annual dividends or on his claim to the rest of the unique privileges. On the other hand, to go to the city for more schooling or in search of a trade is to end forever his connection with his birthplace.

Success and distinction and professional advancement and all that sort of thing aren't known here. One just doesn't know or care that there might be greener fields. Some have a little more of the limited arable land than others; some have larger households, but though these factors determine and frequently create economic and social castes, they are not great enough in this locality to foster discord. At the same time the long communal venture has been a paying proposition: a few years ago it was discovered that the average family earnings in Higashitori-mura were higher than in the rest of the prefecture where rugged individualism goes chasing after the yen.

Social life is in its simplest terms. Inhibitions which shackle the rest of the country don't exist here. All males and females upon reaching the age of fifteen are sent at night to the general sleeping house in the hamlet. The young men bring wood for the fire and straw for making rope; the young women bring their mending. The evening is spent in talk, song and games while they work in front of the great hearth. At bedtime the girls go to one room to sleep. They lie in long rows on the thick mats under thin cotton quilts. The boys share another chamber. According to custom, as the night lingers on, the latter find their way to the place where the girls are sleeping and stay with whatever fair one catches their fancy. In the morning visitors arise early and with a mallet strike the fifteen foot log used as a pillow so that all the girls awaken at once, and go home to their tasks. Sexual laxity is uncensored in the belief that one should choose his or her life mate most carefully.

In recent years police officials sent to them by the prefectural authorities often for the sake of public decency attempt to eliminate the sleeping house and to restrict the liberal relationship between unmarried lads and lasses. The older residents resent this external interference and are puzzled by the motives behind it, for they see in promiscuity nothing wrong nor indecent. They and their forefathers lived through it long before their children came. Furthermore, they fear that if they are deprived of this chief recreation, the young generation may desert their native soil to seek other enjoyment. Without this institution, which has never been questioned in the past, their whole social structure would be uprooted.

This free-love life leads them into a "trial marriage." Men marry mostly at 17 and 18, women at 15 and 16. This first venture is not legalized, if at all, until after two or three years, even though there be children. If the couple finds itself incompatible, the two separate, leaving the children in the father's care. If at last they are mutually satisfied the families of the new couple without any formalities announce their union permanent and the village assembles to celebrate with a feast.

One would expect mental and physical degeneration from this persistent promiscuity and intermarriage among the inhabitants but none have developed. These factors, however, together with the heavy fog which hangs over this northern area for nearly two months in the late summer, shutting out all sunlight, make for a rather phlegmatic temperament. Frost, drought, and a prolonged cloudy season continuously threaten them with famine, but *hiye*, a kind of rice, which in the rest of the country is regarded as the worst weed in the rice field, is a hardy crop. Together with sardines, potatoes, beets and other vegetables it constitutes their main article of diet. Rice wine is a popular drink; only men over twenty-five years of age, unless they are family heads, and the wives of family heads may drink it. Nevertheless, a great deal is consumed: Shichikari with 61 families drank forty koku (46.7 gallons to a koku) in one year, more than twice as much as the average family consumption in Japan.

The family is the unit in the village and social responsibilities are mutually assumed by them. If a family should have to sell its land due to misfortunes, the community purchases it and lets the former owners live there with the privilege of buying it back without interest. Expense for serious illness, such as medicines or imported medical services, is met by the village; loans are advanced at no charge by the more fortunate. Weddings and funerals are financed by the community which takes a day off to honor the occasion.

The population has remained almost stationary owing to arbitrary measures. The number of families is always static in each hamlet. If a household grows too large, since the rights of seniority prevail, the second or third son, if he is past forty years of age, together with his family, has to move outside of the native place. Contrary to the usual custom in other sections of Japan where the older couple retires from public life when their eldest son marries and endows other sons with enough property to start their individual new homes in the same village, the family head remains in that position until his death. Consequently many men die without having been recognized as the head of a house. The average size of a hamlet is 42 families, 7.7 persons to a family, although some have three times that many.

Continued on page 154

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FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

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Parker's Laminated Pearl Beauty with TELEVISION INK SUPPLY

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This new Parker Vacumatic with Television Ink Supply actually lets you SEE the amount of ink within. Hence you can refill it at any odd time and KNOW that your Pen won't suddenly stop at some critical moment.

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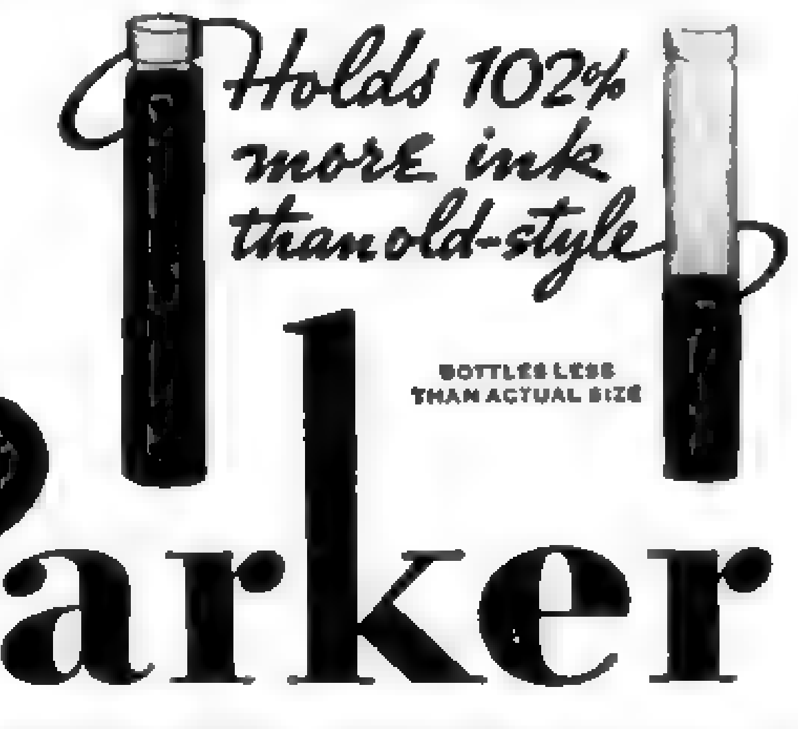
Don't let Spring Gift-time pass without being someone's Good Fairy. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.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Utopia in Japan

Continued from pages 79-153

Should anyone desire to establish a new house, for instance, in Shiriya which is a typical settlement, he would have to pay three hundred yen into the village treasury for rights in marine products and other public properties. But this charge is prohibitive: the proposition is purely theoretical. Under the circumstances no additional homes have been built for many generations in Shiriya, the number of houses always being forty-nine. On the other hand, if anybody's dwelling is in need of repairs or so dilapidated that it must be rebuilt, the work is done at the common expense.

These people demand few of the refinements of more pretentious civilizations. There is little communication between the hamlets because the roads are too poor for any travel except on foot or horseback. Usually only a rabbit path, winding past brooks, small lakes and high rocky hills connects them. Seashore people are more fortunate since they can travel by boat.

Electricity, telephones, radios, movies, modern plumbing, are known only by hearsay. The one railroad station is outside the boundary, in Tanabe, which is incidentally the Registry Office seat for Higashitori-mura. Low frame buildings with thatched roofs give shelter to three or four generations together, but congestion is partially relieved by the aforementioned public sleeping headquarters.

Racially the people of this Utopia are a mixture of the Ainu who are reputed by some to be the first inhabitants of the Japanese archipelago and the Yamato through whom the present day Nipponese claim their descent from the Sun-Goddess. In their culture, if any, and superstitions they borrow both from the Ainu and the Yamato; they pay their respects to supernatural beings. Buddhism and Shintoism thrive in their midst, and they have small shrines of these religions. One Buddhist temple located at a comparatively short distance from Higashitori-mura is supposed to be 1000 years old.

Speech, too, though mainly Japanese has much of Ainu in it and the dialect is unintelligible to the rest of the country. Strangers often experience difficulty in conversing with the older folks and have to appeal to school children to act as interpreters.

Although hospitable to newcomers, the natives are indifferent to other people. For that matter, not many find their way to this remote section, due to the fact that the nearest railroad station is so far from the villages. It would take eleven days to make the rounds of the twenty-four, and there is nothing spectacular about the mode of living or scenery there, except the intangible air of perfect contentment and self-sufficiency.

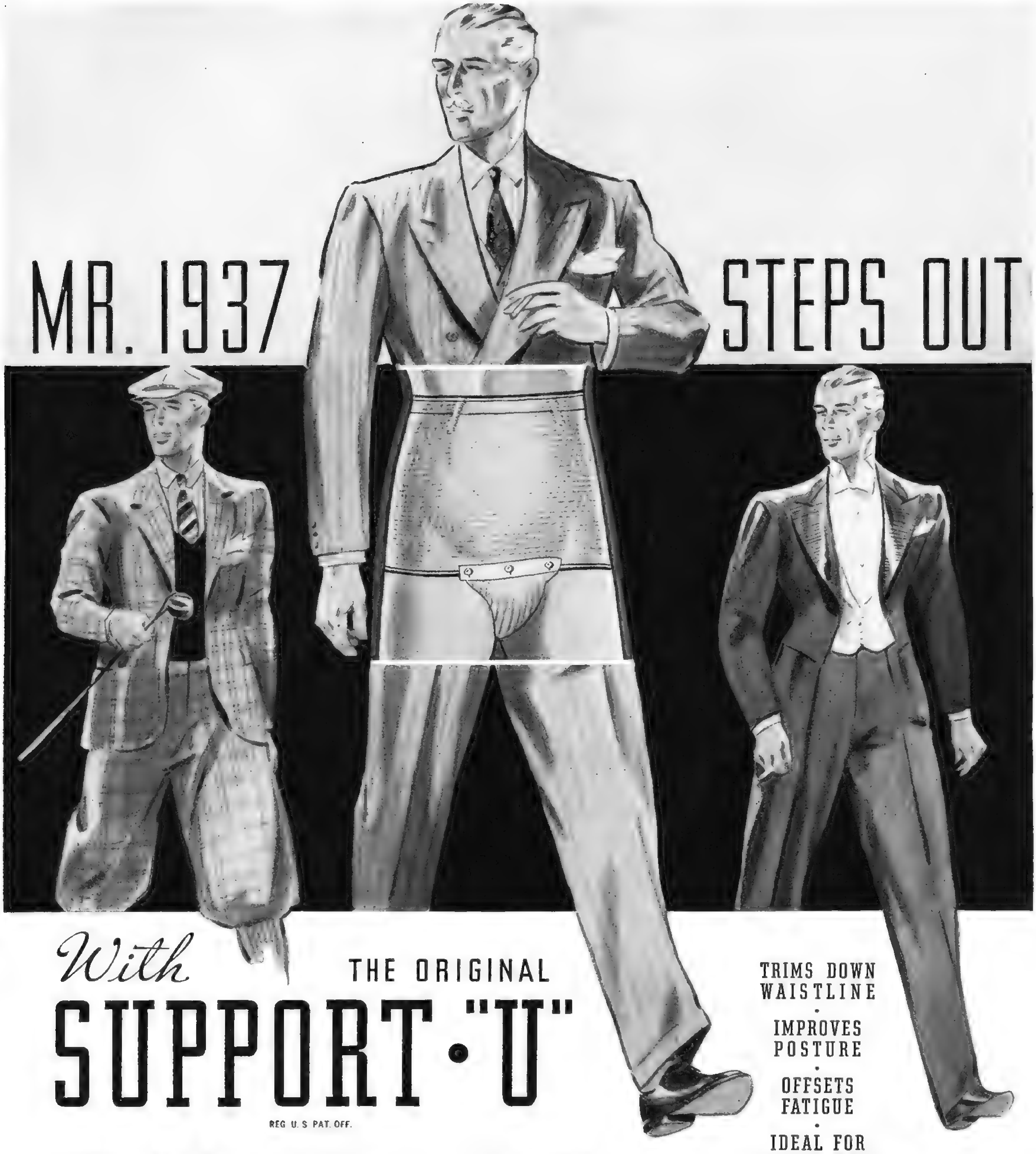
Education is elementary. Teachers, like the secretaries, policemen, health officers and priests, are not natives. Yet one can not say that the people are uninformed. Their religious program combined with recreational purposes calls for an educational trip to various famous shrines and temples throughout the Islands. Young men in groups of ten or fifteen visit the national shrine of the Sun-Goddess, Amaterasu, in Ise, central Japan, the Kompira shrine in the southwestern section, where seamen worship, and many other places on their itinerary.

The date of the Utopia's founding is unknown. Although the fragmental accounts of the locale by travelers and officials beginning with the 10th century are available, owing to the inaccuracy and indifference of their past records based on the Ainu (aborigines) calendar, there is no way of ascertaining their definite origin. In Japanese history their land was considered as part of the Ezo or savage land; during the Tokugawa period (1600-1867) the local feudal lord, the Nambu, extended his power over the district. In the eighties the present unit with its twenty-four hamlets was for the first time organized as a political subdivision of Aomori Prefecture by the Tokio Government, but the hamlets are still independent of each other.

Though indifferent to political activities, they are most devoted to their own community. The eldest male of each house takes part in the parish meetings; sometimes he represents as many as twenty people. Every month, on the 28th, the family heads gather to decide how much of the various products should be harvested and what the individual share is to be. They donate materials for repairs or for new houses to replace the old, and they discuss the care of less fortunate members, if there are any. They also elect a chairman and each month appoint in turn a committee of three which serves as supervisors of the secretary, and as messengers. In this capacity the committee brings important announcements from house to house, collects taxes and tolls for roads and bridges, and often distributes the co-operative earnings. The secretary is hired from outside. His duties are to keep all records, to write letters for them, to assist them in registering marriages, births and deaths, to make their purchases and sales, and to see that each individual receives his share of income. If he works in a small locality, his salary is upward of 50 yen monthly, which is very reasonable there, besides whatever commission he is allowed to make on sales and purchases; if he is in a larger place, he may get as little as 5 yen a month, making up the difference from the larger commissions.

Occasionally he goes to the business and political center, Tanabe,

Continued at top of page 156



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Utopia in Japan

Continued from pages 79-153-154

to carry on various transactions.

Generally there is good harmony and their regulations are only seldom disobeyed. The people do not do any productive labor on the 24th of each month when they worship at the local temple and rest. As punishment, violators are assigned to do road repairing, or errands from their village to Tanabe for the community.

With the restriction concerning the increase of the houses in the locale there is also a prohibition on commercial activities of the villagers in their own community. In other words, traditionally no one is permitted to exploit his neighbors by means of exchange. Even the purchase of their daily needs from merchants outside and the sale of their products to them are entirely left in the hands of the hired secretary. They are satisfied with what they earn from their physical labor. The law has never been evaded.

Another local practice is to limit education to public school grade. Physical creative power appeals to them as a supreme importance, hence is most admired; second, since there is no high school or corresponding educational institution within Higashitori-mura, the children would have to be sent away for further learning at an unbearable cost on the part of the parents; moreover, those children who desert the village early in life lose the privileges of their native place, for they do not contribute to the communal productive enterprise by which a lifetime economic security is assured to all. This "no-work-no-food" consideration seems to discourage the younger generation and their relatives from revolting against the unwritten statute. ⧺

Roping Lions for Fun

Continued from page 63

When a wooden gag will not suffice, the mouth must be wired shut. Sometimes it requires an hour or more to tie and gag a lion. Regardless of time, the roper must watch very carefully the rope and the lion's mouth until the gag is tied in place. If at any time the rope should get in his mouth the man must draw and shoot him in the head, for if he waits for the rope to be severed by the teeth, it may be too late.

Once the animal is securely tied and gagged the ropes with which he was captured may be removed. He is ready to be transported, or a collar may be put on his neck for chaining him to a tree before the ropes and gags are removed.

Perhaps the reason I am so very careful about the rope getting in a lion's mouth is due to the fact that when I first began roping lions I did not use a six-shooter at all. While I was tying a small female she cut the rope and had me by the left leg above the knee before I could move. I could feel and hear her fangs grating on the bone. Having no weapon with which to protect myself, and knowing the nose of each animal to be a very tender spot, I beat her on the nose with my fists until she finally released her hold on my leg. The dogs were securely tied to nearby trees, but one of them, a big, red bloodhound, seeing my plight and doubtless knowing me to be in great danger, struggled desperately, slipped the collar over his head and came to my rescue.

I have described the method of roping lions generally used and the one I first used. Later, I made a wire loop which was much easier to place over a lion's head. Still later I invented a trick that to my knowledge has never been equalled. A lion will slap anything placed near him. Taking a No. 4 Newhouse trap, with a rope, I fasten the chain to the tree in which the lion is perched. I set the trap, find a long pole with a crotch at the end, tie the trap in the crotch and poke it up near Mr. Lion's paws. He promptly slaps the pan of the trap and is caught. He will come out of the tree fighting the trap and paying no attention to men or dogs, making it easy to get a rope on his hind leg and stretch him out, then to tie and gag him as already described, after which the trap can be removed.

I have roped and tied a lion all alone and again when I had help that could not be depended on, which is worse than being alone. I do not advise anyone to take those chances. There are too many things that could happen. But we will sometimes do things ourselves that we would not allow any one else to attempt if it were in our power to prevent it.

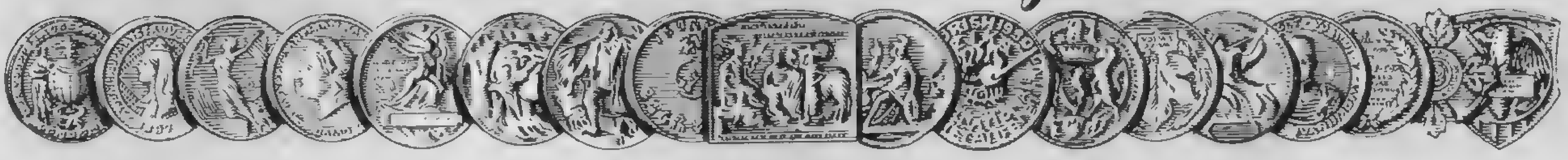
Once I had a German count across the Grand Canyon on a lion hunt in the dead of winter. The trails at that time were poor and dangerous. There was no bridge spanning the Colorado River. We crossed on a small, stout stick, tied to a pulley that ran on a steel cable, both ends of which were anchored in the granite walls sixty feet above that raging torrent and four hundred and forty feet across.

The dogs treed a lion. There was nothing in my contract about roping lions, but the setting was ideal and I remarked that the lion we had treed would be easy to rope. The count had never heard of roping lions and did not believe it could be done. I was full of the devil and was glad of the opportunity to demonstrate to my distinguished friend that I could do what he considered the impossible.

I got the rope on the lion, pulled him out of the tree, got another rope on a hind leg and had him stretched out unaided in short order. I took a half hitch on a small cedar with the second rope and gave it to the count to hold.

Continued on page 159

Only an Unexcelled Whisky could win this recognition



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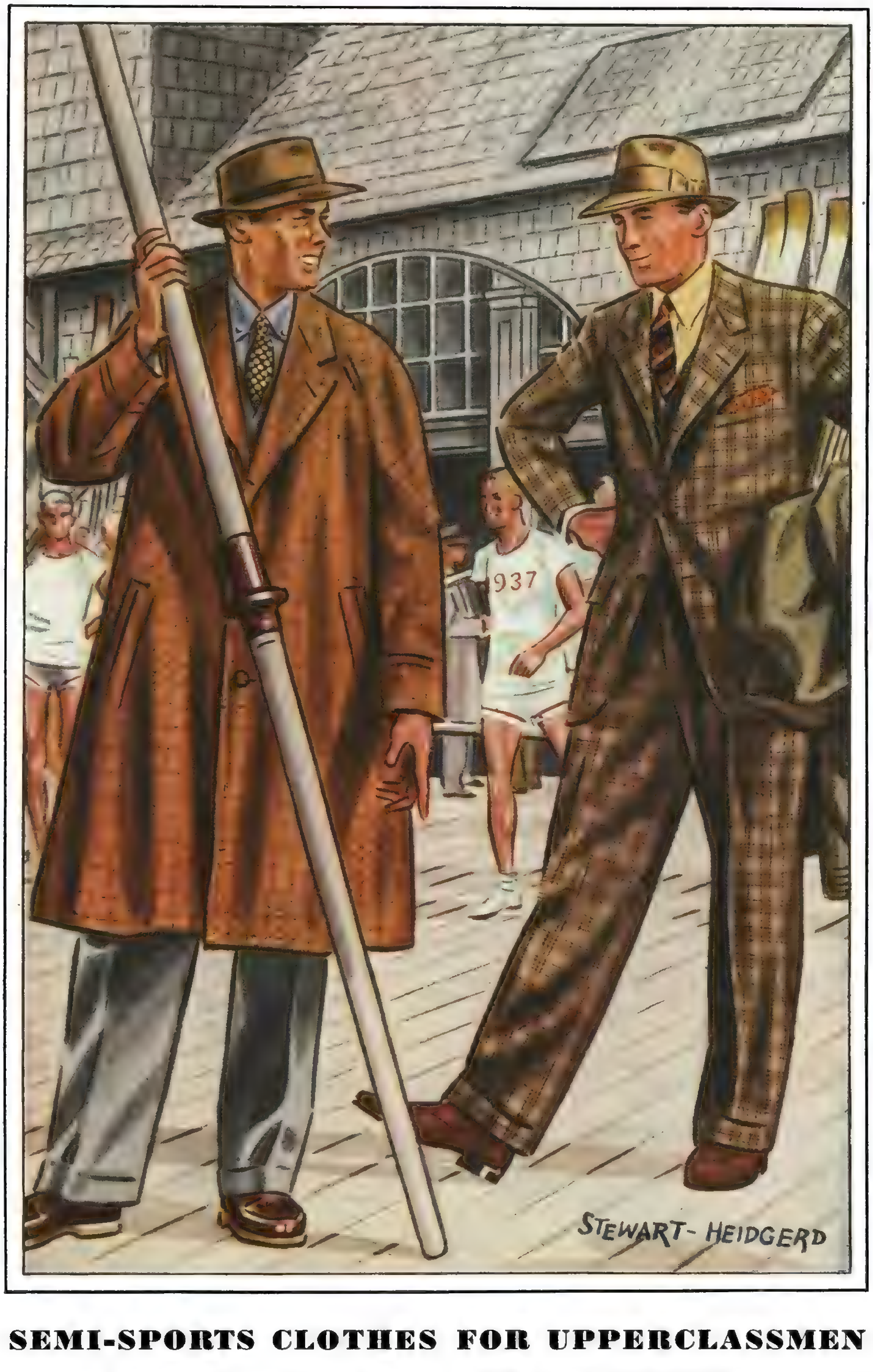

SEMI-SPORTS CLOTHES FOR UPPERCLASSMEN

The term "semi-sports" is simply a verbal recognition of an old undergraduate habit—that of finding a happy medium between the extremes of formality and informality as typified by the more orthodox modes for town and country. The outfits pictured here are typical examples. At left, a heavy homespun tweed raglan coat with leather buttons, worn with a plain grey flannel suit, blue Oxford shirt with button-down collar attached and brown and white checked wool tie. The semi-sports hat is rough finish felt, worn in various shapes from the true porkpie on up by means of various pinchings of crowns and shapings of brims. The other suit is a Saxony Glen plaid worn with a tan broadcloth shirt which carries the new lounge collar, regimental striped rep tie and foulard silk pocket handkerchief. Overarm is a covert cloth topcoat and the hat is the new shade known as Cuba brown.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Roping Lions for Fun

Continued from pages 63-156

Then I got a gag and went in close to tie it in place. I secured a half hitch on one front foot when something happened. I felt it rather than saw it, it was all done so quickly. I sprang back, looking up. The count was trying to regain the slack he had carelessly let out. The big cat was floundering about.

Helping draw up the slack, I saw that my friend was white as death. Feeling a cold breeze on my breast, I looked down. The whole front of my shirt was gone. It had been taken out as clean as if blown out by a shotgun. There were red marks near my throat, but the skin was not broken. Then I realized what had happened. The count, not realizing that tight ropes meant safety for me, had held his end carelessly. The lion thought he saw his chance. Another inch and he would have torn my throat out.

It was my fault. I gave the count the rope with no instructions, and he had had no experience with ropes on wild animals.

I sat down with my back to a tree to cool off and smoked a cigarette to settle my nerves, then got up and tied and gagged the lion.

It has always been that way. Every time that I've got into trouble hunting big game of any kind it has always been through carelessness—doing something that I knew should not be done. When a man becomes so expert with six-shooter or rifle or both that he thinks he can't miss, he becomes a menace to himself.

Several years ago, while taking photos of a wounded lion, I was attacked. I had my camera and six-shooter in my hand. Of course I did not take my eye off that lion to look in the finder. Consequently the lion wasn't in the center of the picture. He was within eight feet of me when I snapped the camera. His mouth was open and he was coming fast. Yet in that short distance I took his picture and placed a bullet in his brain. Before he reached me he fell at my feet and kicked spasmodically all around me. I was matching my ability with a gun against a lion's claws and fangs. Thus one becomes so confident that he increases the chances against him for the thrill of the game.

A doctor and his son were my guests. The dogs treed a large male lion in a lonely canyon in the Kaibab Forest. I was using a trap in lion roping at the time, but failed to bring one that morning, and the doctor wanted to see a lion roped. He agreed to help me.

Climbing a nearby tree, I easily tossed the rope over the lion's head, but he took it off and continued to do so for what seemed hours of futile effort. It was easy to get the rope over his head but hard to keep it there. I was sitting on a limb forty feet from the ground, gripping my perch with my legs and throwing the rope again and again. The repetition and strain grew monotonous. Finally, I crawled out nearer the lion with a dead branch in hand and began teasing him, hoping he would get tired slapping things and let me put the loop over his head. He struck the stick with such force that a piece was broken from it each time he connected. As the stick became shorter I crawled out farther on the limb in order to reach him.

Holding the shortened stick in front of me, I looked down to make sure that I did not slip. The lion growled, and just as I glanced back he reached out and caught the stick, hooking one claw in the palm of my left hand. Then he tried to drag me off the limb toward him. That gaping mouth with those great killer fangs did not look inviting, but I was more afraid of the fall than of the lion.

The doctor and his son saw my predicament and began throwing stones and sticks into the tree, attracting the lion's attention. The claw tore loose and the loop went over his head to stay. As the lion felt the rope tighten, he sprang out over a limb, hanging himself. I slid down and we lowered him until we could reach and tie his hind legs, then the front paws. His wind had been shut off all this time, and when we let him down to the ground he was gasping for breath, making it easy to slip the gag into place.

Sometimes it is advisable to rope and tie the lion while he is still in the tree, especially when it is possible to get above him with the first rope; for he will not go up, but will endeavor to come down and will thus keep the rope tight.

If I had a movie of the first lion roped I would have a steady income for the rest of my life. We were just kids, riding through a wild, mountainous section of northern Arizona. There were no game laws at that time, and we had our rifles ready for anything. An old hound of uncertain breeding accompanied us. He was just ahead in the trail when most of the hair on his body seemed to change ends. He growled and we urged him on. He left the trail, baying for all he was worth. In a few minutes he changed his voice to shorter, sharper notes and became stationary.

We urged our mounts through the rocks and brush and found the dog barking up a large, spreading juniper tree. In the branches, not twelve feet from the ground, sat a lion. It was a cub about ten months old. We began quarreling about who would shoot him, and finally decided we would rope and take him in alive.

Mac had an old but serviceable manila rope about twenty feet long, and I had an old cotton halter rope, worn through in spots, and not exceeding eight feet in length. We had heard old timers tell about roping lions and knew something about it, but we had never seen one roped. Mac climbed

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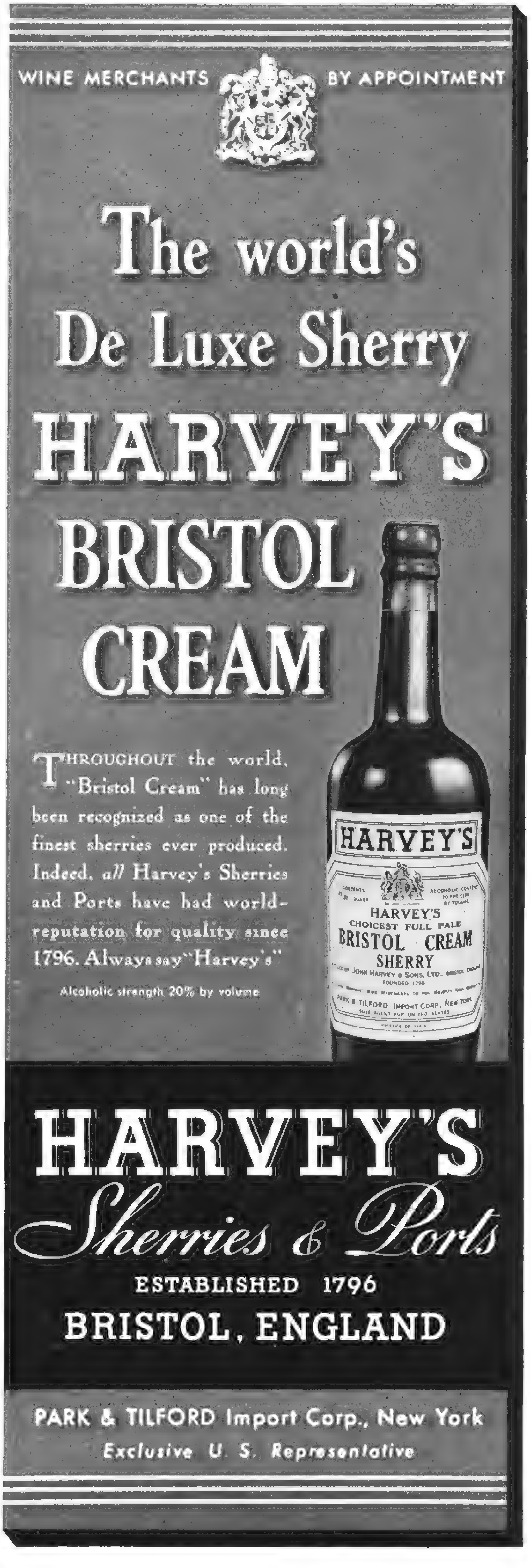

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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK
SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES

HARVEY'S

Sherries & Ports

ESTABLISHED 1796

BRISTOL, ENGLAND

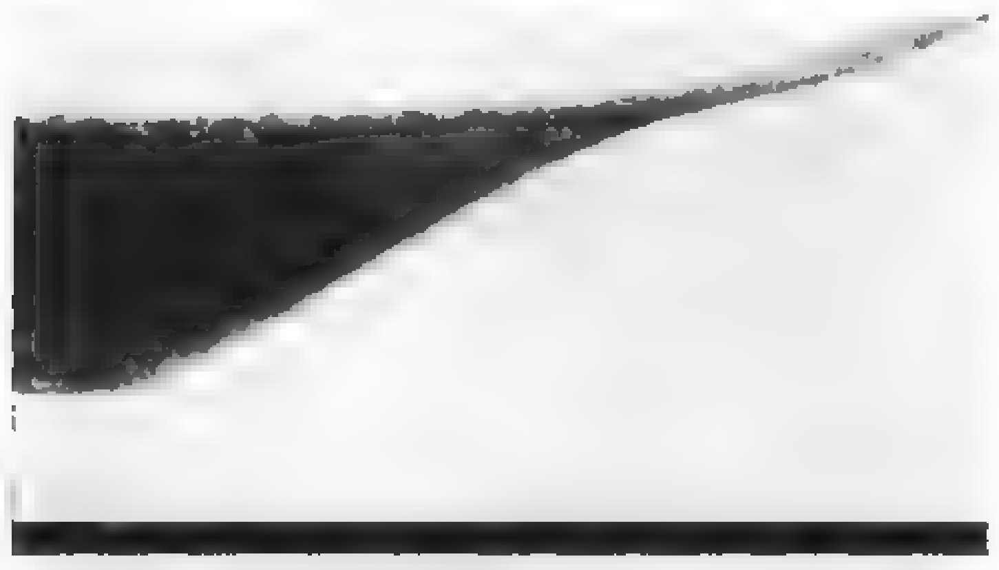
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York

Exclusive U. S. Representative

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

U. S. PATENT NO. 1,970,518 • OTHER PATENTS PENDING

AMAZING is this actual unretouched micro-photograph of Packard Lektro-Shaver plowing into two-day old stubble. Shaved part proves that Packard shears off the hairs below the skin line! Packard's cutting head working at *10,000* movements per minute is the answer of science to the problem of centuries . . . the perfect shave.



RAZOR: Micro-photograph shows razor cut hair is like a willow branch cut with a jack knife. In spite of cream or lather only some hairs are cleanly cut: most are whittled; some are torn out! Microscopic needle-sharp slivers curl, enter skin. Result—ingrowing hairs.

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER shears off each hair squarely as shown in this unretouched micro-photograph. This amazing series of photos reveals why a Packard Lektro shave is painless, actually helps the skin; why faces shaved with the Packard are free from ingrowing hair troubles.

PHOTOMICROGRAPH BY H. C. McKAY, F.R.P.S.

• Why Whittle Whiskers

This whole man's world is waking up to just how good a Packard Lektro shave is! It's great to be free from the mess and fuss of soap, lathers, creams; and safe from ugly cuts, scrapes, nicks and ingrowing hair troubles. Get your Packard right now and see how much cleaner your face; how easy, quick and pleasant is this modern way to shave. Packard's $200,000 patented round cutting head has delivered shavers from the barbarians! Get yours now! If your dealer can't supply you, use coupon below.

Pat O'Brien starred in Warner Bros. "The Great O'Malley" using his Packard Lektro-Shaver

Progress Corporation
1 East 43rd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Send me a Packard Lektro-Shaver. Enclosed is $15 (check or money order).

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________STATE________

Packard Lektro-Shaver is made by Dictograph Products Co., Inc., and distributed nationally by
PROGRESS CORPORATION
1 EAST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK
Entire contents copyright, 1937

Roping Lions for Fun

Continued from pages 63-156-159

up in the crotch of the tree and, after what seemed ages, succeeded in getting the rope over the cub's head.

Naturally, we knew nothing about tying the other end of the rope to a tree. Even if we had, I doubt that the rope was long enough to have enabled us to do so. Mac kept his rope tight while I climbed up and tied one end of my rope to a hind leg with a slip knot.

About that time the big cat jumped and the fun began. It was a tug of war that must have lasted at least half an hour. We knew nothing about the strength of wild animals, and thought we could hold that two-thirds grown cub. He dragged us all over the side hill through thorns and rocks and brush. First one would be down, then the other. How we kept away from those claws and fangs is more than I know.

Finally, I got a half hitch around a small tree, and it looked for a minute as if the fight were over. Then the dog ran in, the lion struggled and my rope broke. Mac was straining on his rope. Down he went in a heap and the lion on top of him. Our guns were too far away to be of any service. Not knowing what to do, I grasped the lion's tail, jerked him sideways off of Mac and onto his side where he lay panting and growling. Mac tied his rope just as the cub got up and just as I was about to lose my tail hold. Mac joined me, and the fun started all over again.

As long as the lion had his feet on the ground we could not budge him, but when he was on his side or back we were able to stretch him out. At last he lay still, panting. I got the broken rope, tied it together securely and fastened it around a tree. Then we cut up our saddle strings, tied and gagged the lion and took stock of ourselves.

Our own mothers would not have known us. Our clothes were in rags. We were bruised and bleeding from many cuts, none of which had been inflicted by the lion, however. It is possible that the lion's struggles were all in the effort for freedom, although he did break three of the dog's ribs with a blow in the side.

I have endeavored to explain the right and wrong way to rope a lion, and no doubt you will agree that it is some job no matter how it is done. But to untie and release a lion uninjured is something else again. You must use psychology, hocus pocus and everything you know to make the lion believe he is tied when he isn't, so that you can get away a safe distance before he gets up.

We often rope lions just for practice, and when training dogs, release them. After some thirty minutes the dogs in training are put on the trail and the lion treed again. #

The Grand Champion

Continued from page 75

Then came the proud winners of the baseball gloves—genuine big league gloves, Mr. Griffin said.

"Well, any boy who can get out and hustle up 12 new subscribers is a real big leaguer . . . Now, has everybody got their prizes? Anybody left out? Fine, fine! Now, fellows, let's give the winners a great big hand, whatcha say? All together, boys!"

And the boys clapped their hands, whistled, stomped and shouted "Hooray!" Mr. Griffin thought some of the "Hoorays" were a bit overdone—but let it pass without remarking on it.

"Now, fellows, we come to the big event on the program . . . Say, what you sitting over there grinning about, Gilbert? Heh-heh-heh! . . . Yeah, this is the big event, and I'm now going to ask Mr. Hawkins to come forward and take charge. Okay, Mr. Hawkins!"

Mr. Hawkins hopped up and went forward at a half trot, mopping his red face with his handkerchief. Mr. Hawkins believed in charging out of his corner like a prizefighter, no matter what the occasion. "After all, running a newspaper is just one hell of a fight," he constantly reminded his men.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Hawkins as he jumped up on the platform, "we can sort of turn the old saying around tonight. You might say we're having a hot town in the old *Times*, eh? I tell you, it does me good to get out with young fellows like this. Keeps a man young. And when I see and mingle with a crop of go-getters like you, I have no fear for the future of the paper.

"Yes, sir! When Mr. Griffin asked me if I'd come down here tonight and present the grand prize to the grand champion, I told him I not only would, but that I would fire him if he tried to keep me from it. Besides, I—" Mr. Hawkins stopped abruptly, pretending to see Gilbert for the first time. "You waiting to see me, young man?" he said. And the crowd roared. Gilbert grinned and said, "Yessir."

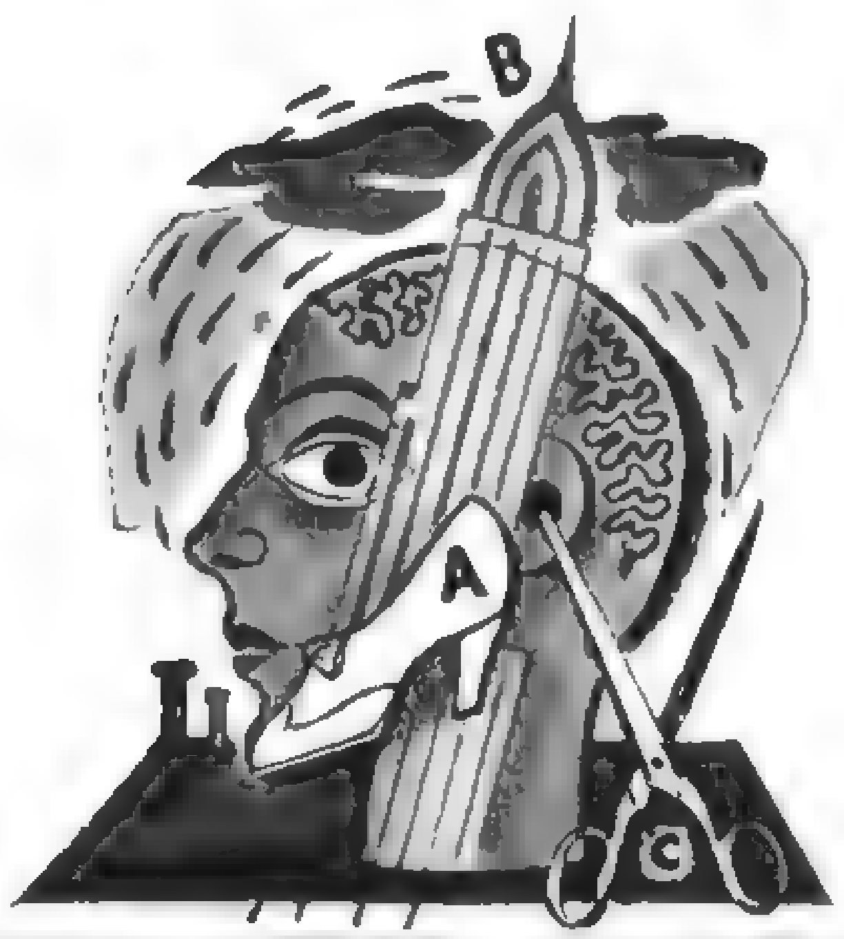
Mr. Hawkins chuckled. "Well, any time Gilbert wants to see me, I'm at his service . . . Seriously, boys, you have done marvelous work. You deserve your fun, and it does me good to see you having it. I know you are eager to get off to the show, and I'm not going to detain you. But I do want to take just a minute to say a few words about our grand champion, Gilbert Hox—because he's every inch a champion.

"Gilbert has accomplished something that has never been accomplished on the *Times* before. He has worked his route up

Continued on page 162

You talk about Sex—think about it—sometimes laugh about it—but

What do you really *know* about Sex?



TEST your knowledge with the questionnaire on this page. The questions are all very simple . . . touching upon information every intelligent adult should possess.

For to the person who seeks to understand the central problem of life itself . . . who refuses to be buffeted by the cross currents of his emotions . . . the scientific facts about sex are of monumental importance.

Out of sex flows the rhythm and the pattern of all existence. Innocence of sex knowledge is ignorance . . . and ignorance, as countless broken lives testify, is NOT bliss.

Yet, even in this modern age, which has mocked the false modesty that banned the first editions of Ellis's great work, public familiarity with the facts is but the thinnest of veneers.

Look deep, DEEP, into your own emotional world. Recall the problems of your adolescent years. Then ask yourself, "Do I scientifically understand my sex problems TODAY?"

Havelock Ellis is the recognized authority

These books are written by a man, who—like so MANY persons—was troubled in his youth by the mysterious restlessness within him. He could find no help from anyone . . . nothing but distortion, darkness, obscenity.

As a result, Ellis, grown from an Australian lad to a London physician, dedicated himself to his life's task . . . the creation of a work that would cleanse human desire of its traditional mire! And "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" has been acknowledged for 30 years by doctors, psychiatrists and all students of sex problems as the most complete encyclopedia available as well as the ultimate authority on the subject.

These books have that *sympathetic* quality of a trusted friend discussing with you a very intimate subject. There is no professorial heaviness . . . no confusing use of medical terms . . . no sanctimonious lifting of the hands in horror. The books trace sexual development from youth to old age, from early tribes to present-day civilization. They record hundreds of case histories gathered by psychiatrists from all parts of the world.

This masterful work of Ellis is your key to the drama-filled mystery of your own sex life and that of people around you. And the whole set can be in your hands just a few days after you mail the coupon.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1. What is the sex significance of objects A, B, and C?
2. On what is your sex modesty based?
3. When in love, why do you seek to inflict and even to suffer pain?
4. What is the secret of a man's reaction to perfume?
5. Is a woman always more her real self in the dark than in the glare of daylight?
6. What are the 4 chief stimuli in your selection of the opposite sex?
7. During puberty, you had no preference in the sex of your companions. Is that a sign of perversion?
8. To be the perfect lover, what two opposite emotions must a man engender in a woman?

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

described in detail in Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex"

1. A . . . Symbol for Woman. B and C . . . Symbols for Man. (See Volume 3)
2. Fear. (See Volume 1)
3. Because the emotion of love includes sadism and masochism. (See Volume 1)
4. Smell is a definite sex stimulant. (See Volume 2)
5. Yes. (See Volume 2)
6. Touch, smell, hearing, sight. (See Volume 2)
7. No. (See Volume 2)
8. Love and Hate. (See Volume 1)

Studies in the PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX

by

HAVELOCK ELLIS

4 Volumes—Complete Unabridged—Uncensored

Vol. 1—The Evolution of Modesty • The Phenomena of Sexual Periodicity • Auto-Erotism • Analysis of the Sexual Impulse • Love and Pain • The Sexual Impulse in Women.

Vol. 2—Sexual Selection in Man • Sexual Inversion.

Vol. 3—Erotic Symbolism • The Mechanism of Detumescence • The Psychic State in Pregnancy • Eonism and Other Supplementary Studies.

Vol. 4—Sex in Relation to Society.

Random House, 20 East 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.

This world-famous, authoritative treatise was hitherto available only to private subscribers—doctors—psychiatrists—etc., in an expensive, seven volume edition, for $28.00. It is now published complete in a new edition of four handsome compact volumes (boxed in wood) entirely unabridged—for general sale at only $15.00. The 3,000 pages contain every single word of the original seven volume edition (including, of course, the all-important "case histories" in full). Nothing whatever has been deleted. In addition it has a new 5,000 word autobiographical introduction by the author and complete new cumulative indexes.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill out the coupon and mail it now. Your 4 volume set of the world famous "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" by Havelock Ellis will be sent to you immediately. Two methods of payment are available to you . . . **1.** Upon arrival, deposit with the postman *only* $3.50 plus postage. Keep the books for five days. If you are not absolutely satisfied—return the books at our expense, and every cent you have paid, including postage, will be refunded. If you decide—as we know you will—to keep this valuable set of books, you will pay only $2.50 per month for 5 months. (Total $16.00.) **2.** If you prefer, send your check or money order for only $15.00. (We pay the postage on cash orders.) You have the same 5-day return privilege with full refund. SEND THE COUPON NOW.

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RANDOM HOUSE,
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New York City, N. Y.

Please send me the new 4 volume set of Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," in the handsome wooden case.
(Check one)

☐ I will pay the postman $3.50 plus postage. If, after the 5-day trial period described above, I decide to keep the set, I will send you $2.50 per month for 5 months (Total $16.00).

☐ I enclose check or money order for $15.00 in complete payment (postage free).

Either way, the money-back guarantee after 5-day trial (described above) protects me completely.

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*City*____________ *State*________

Kaynee's Newest and Smartest Creation in Shirts for Young Men, the

"Royal Check"

A LIVELY, harmonious pattern of small checks in today's top style. Selection of three fashionable pastel shades—all chosen by the British Colour Council as official colors for the coronation—Coronation Red, Coronation Blue, Marlborough Blue. Finest fabric, tailored to perfection. Roomy sleeves and shoulders. That increasingly popular button-down collar. And those famous patented features that add months of wear to Kaynee Shirts. You can buy the "Royal Check" in sizes up to 15.

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THE KAYNEE COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*

Kaynee

QUALITY WEAR FOR BOYS

The Grand Champion

Continued from pages 75-160

to 100 per cent saturation—a truly remarkable feat. And what makes it all the more remarkable is that Gilbert's route is in the poorer section of the city where the citizens have very meager incomes, and where many do not know the value of keeping themselves informed on the news of the day—where many do not even care what's going on. I do not say that disparagingly, you understand. I merely state it as a fact that we must face. When we work to change that we perform a real service to our community, and that's why I say Gilbert is entitled to all the honor we show him.

"But you know, boys, to tell you the honest truth, I never thought we'd have to buy that bicycle. When Mr. Griffin came to me and asked me if he might offer a bicycle to any boy who worked his route up to 100 per cent saturation, I laughed. 'I guess we're pretty safe on that proposition,' I told him. 'Go right ahead.' So I guess it's Gilbert's turn to laugh now.

"Mr. Griffin tells me there are 127 homes on Gilbert's route—and every one is now a subscriber. During this contest Gilbert has added 21 new ones. And when Mr. Griffin asked him how he did it, he simply said, 'By keeping after 'em.' But, as I remarked when I told the advertising staff about Gilbert at our conference this morning, I'm sure Gilbert was just being modest. I'm sure he did more than just keep after them—although the importance of persistency cannot be overemphasized. I'm sure he did some real thinking and tackled his problems in a business-like way. When we all emulate the example of Gilbert, we'll have a paper here that will rival the New York *Times*."

Gilbert, still grinning, straightened up in his chair—and looked that mob of yahoos squarely in the eye. They would call him "Sparrow" and "Ducky," would they? They would say he was too dumb to read what was in the paper so he would know how to sell it, would they?

Mr. Hawkins walked over and put his arm around Gilbert's shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "come on out here to the center of this stage. Before you get that sporty bicycle, you've got to give us a few ideas on salesmanship. What's the use of having a grand champion if we can't learn something from him?"

Gilbert didn't hold back. "Okay, Mr. Hawkins."

"Now, Gilbert, tell us this: What made you keep on plugging away day after day till you reached the 100 per cent?"

"I wanted that bike," Gilbert said, looking up at Mr. Hawkins. "I just knew I couldn't quit till I had all the subscribers I could get."

"That's the stuff!" shouted Mr. Hawkins, slapping Gilbert on the back. "When you want something, be willing to work for it—to stick with it to the very end and use your head as you go along. If this boy isn't a future publisher, I'm a badly fooled man . . . All right, Gilbert. Now tell us this: How did you sell these new subscribers? What arguments did you use?"

"Er-er—I just told 'em they oughta take the paper 'cause it's fulla good news, got in it all about fires and fights and all kinda sports. And then I told 'em like Mr. Griffin said—'bout recipes for cooking things, and the funnies, and—and 'bout that doctor what writes on how to keep well ever' day, and . . ."

"Fine!" said Mr. Hawkins. "Fine! And how did you get those who still held out—well, let's say your very last subscriber. You had been working on him a long time and still he held out, so how did you sell him? That's what we want to know—how to crack the tough nuts. Did you tell him what a pleasure it is for a fellow to get his afternoon paper when he comes home from work, to put on his old slippers, light up the old pipe—and read?"

Gilbert blushed—and looked down at his feet. "No sir," he said. "Er—I just told her to take it."

"Oh-ho!" said Mr. Hawkins, bowing low before Gilbert. "You told *her* to take it. So it was a woman, eh? Well, that's still better. You boys sell the *Times* to the women and we won't have to worry about the men . . . Come, Gilbert, tell us. What was it you found that she wanted to read?"

Gilbert dug at the floor with his heel—and then looked at the bike out of the corners of his eyes. "Wasn't nothin'. She's a nigger. She can't read."

Mr. Hawkins sucked in the air. "Ga-ga-er-what's that you say, young man? Can't read? You mean to say—"

The boys cackled. "Let's have order!" Mr. Griffin shouted. "You boys cut out the monkey business."

Mr. Hawkins regained some of his poise. "Well," he said brightly, "you're an even greater champion than we suspected, my boy. How in the world did you sell the paper to a Negro woman who can't read? That ought to give us a new idea."

Gilbert snickered—and continued to dig at the floor with his heel.

"All right, out with it!" said Mr. Hawkins. "You want that swell bike, don't you? Real salesmanship is nothing to be ashamed of."

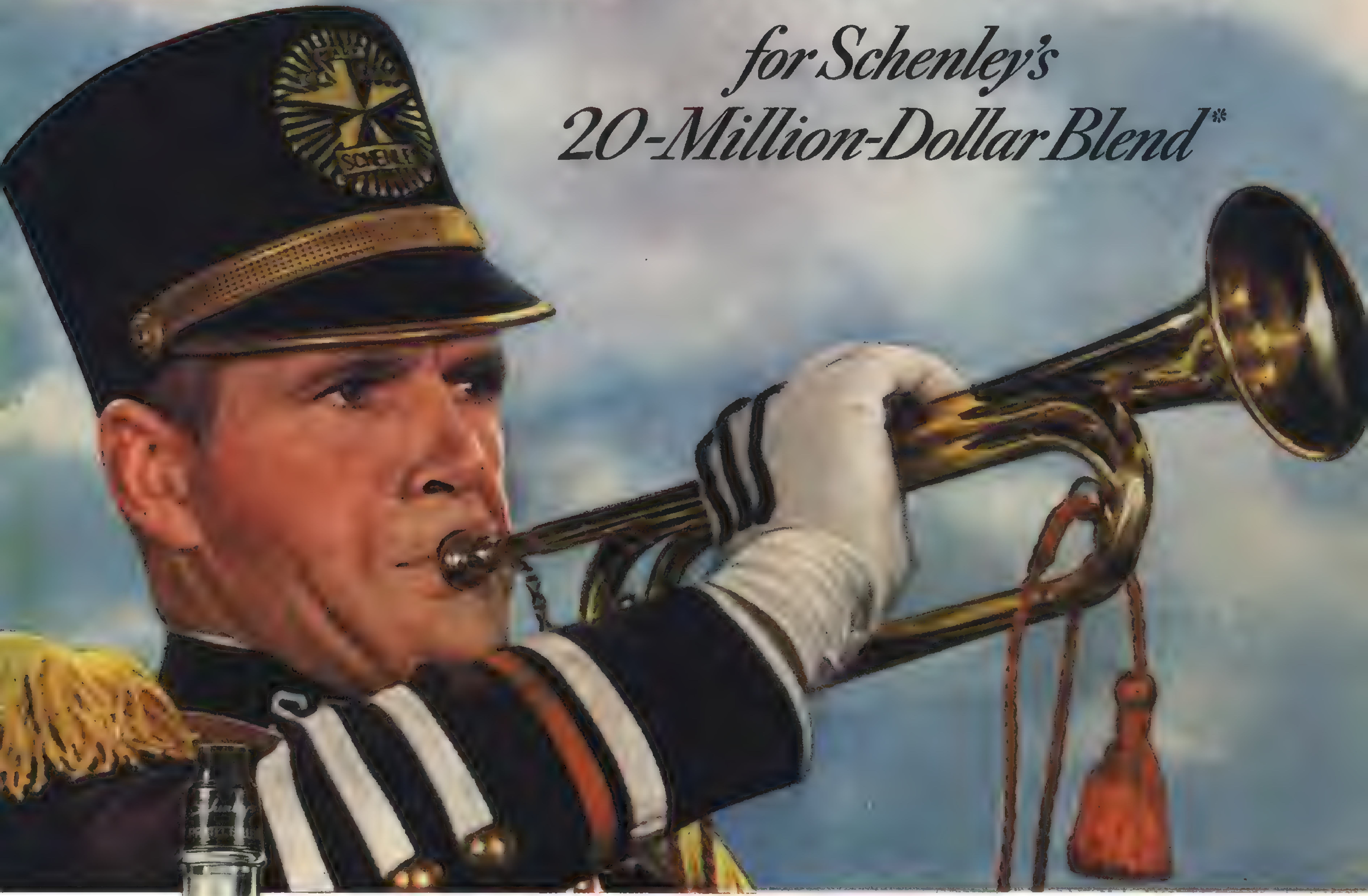
"I—er—well, the janitor at school, he helped me," Gilbert said, looking up with a grin. "He gimme what he called Chinese Goofer Dust, and he tolt me to take it and say I was gonna sprinkle it on her gate and voodoo 'er if she didn't subscribe. So that's what I did—and she did." ⧺

ONE TASTE WILL WIN YOU···*LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!*

LOCK STOCK AND BARREL

First Call at the Bars—

*for Schenley's 20-Million-Dollar Blend**



OLD SCHENLEY
Quality SUPREME
BLENDED WHISKEY

Rich with the taste of Schenley's aging Reserves...a 20-million-dollar *stock* of *barrel*-aged whiskey with a price *right in line* with your wishes! In taste-fullness it stands alone... and sits well! Mild... Note how fresh your mouth tastes after it! At the best of the bars, hotels and stores it will lead the big parade!

***It is Schenley's great reserves of over 20 million dollars worth of aged and aging whiskies which enable The House of Schenley to produce this richly tasteful blend — and to maintain its quality constantly in unfailing supply.**

OLD SCHENLEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

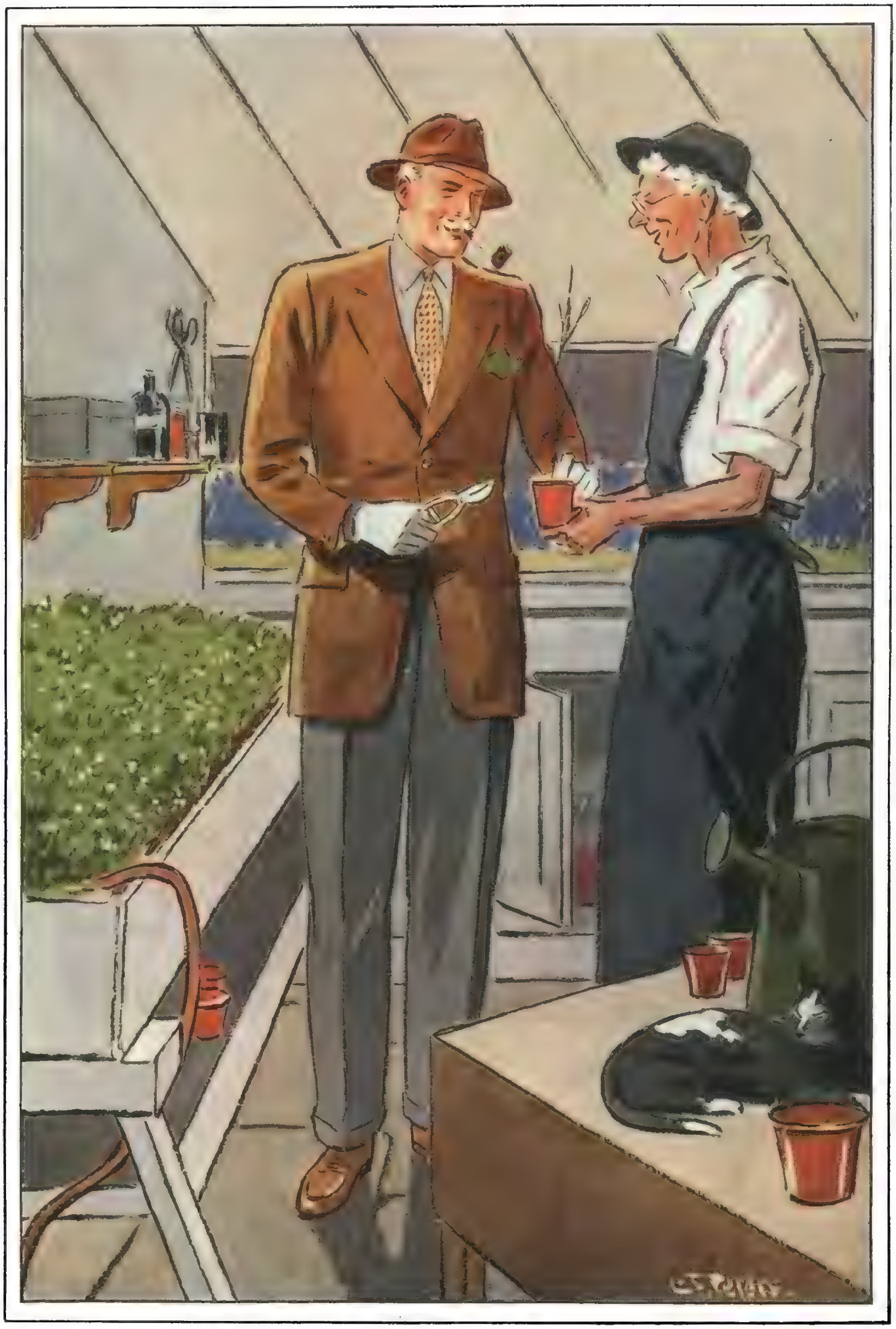
BRAND

is the name!

Old Schenley Quality Supreme: The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

If you like a milder whiskey—**Old Schenley Extra Quality:** The straight whiskies in this product are **3** years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 15% straight whiskey **3** years and 4 months old. 10% straight whiskey **5** years old. 5% straight whiskey **8** years old. (*Both 90 proof*)

Copr. 1936, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y.



REMINDER ON THE USE OF BROWN AND GREY

We haven't made much whoop-de-do over brown jackets and grey slacks and vice versa since Esquire was very young and the topic was the football of the Sound and Fury. But it's still an important fashion and one that deserves an occasional reminder. Women probably won't like it any better this time than last but men have liked it all along. With the odd brown tweed jacket goes a plain grey shirt and a brown figured tie, worn with grey flannel slacks with brown Norwegian model calf shoes and a light weight brown semi-sport felt hat. To wear beneath the jacket there is a four-way choice; a sleeveless pullover or a leather waistcoat or a knitted cardigan or, to be obvious about it, the waistcoat that matches the jacket itself. Note the colored pocket handkerchief, now pretty much confined to country clothes, and the Newmarket pipe with a cherrywood bowl and quill for the stem.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

. . . and in a Hand-Bag

Continued from page 65

- 1 cigarette case, containing half a dozen cigarettes.
- 1 letter from her mother, reminding her not to forget to write to her aunties.
- 1 colored handkerchief.
- 1 cigarette lighter, without fluid.
- 1 pencil.
- 4 fraternity pins.
- 1 address book, containing names of boy and girl friends.
- 1 dance program.
- Assorted bobby pins and safety pins.
- 1 notice from the dean of the school, telling her that unless her studies improve she will be campused.

(The bag itself is of brown leather.)

Contents of Her Bag at Twenty-seven

- 1 compact with powder and rouge.
- 1 monogrammed handkerchief, with lipstick marks on it.
- 2 one-dollar bills and some small change, including a dozen pennies for children's banks.
- 1 package of cigarettes.
- 1 package of matches.
- 2 torn postage stamps.
- 1 shopping list.
- 1 picture of Milton J. Wurtleburtle and the two children.
- 1 notebook with budget account, with figures added up incorrectly.
- 1 letter from her mother, enclosing check to help out, and thanking her for the darling pictures of the children, which she is showing to everyone.

(The bag itself is a worn, navy blue, left over from trousseau.)

Contents of Her Bag at Thirty-seven

- 1 fancy silver compact, containing powder and rouge.
- Lipstick.
- 1 check book.
- 1 affectionate letter from her husband—away on a business trip—bragging of success.
- 2 department store charge coins.
- 1 automobile driver's license.
- 1 pair of reading glasses.
- 1 house key.
- 1 automobile key.
- 1 key which opens something—she just can't remember what.
- 2 letters from her children at camp.
- 1 fancy, enameled cigarette case.
- 1 embroidered and perfumed handkerchief.
- 1 receipt from a beauty parlor for a permanent wave.
- 1 notebook with list of winnings and losings at bridge.
- 1 advertisement for a reducing corset.
- Fifteen dollars and forty-one cents.
- Several stubs of matinee tickets.
- 1 golf score, showing a total of 109, and marked "my best."
- Numerous pictures of the children.

(The bag itself is of brown suede, to match shoes and gloves.)

Contents of Her Bag at Forty-seven

- 1 embroidered, monogrammed handkerchief, drenched in perfume.
- 1 gold compact.
- 1 lipstick.
- 1 letter of congratulations from her predecessor, on election as President of Suburban Civic Club.
- 1 diamond wrist watch, broken, to be taken to be repaired.
- 1 receipt from milk farm, for two weeks' reducing treatments.
- 1 list of people to be invited to forthcoming dinner party.
- Miscellaneous receipts from various beauty parlors and manicure establishments.
- 1 engagement list of card parties, social engagements and club meetings.
- 5 snapshots of a smudgy individual, the first grandchild.
- 1 gold comb in case.
- 1 cigarette case, with lighter to match.
- $33.21 in money.
- Numerous coins from department stores.
- 1 pair of reading glasses.
- 1 pair of bifocals.
- 1 lorgnette.
- 1 storage receipt for a mink coat.
- 1 check book, showing substantial balance.
- 1 picture of a handsome young man, apparently her son.
- 1 owner's auto license.
- 1 report from Higgins' Detective Agency, *in re* Milton J. Wurtleburtle's activities in the little flat uptown.
- Many keys, the uses of which are forgotten.
- 1 key to safe deposit box.
- 1 letter from the gigolo she met on the ship last summer, asking if he might call, on his return.
- 1 letter from daughter, thanking her for the check to help out.

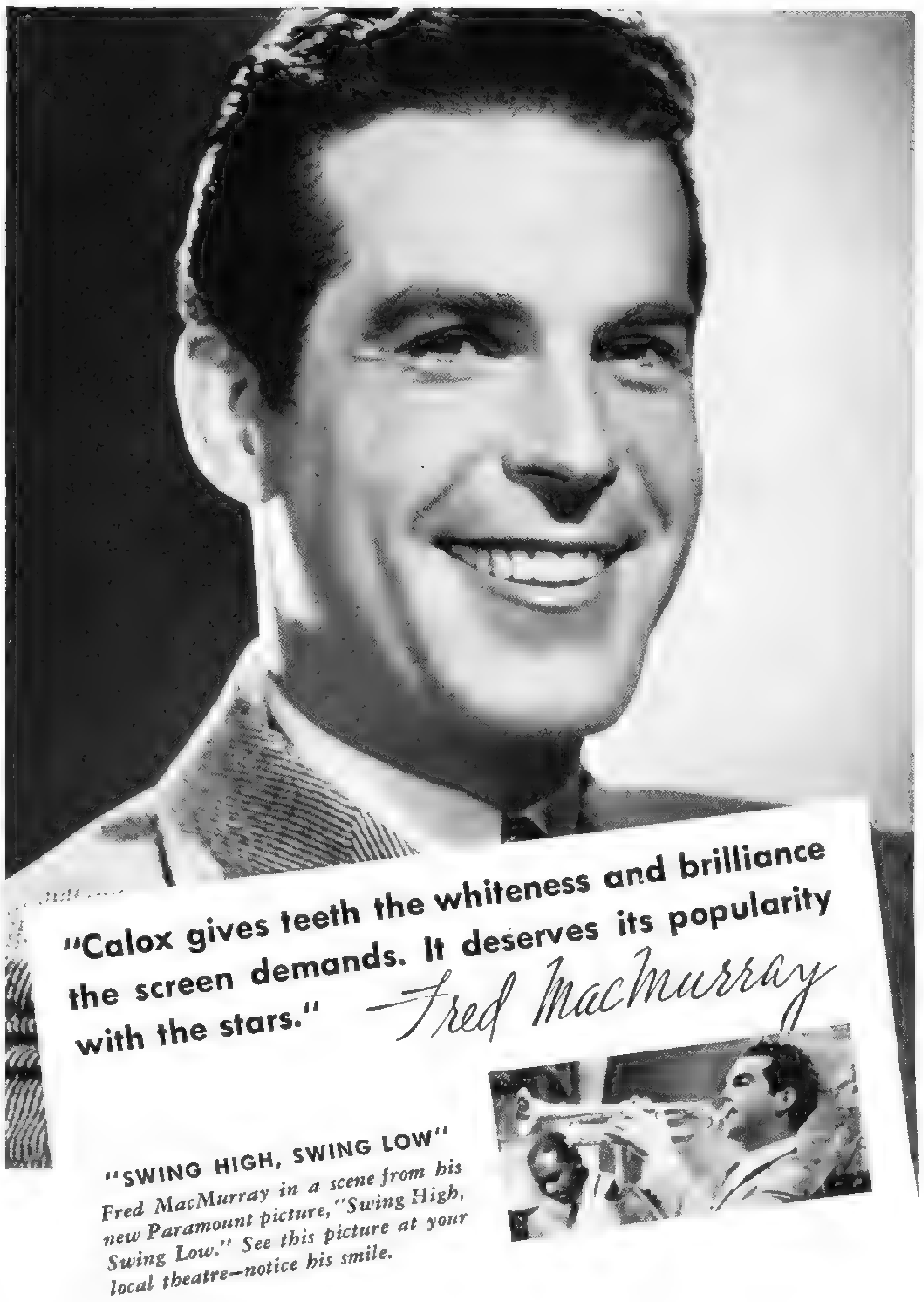
(The bag itself is of alligator skin.)

Contents of Her Bag at Fifty-seven

- 1 platinum compact.
- 1 lipstick.
- 1 pair bifocals.
- 1 case for glasses she is wearing.
- 1 gold comb.
- 1 fine lace handkerchief, drenched in perfume.
- Various coins.
- Cigarettes.
- $33.00 in money.
- 1 blank check.
- 1 very affectionate card from Milton J. Wurtleburtle, saved from anniversary present from her husband.
- 14 photographs of 4 assorted grandchildren.
- 1 appointment card with famous medical man.
- Several letters from her children, cautioning her to "take it easy."
- 1 kit, containing hypodermic needle, for giving self-injections of insulin.

(The bag itself is a large, fine black leather hand-bag.) ⵌ

HAVE TEETH THAT *shine like the stars'!*


"Calox gives teeth the whiteness and brilliance the screen demands. It deserves its popularity with the stars." Fred MacMurray
"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"
Fred MacMurray in a scene from his new Paramount picture, "Swing High, Swing Low." See this picture at your local theatre—notice his smile.

Out in Hollywood, where a "starry" smile is worth more cold cash than anywhere on earth, they found out how Calox makes teeth *sparkle!* So it's *Calox* in the dressing rooms of many famous stars!

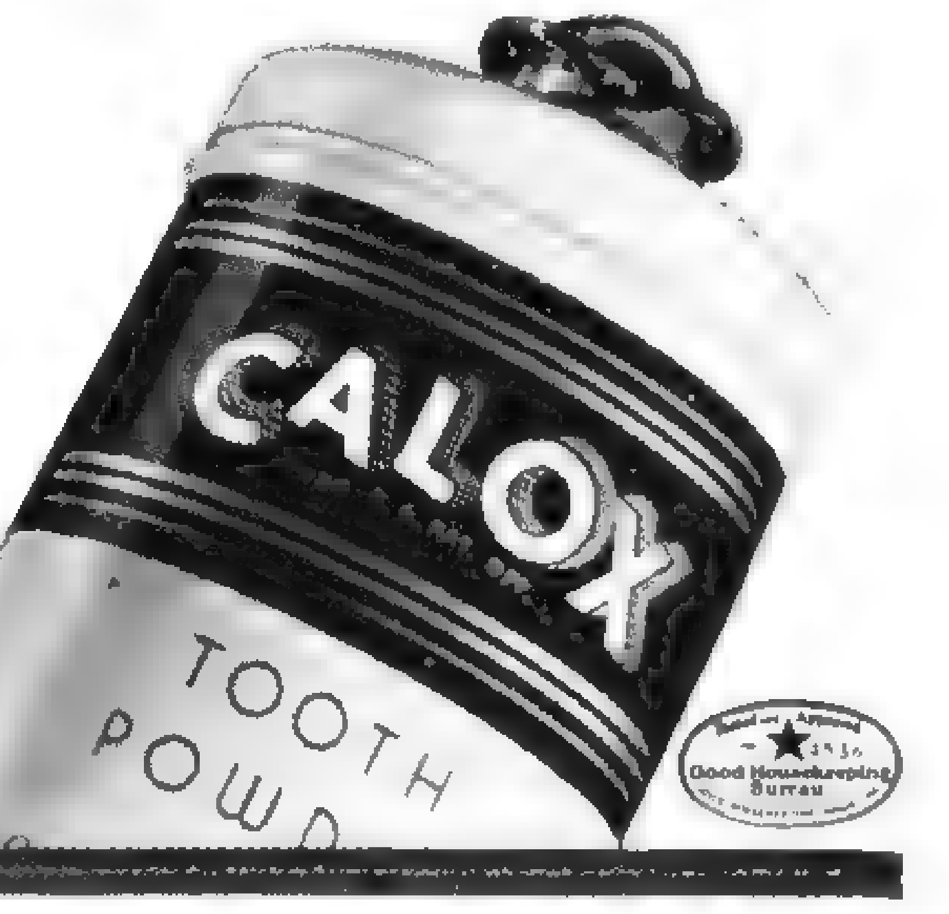
Would a brighter smile improve your personality?...help you socially? Then use the tooth powder that has been tested in the greatest "Personality Laboratory" in the world... in Hollywood.

Use Calox Tooth Powder. Use it twice daily. More often, if your teeth dull quickly, stain easily. Wake up the *natural* brilliance of your teeth! (*See free trial offer below.*)

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.

COUNT THE REASONS FOR CALOX!

Calox is fine and soft... cleanses safely. And *doubly* assures cleansing by releasing live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps neutralize mouth acids. And it is as carefully made as an individual prescription. It is a product of McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians since 1833.



FOR TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

FREE! THE FAVORITE DENTIFRICE OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn. Dept. J-1.
Please send me *free* a week's trial of Calox.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

JOHN P. HASKELL, INC.
THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE
WHAT'S KEEPIN' MY OLD MAN?

Another Midnight Oil Burner-Upper *will soon be using* Ediphone Voice Writing!

Desperate action, this, on the part of the Haskells, *femme et fils*. But then, the situation in the Haskell ménage IS desperate. Night after night, the ringing of the dinner bell is echoed by the ringing of the telephone, "Sorry darling, I'm delayed at the office."

But now . . . NOW! . . . something will be done about it. Busy as he is, Haskell is going to find a few minutes to interview an Edison man . . . to discover for himself the proved A B C of Ediphone Voice Writing—(its ability to give executives 20% to 50% Added Business Capacity).

From the very first moment, Haskell will discover that with Voice Writing at his service, he has a secretary at his elbow every moment of the day, ready to take reports, memos, inter-office communications, to confirm telephone calls, to remind him of appointments . . . ready to take replies to his mail as he reads it *the first time*. And his present secretary, freed from time-consuming dictation, will have her letters ready for signature before the close of the business day.

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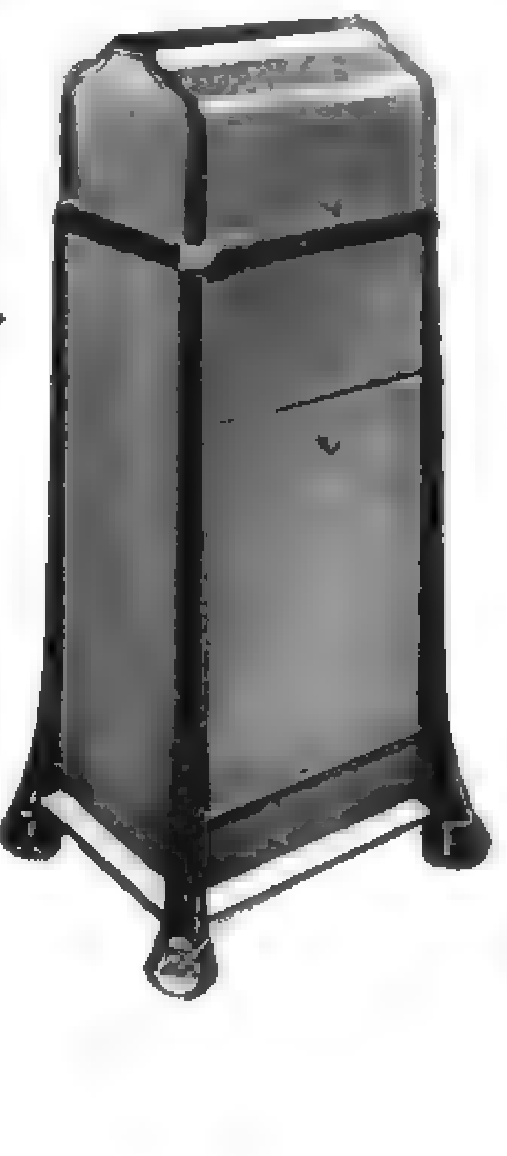


P.S. *Executives are invited to request a free copy of Professor H. L. Hollingworth's new booklet, "Using Your Head."*

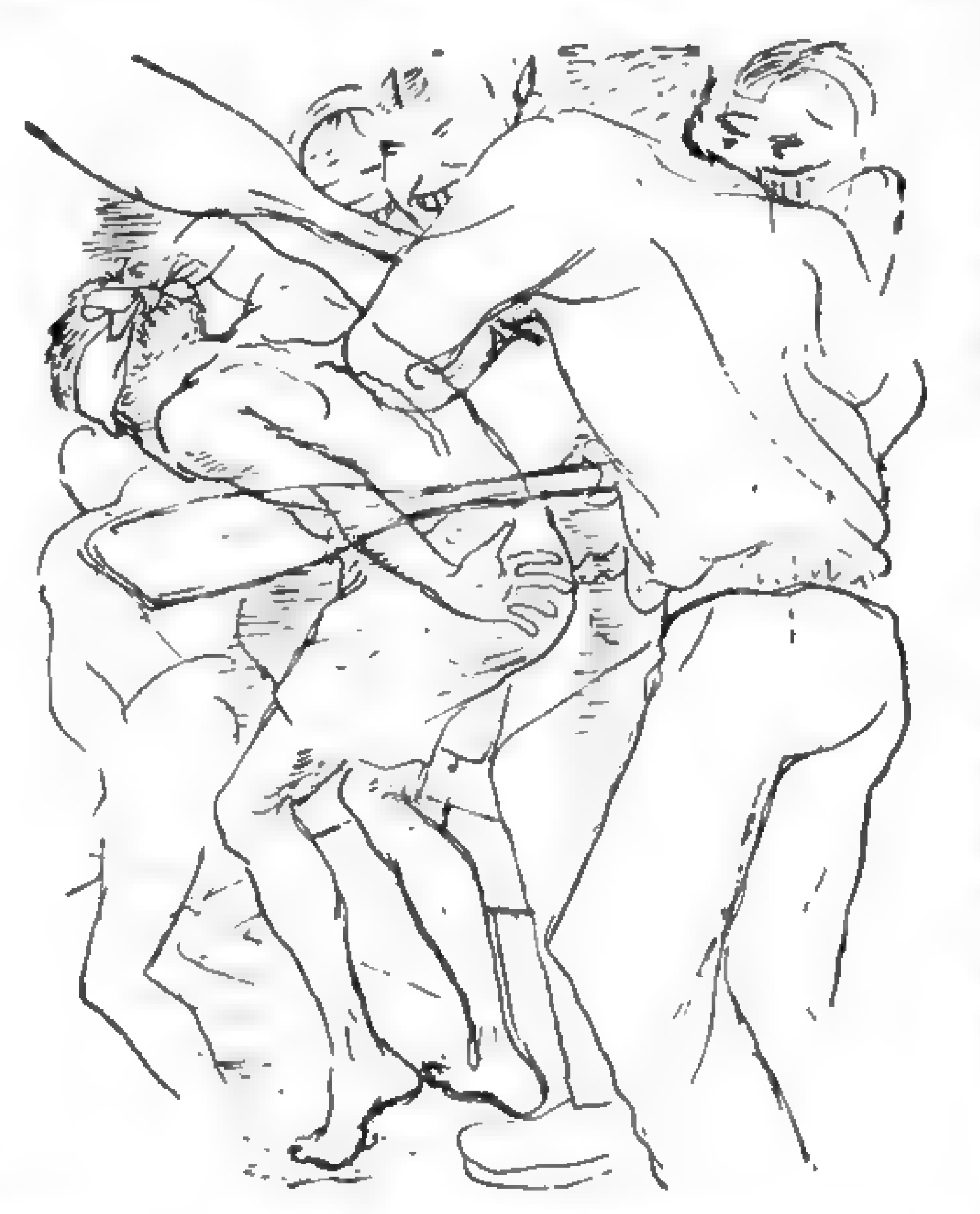
Ordeal by Blood

Continued from page 51

to electricity anyway. They strapped the shoes on my feet, made me stand at attention, then gave me the works. Without fail my feet flew out from under me and my head hit the polished hardwood of the ballroom floor. I grew groggy and my legs began to cramp. I began to yell—and then lost consciousness. When I came to a few minutes later I was on the floor and the brothers were kneading and rubbing knots out of my leg as big as two fists.

When the boys grew sated and weary of these simple sports, they took us into a hallway strewn with rock salt and threaded with electrically charged wires. The salt bit cruelly into our raw and bleeding bottoms and the electricity made my legs cramp again. The freezing and dousing with hot tallow continued. By this time I had worked one corner of my bandage off so I was no longer completely blind and what I saw might well have been a scene from Dante. By that time the continued pain had weakened the nerve of all of us and the chorus of shrieks and yells sounded as if it issued from a Southern Baptist's hell.

Every time they put on the juice the whole fourteen cowed and shrinking creatures rose as one, swaying drunkenly and howling horribly. When the current was turned off, they slumped down moaning and gasping. The hall was dim-lit and all of us were hardly recognizable caricatures of human beings. We were crusted white with tallow, mottled with bruises, and smeared with feathers and blood. Our own mothers would not have recognized us.



Again the younger ones among us began to pass out; again they were revived with icy water.

Two by two we were taken back to the ballroom and made to race. At the signal of a smart crack on the rear we started. Presently the floor fell away from under my feet and I lit—thank God!—on a mattress on the first landing of the stairway. But before I lit I let out an involuntary scream of pure terror which must have delighted the boys.

We were tossed in blankets, we were made to fight with boxing gloves, blindfolded, while the upperclassmen encouraged us with ever-present paddles.

The blanket-tossing was a relatively tame affair, I later learned, as a few years before one of the initiates had been thrown out of the window by chance and had suffered a fractured skull. I don't like to be tossed in the air, especially when I can't see . . .

The concluding glory was the tree-climbing contest. The initiation took place on the coldest night of the year, happily, and the thoughtful brothers had sprayed a big elm in the snowy front yard with water until it was sheathed in ice. They led us shivering, quaking wretches to that tree and told us to climb.

"Hell, fellows," I said. "I can't climb this damned tree."

"You can't?"—politely. "Well, we'll stimulate you, Jack."

A paddle crashed on my poopdeck and there I was—up in the tree. How I got there, I know not to this day.

Then with terror I realized I was slipping. I made a desperate grab at the limb on which I was sitting, but I could get no hold on it. I landed in a big snow bank. No one noticed me as another awkward fellow was being boosted up. I took off my bandage and watched.

A big full moon shed a clear white light over one of the strangest scenes I have ever beheld. The tree was completely shrouded in ice and thirteen terror-stricken pledges clinging to the branches were outlined against the sky, gasping and crying out as the hose was played over them freezing them to the ice on which they sat. A few were sobbing, others were making the inarticulate noises of trapped and suffering animals.

And that was the last scene of the drama.

A few minutes later we were back in the warm house, soaking off glue and feathers, in the bathtub, examining frostbite, bruises, and cuts. It was two in the morning.

Miraculously enough, none of us was seriously ill. All of us were dog-tired the next day and none of us could sit down with comfort for more than a week. The two boys who caught cold recovered without pneumonia.

Now fraternities are more civilized, and I suppose when my own two boys join the sacred ranks of old Sigma Psi they will hardly collect a dozen bruises. I hope they don't.

But as I think the experience over I am certain that the real sufferers in these saturnalias of gore were not the beatees but the beaters. Hitting people who can't hit back is dangerous. It develops within one any latent sadism that may be there, and I am sure these jolly initiations caused many a warped soul as well as dozens of blistered fannies. ⌗

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● *Send for your copy now, enclosing 25c in stamps to cover costs of handling.*

ESQUIRE FASHION STAFF
366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

There's a Perfect Woman—

Continued from page 109

sire of men to gather once in a while with their own kind. Anyway it worked.

* * *

Speaking of Scotch there have been complaints that there are not many ways of drinking the gentlemen's drink except with water or soda. Research shows that there are several Scotch cocktails that are satisfactory when the Scotch drinker does not have time for a long glass. It takes a Scotch drinker to appreciate them and they are not for the average cocktail taste.

THE HEATHER

⅔ Scotch Whisky
2 dashes of French Vermouth
1 dash of Angostura Bitters

ROB ROY

2 parts Scotch Whisky
1 part Italian Vermouth
1 dash of Bitters

BILL ORR

⅔ Scotch Whisky
Juice of small orange
1 dash of Orange Bitters

TRINITY

½ Scotch Whisky
⅓ French Vermouth
1 dash of Crème de Menthe
1 dash of Orange Bitters
1 dash of Apricot Brandy

JOHN MCCLAIN

1 jigger Scotch
1 teaspoon syrup
2 dashes of Bitters

SAZERAC

1 jigger Scotch Whisky
1 teaspoon Italian Vermouth
1 dash of Absinthe or Oxygene

TOM JOHNSTONE

½ Scotch Whisky
⅙ lime juice
⅙ Italian Vermouth
⅙ Cointreau

WALTERS

½ Scotch Whisky
¼ orange juice
¼ lemon juice

BORDEN CHASE

¾ Scotch Whisky
¼ Italian Vermouth
1 dash of Orange Bitters
1 dash of Pernod or Oxygene

GLAMIS

(pronounced Glarms)

½ Scotch Whisky
½ Calisaya Bitters

WOODWARD

⅓ Scotch Whisky
⅓ grapefruit juice
⅓ French Vermouth

GENTLE JOHN

⅔ Scotch Whisky
1 dash of Orange Bitters, French Vermouth and Cointreau

The rye whisky combinations are better known, the Manhattan being one of the standard drinks of the U.S.A. As you go westward from the Atlantic the patrons call for bourbon instead of rye. Your homemade Manhattan is better than your bar item, tavern keepers liking 100% profit, favoring Vermouth over the rye, as it is cheaper. Personally I like it this way:

¾ rye or bourbon
¼ Italian Vermouth
Stir, don't shake, with ice and pour into glass holding the proverbial cherry.

VARIATION

2 parts rye
1 part Italian Vermouth
1 dash of Bitters

WHISKY SOUR

1 part lemon juice
1 spoonful sugar
3 parts bourbon or rye
Ice, stir and pour into short glass. Women like it decorated with fruit.

OLD FASHIONED

1 lump of sugar
2 dashes of Bitters on sugar, muddle sugar
1 lump of ice
1 jigger rye or bourbon
1 slice of lemon, orange, stick of pineapple
1 cherry. Some use a dash of soda

ALGONQUIN

2 parts rye
1 part French Vermouth
1 part pineapple juice

JUNIOR

⅔ rye
Equal parts of lime juice and Benedictine make up balance, with dash of Bitters.

WARD 8

Juice of 1 lemon
1 barspoon powdered sugar
¾ large whisky glass bourbon
Dissolve sugar in juice and whisky
Pour in large glass with a large piece of ice and add
3 to 4 dashes of Orange Bitters
3 dashes of Crème de Menthe
½ jigger Grenadine
Fill glass with seltzer, add
2 slices orange
1 stick of pineapple
1 or 2 cherries

* * *

Our Potating Friends Department

From way off Manila comes the following:

"I am indeed delighted to see that one of my compatriots has discovered the high potability of Calvados. Long ago in my student days in Paris, I learned about Calvados and when I eventually married a Frenchman and settled on the banks of the Marne at La Varenne, I endeared myself to the north-of-France in-laws by my passionate devotion to this entrancing drink.

"Out here in the Orient it is not so well-known but I did discover one purveyor of it with the result that it was not long before he had to re-order by cable! I invented (so far as Manila is concerned) a Calvados Old Fashioned whose voltage is practically the tops. The only difficulty is that the cocktail hour in Manila begins at six and theoretically ends with dinner around eight-thirty or nine, but if one starts with C. O. F.'s the evening has a startling tendency to wear off in directions least planned. I could tell you some pretty tales of twenty people invited for cocktails, six to eight, and twenty people staying to dinner at midnight, and a famous visiting (alleged) humorist who went off to Batangas on an impromptu motor trip instead of to Baguio by air, complaining bitterly that a professional humorist had no chance with such a bunch of amateurs, and so on far into the night. Oh, they're potent, all right.

"So pleased am I to find out the proportions of a good, strong Martini. For years I have made Martinis in a Martini glass with gin to

Continued at top of page 171

CONSIDER THE AGE AS WELL AS THE BRAND!

O. SOGLOW
DID HE SAY 8?
8
LOWER 7
7
NO HE SAID 10!

HIGHEST AWARDS
Gold Bar Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
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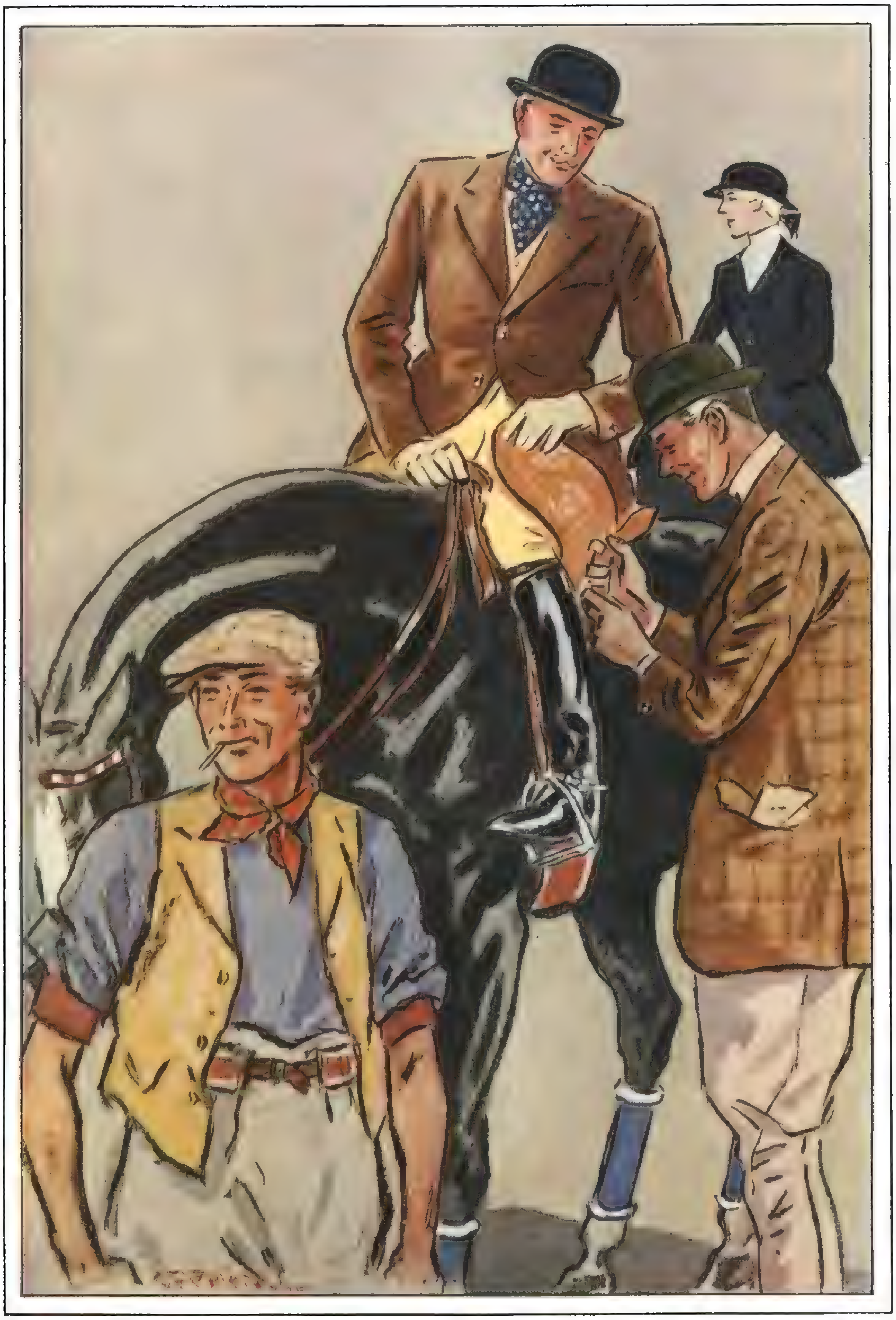
Martin's V.V.O. *Scotch Whisky*



SHOWING TWO TYPES OF RIDING CLOTHES

The man in the saddle is correctly dressed for park riding and for showing at afternoon horse shows. The man monkeying with the girth might show at an informal event in the country, although not in jumping classes, where the bowler and black boots are rigidly required. His dress is correct for country hacking and exercising, but incorrect to wear in town for park riding. We won't go into mourning if you ever break these rules but it seems to be our bounden duty to remind you of them. With the jodhpurs the regular brown jodhpur shoe is normally indicated although many prefer a blucher riding shoe. With jodhpurs and a Shetland riding coat like the one on the right, the natural Shetland color turtleneck sweater and a soft hat make a good looking informal outfit. The man on horseback wears a heavy tweed jacket in a solid color with slanting pockets and a long center vent in the back.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

There's a Perfect Woman—

Continued from pages 109-168

the edge of the flowers on the glass and then put in enough French Vermouth to spill a little bit. I am on the last glass of the set and if I hadn't found out the proportions, I might never have been able to make a good Martini again, for the life of a glass in my household is not very long.

MME. ANDRE SAVANY"

* * *

From Baltimore comes the Southern version of Eggnog.

As the season is still open, we pass it along: "Take six eggs (fresh). Beat the yolks and whites separately. Beat until very light. Add ¼ pound of sugar to whites and ¼ pound of sugar to yolks. Beat again. Stir into the yolks one quart of rich milk and one quart of rich cream. Then stir in very slowly ¾ pint of Old New England Rum, or Jamaica Rum (a good heavy rum is best) and ¾ pint of good brandy. Whisky may be used if desired, but my Uncle Steve informs me real Maryland eggnog never has whisky in it. That is according to old Maryland traditions and this 'drink' has been handed down in the family for many generations. To continue—and here is the variance—add ½ grated nutmeg and about two dozen whole cloves. Let stand in the refrigerator for about four hours before serving. When ready to serve shake well to mix the milk and cream, which have a habit of separating. If you think the brandy and rum mixture too strong then just cut down on the amounts as I have tested them."

KENDALL H. SCHULTZ

This Sinus Business

Continued from page 59

and abetted by rumble seats, electric fans, short haircuts, the kind of weather they have at Army-Navy football games, big parties and late hours. Sometimes a structural defect in the nose is at fault, and that time long ago on the sand lots when you stopped a foul tip with the end of your beak might have put two strikes on you in this sinus ball game because it broke or bent the dividing partition of your nose so that now you don't breathe properly on one side or the other. An improper diet, lack of the necessary vitamins, disturbances similar to hay fever, improper clothes, poor teeth, worry, fatigue, overwork and getting the gate from the one and only are all contributing factors. But repeated head colds, whatever their cause, win the brown derby as the chief offender in bringing on an attack.

Once the business is in full swing, it's easy to see what happens. The lining of the nose is affected first with swelling of the tissues and difficult breathing. By rapid extension the infection spreads through the openings into the sinus cavities causing their lining membrane also to become reddened, thickened and inflamed. The products of inflammation, such as blood serum, dead organisms, mucus and broken down blood cells, lead to the formation of an exudate or discharge similar to the one which is found in the nose during a heavy cold.

Now remember, all this swelling and inflammation is taking place in hollow cavities which have in most cases only small and poorly placed drainage openings leading to the nose and then to the outside. So pretty soon you become aware of the fact that all is not well aboard the flagship. All sinus infections, regardless of where located, have several signs and symptoms in common, but you must remember that every case is different and you can't draw conclusions from one case that will apply to all others. The particular sinus or sinuses involved, the type and virulence of the disease germ, the resistance of the victim, the configuration of the nose and head, and the presence of other concurrent infections make every picture different. Some are mild, others are severe; some have practically no accompanying discomfort, others knock you for a row of ash cans; some announce themselves with a bang, others ease up on you kinda gentle like. It all depends on the foregoing factors.

However, the presence of inflammation in any of the sinuses will usually lead up to a feeling of fullness and distention which is followed by a headache of some sort. This is supposed to be due to the pressure on the delicate nerve endings in the lining membrane plus the toxic absorption from the infection. At any rate it's there and it's usually a honey. It's the dull, aching, boring, persistent type that throws you for lots of yardage. This headache is most often of the frontal type regardless of the particular sinus involved although we often find (especially in disturbances of the sphenoid) that it is referred to the back of the head and radiates downward toward the base of the skull. The pain frequently varies in intensity according to the time of the day. Thus a patient with a frontal sinus infection might have severe pain in the morning due to the fact that the recumbent position at night has permitted this cavity to fill up. After he hits the deck and gives Old Man Gravity a chance, drainage is partially established and he begins to feel better toward the afternoon hours. In a maxillary sinus or antrum infection quite the opposite is true. These sinuses drain best when the patient is exercising the horizontal and tend to fill up during the day (remember the outlet is high placed) hence he feels worse as the day wears on.

One particularly severe type of

Continued on page 172

The music to me is so full and loud it seems unbelievable that Helen can't hear it

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● Presenting DICTOGRAPH'S latest achievement . . . the SILENT radio. The name suggests the results in every radio-torn household; it is SILENT to EVERYONE except the one person who listens. ONE can listen while others can sleep, read, talk as if no radio were playing in the house.

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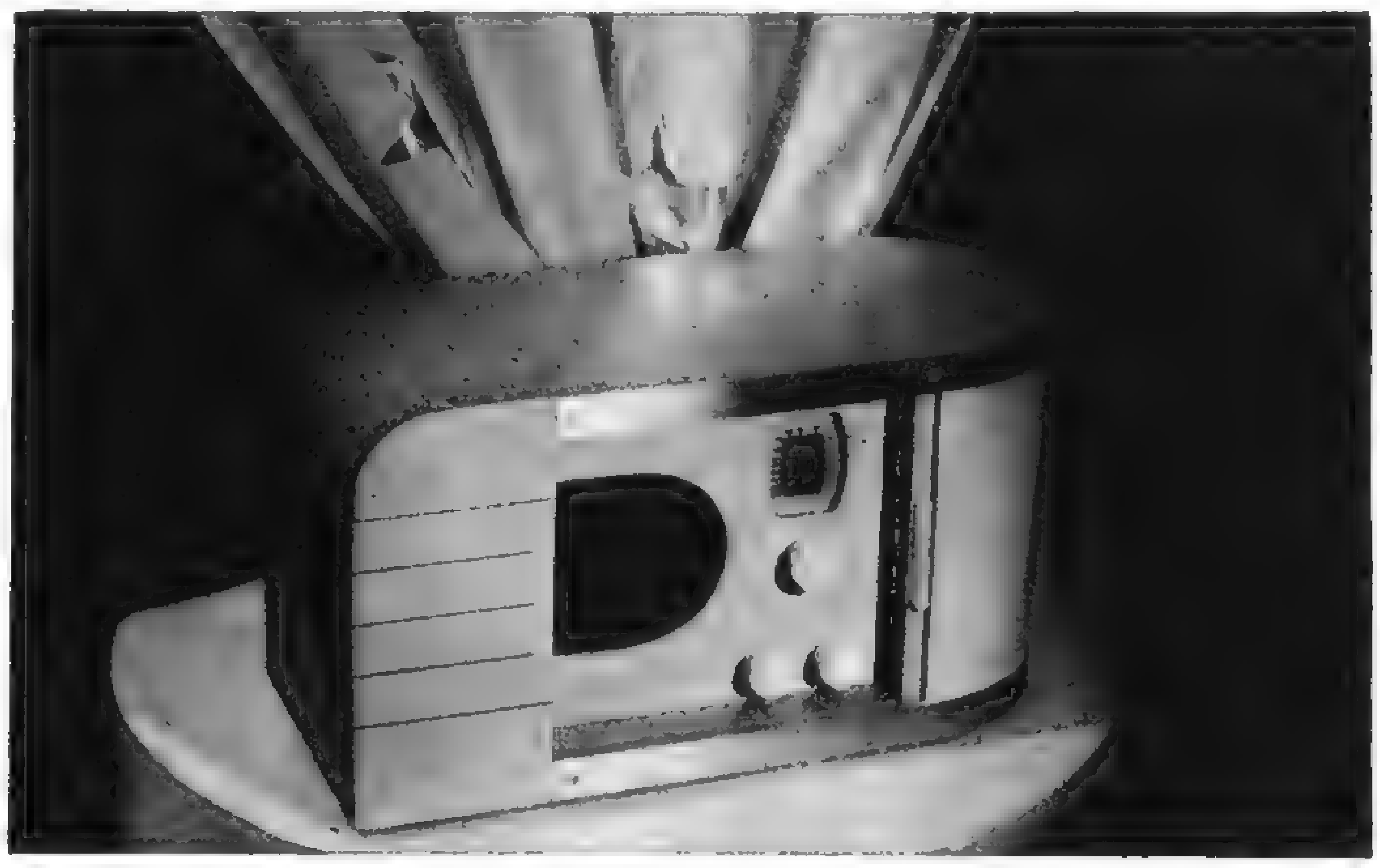
Made by Dictograph Products Co., Inc., and distributed nationally by
PROGRESS CORP., 1 EAST 43rd STREET, NEW YORK



IMPORTANT FEATURES: Dictograph Silent Radio is portable; Acousticon Mystic Ear connected to set by 6 feet of thin flexible wire is placed under any pillow. You hear when head is against the pillow. 6-tube superheterodyne; operates on either AC or DC.

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This Sinus Business

Continued from pages 59-171

headache is known as the "vacuum" type. (No, I'm not making any cracks about your mentality.) This usually occurs in the frontal sinus infections, and is due to the fact that swelling in the nose closes the sinus outlet. The air in the sinus is then partially absorbed and as none can enter, a partial vacuum is created in this cavity. As a result you have a headache that will really pin your ears back. It's deep grinding and horrible and is often referred to the eyes which feel as though they would pop out and roll down the corridor. If you have any choice, don't pick on this type of disturbance. I can personally testify to the fact that it's a bad hombre. All of these sinus headaches are aggravated by such acts as coughing and sneezing and any jarring motions to the body. They are hellish when you stoop over to pick something off the floor.

In addition to headaches there are always mental sluggishness and inability to concentrate. You just can't seem to think of anything else except thousands of little devils all beating anvils inside your head at the same time. Another prominent sign is tenderness over various parts of the face, depending, of course, upon which cavities are involved. If you have a hunch that the seat of the difficulty is in the frontal sinus you can verify it by placing your thumb above your eye and pressing inward and upward. The floor is thinnest in this location and naturally most sensitive to pressure. In infections of the ethmoidal cells tenderness may be elicited by pressing inward between the nose and the eye. When the antrum is involved the tender area is located in what we call the canine fossa, a depression which you can feel under your upper lip just above and behind your "eye" tooth. In disturbances of the sphenoid sinus the eyeballs will sometimes be found to be tender to light pressure.

Still another prominent sign is nasal discharge. This may either be scarce or copious, but it is usually persistent and aggravating. In some of the infections this may be blown repeatedly from the nose. In others (the far back ethmoidal cells and the sphenoid) it drops down the back exit and leads to disagreeable hawking and clearing of the throat especially in the morning. So if you possess one of the colds that won't clear up, better take an inventory and discover the reason why.

Various neuralgias of the eyes, ears, face and jaws may also manifest themselves and often times a patient will complain that his teeth ache and feel longer on the affected side. The voice is heavy and has a hill billy twang. Temperature is generally elevated, but it rarely goes extremely high. There is also present a varying amount of loss of smell and taste, dizziness, weakness and a generalized "all gone" feeling.

You can probably tell by now without consulting your score sheet whether you qualify or not. If you do, don't dash off to the nearest quack and lay down a flock of your hard earned coconuts, but take it easy and keep two feet on the floor while we go into a huddle and see what should be done about it. The first thing to remember is that despite the gruesome tales you hear from your friends and in-laws, the great majority of patients get entirely well and just the mere fact that you're one of the boys now doesn't mean that you're condemned to this Devil's Island of Sinusitis for the rest of your natural life.

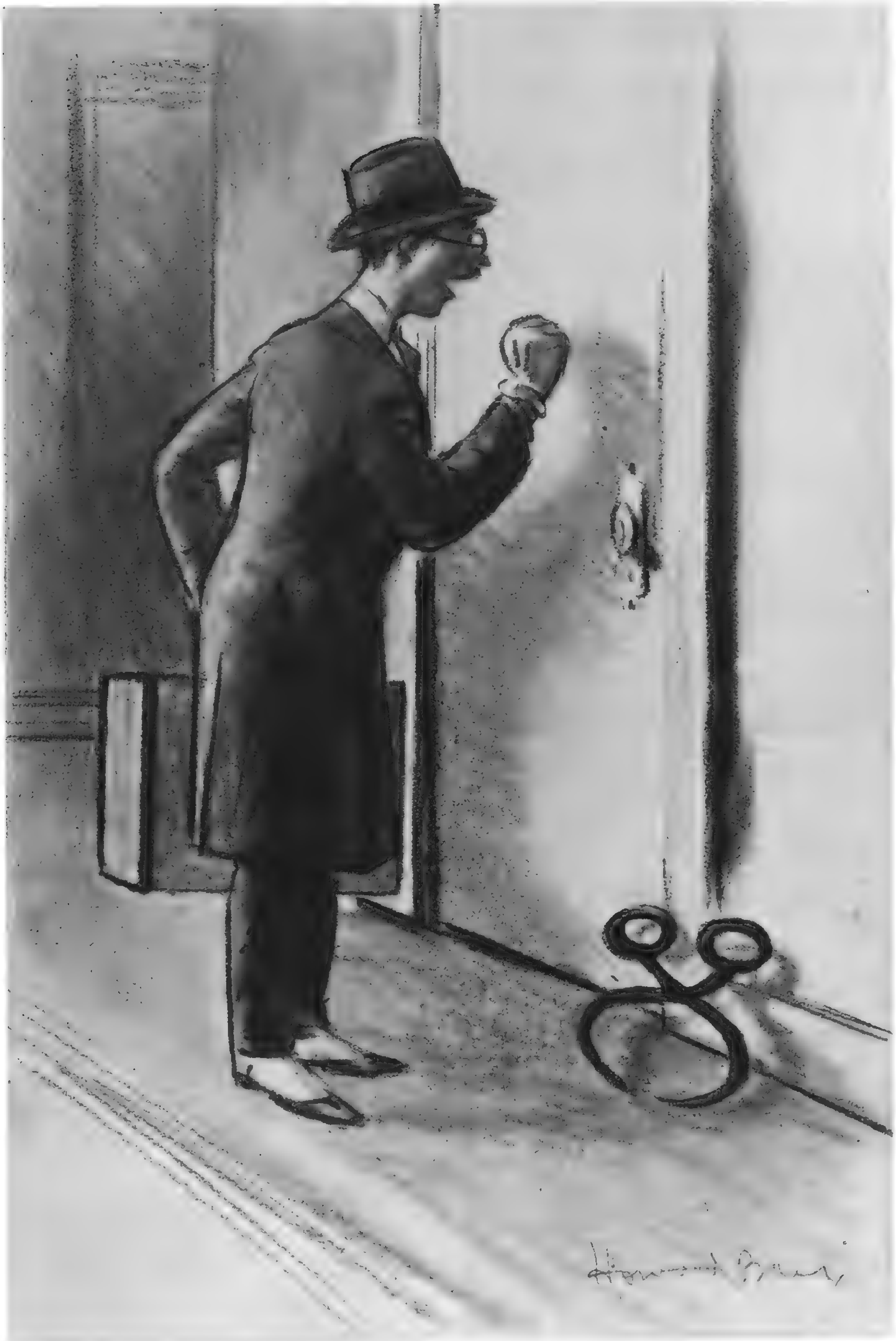
Unfortunately, there is no adequate home treatment that suffices for this condition outside of staying home nights and behaving yourself. So the first thing on your program is to place yourself in competent hands. I'm not trying to sell you a bill of goods, and if you'll stop and consider for a moment you can easily see that it's just as important for you to get expert help for this complicated distressing ailment as it is to call in someone to fix that leak in the bathroom or grind the valves of your car. So pick yourself out a sympathetic, conservative, well-trained man and rest your case entirely in his hands. Don't choose the sort of a duke whose palms itch for the feel of his surgical instruments and your pocketbook all in the same breath, but rather get lined up with someone who wouldn't do anything to you that he wouldn't have done to himself in similar circumstances. Your old family Doc can probably give you the best steer as to where to find the right sort of haven.

There are several good reasons why you need assistance, not the least being to get a measure of relief from that awful sickening pain. Another is to have an accurate diagnosis as to just where the mischief is, and a third to keep you from developing complications or having your attack become a long drawn out chronic infection.

The first principle of surgery regardless of whether you have an infection on the top of your conk, the middle of your tummy, or the bottom of your foot is to secure adequate drainage. You've got to let the stuff out that's causing the trouble. If you will recall the intricate arrangement of all these sinuses in the head you can see that this is not such a simple matter. Nevertheless it must be done.

Your medicine man, after he has made the proper diagnosis with the help of a lot of different gadgets possibly including the X-ray, will probably start by applying shrinking solutions to the inside of your nose in order to keep the natural drainage outlets open

Continued on page 174



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This Sinus Business

Continued from pages 59-171-172

and functioning. If you have a lot of thick heavy secretion in your nose, he may follow the above procedure with a gentle irrigation of warm salt solution. This will immediately make you feel better and in most cases just a few such treatments will suffice in taking care of a mild-acute attack. Sometimes if the antrum is infected he may find it necessary to wash this out because as you remember its high placed outlet allows considerable discharge to gather before it can drain out. We call this procedure an antrum puncture as an instrument is slipped into this sinus from the nose into its lower part near the floor and all infectious matter can then be washed out upward through the natural opening. It's amazing the amount of relief that follows this simple operation. With the present availability of excellent local anesthetics and improved technique it is nothing to be dreaded although most people have a preconceived idea of horror about it which has been instilled in their minds by the bridge-luncheon clinicians.

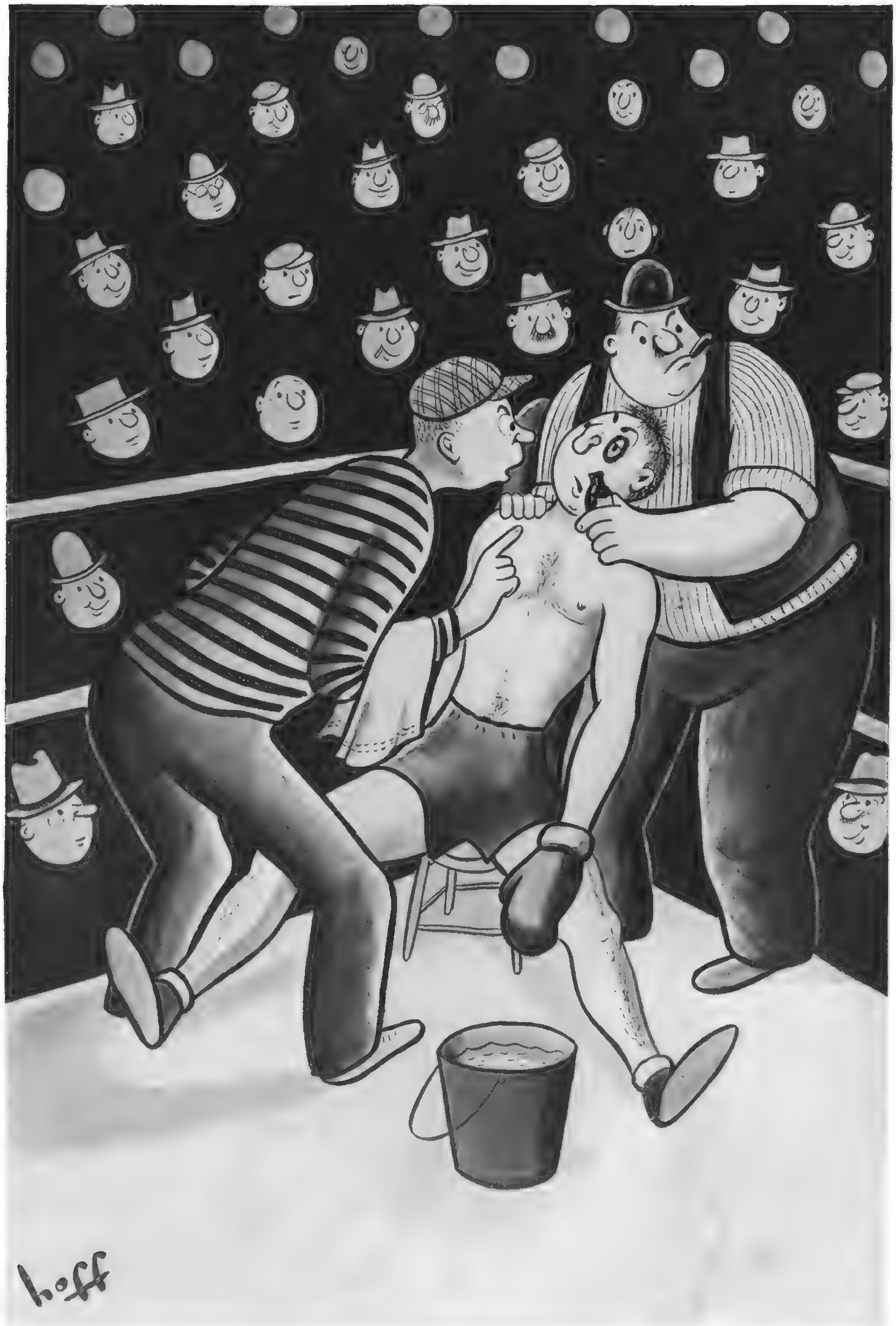
There are many other tricks in the trade which your man Friday has at his disposal, depending of course, on what he finds in your instance. In a small percentage of cases it may be necessary to resort to major surgery. The reason this sometimes happens is because the lining membrane of the sinuses has become so abused and degenerated from previous or neglected infections that it can never again return to normal, and remains as a potent source of danger in causing diseases of the vital organs as the kidneys, heart, joints, etc., or it may begin to attack the underlying bone itself. Surgical interference is, of course, imperative whenever the situation gets out of bounds and breaks through the bone to the outside or into the socket housing the eye.

Just a word now about operations on the sinuses. The poor dears have almost as bad a reputation as scarlet women. Partly true I grant you, but for the most part undeserved. It seems the idea has become prevalent that once an operation is performed on a sinus that it's the beginning link in a chain of horrible experiences which carry on indefinitely. Years ago, when the physiology and function of the nose and sinuses were less well understood there was an indiscriminate removal of many of the vital structures in their make-up and a permanent damage to the respiratory apparatus resulted with symptoms *ad infinitum*. Nowadays, however, the trend is definitely toward conservative treatment and operations are much less frequent and when performed the procedures are so aimed to disturb as little as possible the normal activity of all parts of the respiratory apparatus. Better results have thus been achieved and when you submit to a sinus operation now in competent hands you can rest assured you haven't started something which is going to haunt you the rest of your natural life.

A few more things now and then we'll call it a day. Many patients as a parting shot ask, would it hurt me to take a few snifters? The answer to that one is easy. The universal remedy is universally bad in sinus trouble. You might get away with a small swift one, but if you bear down, you'll pay and pay and pay. Alcohol belongs to a class of drugs which we call the vasodilators. This means that it acts on the walls of the blood vessels causing them to relax, dilate and grow larger. As the nose and sinuses are covered with a membrane containing an extremely rich blood supply, it's easy to see what happens if you increase the caliber of these many thousands of small vessels by taking a couple of good hookers. The congestion and swelling is markedly increased as is the pain, tenderness and general distress, so you better lay off. Old J.B. will do you no good here.

Another interesting angle is the frequency with which sinus trouble affects athletes, notably swimmers. This is due to the fact that a great deal of their splashing is done in pools which contain chemical disinfectants for the water. Chlorine is Public Enemy No. 1 here because it is so irritating to the delicate lining membrane of the nose and sinuses. The forcing of fluid into the nose by diving and snorting leaves some of this chlorinated water in contact with the sinus membranes. In the wake of this chemical irritation follow the same chain of congestion, swelling and blocked drainage as occurs in bacterial infections so if you're susceptible better check out at least on the diving. You may save yourself lots of grief.

My Bed Time Story wouldn't be complete without a word about the kiddies in this connection, especially as so much research work and study is now being done on sinusitis in children. Although only about half the sinuses develop before the age of six, those which are already present in infancy can cause much difficulty. Perhaps you have or know youngsters whose tonsils and adenoids have been removed, but who still have obstructed breathing, runny noses, persistent cough, restlessness, pallor and loss of appetite and who don't seem to gain and develop properly. Don't be surprised if you find them suffering from this thing we have just gone over. It's much more common than you think and fortunately responds very nicely to treatment. So check your gang over if any of them are not up to par. And now since I'll have to say School's Out, here's hoping that all of you will be spared a personal introduction to this sinus business. ꟸ



"What happened to your eye?"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

A HELL OF A SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

The picture of our future war-torn America, depicted so vividly by the good George Antheil, is stupefying to the utmost, especially when one stops to contemplate how accurately Antheil has outlined the future of fair America, irregardless of national disputes, good-fellowship, or mass butchery.

War, of course, is the most obvious animus to the picture Antheil has drawn; but, on the other hand, we don't need war to throw us into the vortex of sadistically unlevened unhuman lust that will wear away the pride of all mankind, and embalm the mind of the world as a whole with the nepenthe of neglect and futility.

Man is a great little animal. Man is a hell of an animal. Nowhere in the whole kingdom of the vertebrata (or among the other branches of zoology except the Arthropoda) do we find cruelty as profligate as among humans(?). We say that we are civilized. Yes, by God; we're pretty thoroughly civilized—just a few meals behind the apes, gorillas and chimpanzees. (Let anyone deny this, and he's just bulling himself.) And the apes have got more sense. They have their differences among themselves, just as humans do. Oh, my, yes. But they end these with a lethal claw, a fight to the death. Does man? Oh, sure. But not before he has succeeded in deriving unholy and supernally morbid pleasure from torturing his poor fellow creature until death is a blessing. (Orchids to Poling for *Brotherly Love.*)

But let us look at the future.

(We'll presume, purely for the sake of realism, that by 1940 science has derived a metabolism-cessation drug that—shades of H. G. Wells—permits one to live on and on indefinitely. I have taken the proper dose to return to normality 100 years hence.)

2036, so—

I awaken, yawn, stretch stiffly with muscles long unused. Of course, my first desire is to see what kind of a monstrosity Esquire has developed into, and whether or not my ideas for a perfect magazine have been taken seriously during my lethargic vinculum. I press a button set in the wall by my bed which is no more than a sheet of cellophane-like material which partially disperses with gravity during sleep. I speak into a tiny microphone. You answer from Chicago. Thirty-two and a half seconds later the vent of the pneumatic special delivery tube pops open and the new issue plops upon the bed beside me. Hmmmmm! *Mon Dieu! En vèritè, c'est* Esquire! But so different from the last copy I perused ere taking the sleep-drug. Indeed; it is a rectangular sheet of what appears to be frosted glass, but in reality is a thin sheet of highly radio-active material. Along its edges are a number of tiny levers. I flip one and page after page magically appears upon this sheet. The *S & F* page appears (now in the rear of the magazine), so I stop and read contentedly. (Will Petty still be picturing picturesque and physiologically plethoric pulchritudes?)

I decide that Esquire has deteriorated, although uniquely, into something base and lewd, albeit, conforming to the spirit of the times. I decide to read a newspaper. I press another button, and, presto! a paper pops out of the radio-tele-photo press. It is a small single-sheet affair no larger than the cover of an ordinary pulp magazine. Nothing much of interest, although the headline reads: "*The Xportis Rthuns the Azxxys.*" (Meaningless? Not at all. Peruse *The Meaning of Meaning* by Ogden and Richards.) An announcement on the reverse side states clearly that the next issue will be ready for the press within thirty minutes.

Well, so much for the fine old art of printing.

I arise, throw on my robe of woven flex-o-glass and buskins, and go down into the great New York of only one century hence. Spider bridges cross and recross from mighty tower to stupendous structure. Architectural science has really developed some spectacular buildings. Owing to an alloy invented half a century ago skyscrapers now rear their flagstaffs five hundred stories toward the zenith. A project is being considered by the Building Board to construct a majestic edifice at Forty-second and Broadway to reach 1000 stories into the blue. Will it succeed? No. Interest in such great accomplishments is on the wane.

Science has made tremendous strides, forging ahead into the infinite reaches that are now fully comprehended, and that were wrapped in so much mystery in the twentieth century. Science, I am told, has cast aside all orthodox presumptions. They have come at last to the final, unattainable, unconquerable mystery of life and death, time and space and dimensions, and—triumphed absolutely over all these things. Health, the word, is oblivious now, for there is nothing else but.

I enter a restaurant. I order an ordinary meal. I get it. But now all foodstuffs are synthetic. Not only are they synthetic, but more valuable in proteids, and a marvelous improvement over the harsh foods of a century ago.

Clothing is much more sensible; a very abbreviated jerkin and kilt, and light sandals. So I swap my robe and buskins for the popular mode.

Religion has simmered down to two branches. The Nudists, or Sun-Worshipers, and the Prudists. Their conception of the infinite seems silly after one has lived in the early twentieth century. There is another sect, although they don't claim religion. They are now spread all over Europenasia, and will soon spread their teachings to America. Their vast organization is a cult that practices the Black Arts that someone claims to have discovered in the great Gobian desert.

Synthetic gold was discovered around the year 2000. The scientist who discovered the formula was mysteriously murdered, but his assistant readily went on from where the scientist left off, and secretly worked out a plan to flood every gold market in the world. He succeeded. Now there is no money. There is in effect a very strange system of barter which I cannot comprehend.

Government is no longer centralized. Each city is now a city-state. Each city-state is ruled by an oligarchy, and so are the other nations, so I am told.

All in all America, and specifically New York, is a mad panorama that will get where? Several decades ago the Interplanetary Exploration Society proposed traveling to other planets, of throwing out another frontier, of opening the vast possibilities offered by our nearest neighbors in the sky. But nothing was done about it. The Supreme Council decided against it, for, said they, nothing is to be gained by making other planets like the earth.

There has been no war since the long remembered conflict of 1914-18. However, everyone says war is inevitable within the next five years. In that case I'd better go back to sleep for another century or so and see what the world is like then.

So, Time Marches On!

2136!

Awakening. Silence greets my ears. I am puzzled. When last I awoke there was the ineffable buzz of humanity all about me; now there is no sound. I press the familiar button above my bed. Nothing happens. I leap from the bed and frantically press other buttons. Still nothing happens. I stare stupidly at my footprints in the dust that has been allowed to collect within my semi-mausoleum. Somebody will catch hell for that. Or will they? My robe that should be crisp and new tatters between my fingers. I improvise a garment from odds and ends and forge forth. . . .

The sky over New York is overcast with slate gray clouds. The streets below me which I can see from the spider bridge are dirty canyons, littered with wreckage and debris. Can this be New York, or am I dreaming. I am not. The slate gray skies are bare of any transport ship or pleasure craft.

I re-enter the building and descend via the unmoving escalators to the ground floor. Furtive creatures slink from one building to another, wild-eyed, afraid. I traverse the streets. From subways, from basement windows, and from uncovered manholes malignant red eyes stare at me, hateful, voracious, aflame with desire, yet stupidly afraid.

New York towers above me like a ghost town of some pre-modern civilization. All about me the city I knew leers at me as though to say, "The sleeper wakes . . . ha, ha, ha! . . ." I wend my way through the silent streets seeking . . . what?

I come to the Hudson. Its waters are quiet, as though covered with oil. Old, old ships lay along rotting wharves, their sides rusty as though stained with dried blood from wounds as old as the derelicts themselves.

What can it all mean? I cross the mighty Hudson into Jersey City. The dust upon the bridge is trampled with prints of many, many bare feet. I walk among the buildings in Jersey City.

Like majestic Manhattan, Jersey City is a ghostly simulacrum of things that—have been. All about me there is desolation. It is a city of death, decay, and infinite loneliness. The loneliness is the hardest part to bear. A slight wind whispers about the dead, imposing cadavers of the dead city—a swan song of a ghost that is now but a shadow of a breath of a ghost. It wails, and weeps; it is a concentration of all the lamentations and requiems of all the shadows of all dead men in history.

What has mankind done that it deserves this—this utter, absolute and dreadful non-being? Has something alien and ultra-mundane smote from the unplumbed depths of space the fair earth and brought about this utter extinction of life?

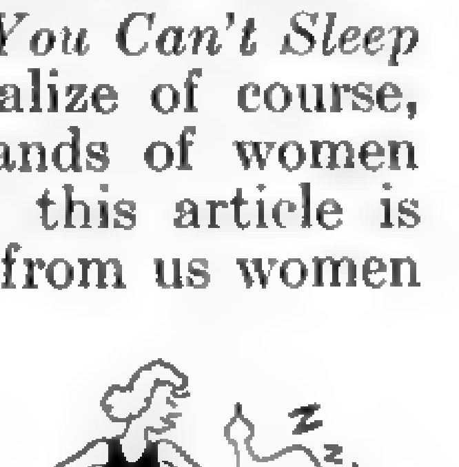
I draw a more accurate picture. Nothing has struck from unplumbed space. No wars have wreaked havoc upon genus Homo Sapiens. No. He has worn threadbare his eternal curiosity. Knowing all at last, no more room for progression, he has during the last century realized the futility of mankind. He has retrogressed to the beast he is.

Staring at the slate gray, lonely, dreadful skies, and the magnificent, but deceased, city man has builded, I swallow an overdose of the sleep drug. It is pleasant to die thus—sleeping. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Very truly,
Lawrence, Kan. Joseph Hatch
Ass't Sec. T. I. G., Ltd.

THE MASTER OF THE MATTRESS

I have just finished Alan MacDonald's article entitled, *You Can't Sleep With Women.* You realize of course, that you have thousands of women readers and I'm sure this article is going to bring letters from us women like bullets from a machine gun.



I don't have fancy words to spread it on with, and I'm no writer (I wish to God I were), but I'm going to put up a little defence for my sex and I ain't gonna send it to the *Harper's Bazaar*.

I know what you're going to say. "Esquire is for men and if you don't like the stuff don't read it." That is all right. If I weren't crazy about Esquire I wouldn't stand around the newsstand the fifteenth of every month waiting for the new issue. I like it, and I like Alan MacDonald's article too. It's swell. But there's no spice in life if somebody doesn't fire back once in a while.

We women like our rest just as much as you men. I think that in most cases we need it more than you do. For my first example let me present Lucy and Pa. Lucy has been workin' hard all day. It's been rainin' and the three youngest kids have been in the house all day. She ironed up 'til noon and baked in the afternoon. Along about four the three oldest kids come in from school and have to have something to eat. Everybody is quarrelsome. Pa comes in at night, he has been in the office sittin' still all day. He's spry as a colt that's just been turned out in the pasture. Soon as supper is over he reads the paper and Lucy does the dishes and gets the smaller ones to bed; the older ones have to study. She is tired and goes in to bed early.

She just gets bedded down nicely when Pa comes in, stretching and pretending he's awful sleepy. Lucy pretends to be asleep. She thinks if she pretends that she's asleep, he will leave her alone. He gets undressed; Lucy can hear the shoes drop, "plunk" on the floor and she hears him scratching his plump waistline. Then he gets into bed with a great squeaking of springs and punching of pillows. (The women aren't the only "pillow punchers.") Lucy lies there holding her breath. There's no use. "Please Bill," she says, "I ironed all morning and have been on the go all day." Pa turns over and lies perfectly still, except for the scratching of his big-toe nail on the sheets, which goes on and on. Lucy tries to sleep. But what's the use?

Then we come to the type of man that sits up all night, or that is almost all night, "wet-nursin'" a short-wave radio set. "Now, darling wait just one more minute," he says sweetly, "I have a station here that I haven't had before and I want to wait 'til they announce." Hour after hour, station after station. The squeaking, blatting, wailing, radio goes on and on. While "darling" tries to sleep.

Then there is the Salesman. This type of man is a live wire to sleep with. (So I'm told). They are the neurotics. (They are contrary to the Fireman type.) After the lights are out, wifey starts something like this. "Jim, darling, I love you more than anything in the world. I don't know what I'd do without you. I just couldn't live without you, sweetheart." And Jim darling says, after a short lapse of time, "Did I tell you that the Coast Drug Co. ordered a whole carload of soap from me today? That's gonna make us a purty commission." The woman feels like killin' him, but she turns over and tries to go to sleep.

Nine times out of ten, he is large and she is small. He weights down the springs on his side of the bed and she has to sleep on the steep incline, clutching to the edge to keep from rollin' down upon him. Because if she does roll down, he reminds her about it and it isn't always a gentle reminder.

There are also real dangers in sleepin' with a man. The big brute flops over in his sleep and a huge, heavy, elbow strikes her right on the breast and she lies there in pain for a long time, wonderin' if the bruise will start a cancer.

I find myself wondering if Alan MacDonald is married. If so, has he been untrue to his wife, or has he been around interviewing his friends about their wives and the grief they have with them. Or is he a man about town or what? He has nine types of women pretty well sized up. I have gathered my little information about these various men, from around the bridge table.

Leaving Mr. MacDonald for the time, I especially liked the story by Jesse Stuart, *Uncle Joe's Boys.* Give us more of Jesse's writing.

Sincerely,
Mabel B. Hutchinson
Riverside, Calif.

Continued on page 178

these 3 trouble areas need your special care . . .

SPECIAL DRY SKIN MIXTURE
Dorothy Gray

YOUR EYES

Lines around eyes deserve the most exacting attention...with Dorothy Gray Special Dry-Skin Mixture. Its fine oils soften the drying skin into new smoothness. Its Vitamin D is faithfully absorbed! This beneficent "sunshine" vitamin has a happy effect upon skin tissue... seems to smooth out tiny, annoying lines in a most satisfying way. *Special Dry-Skin Mixture $2.25.*

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When blackheads cast a shadow over your face, when large pores coarsen your skin . . . turn to Dorothy Gray Salon Cold Cream. Very new. Cleanses. Softens. Smooths. No lingering make-up escapes the thorough "multipore" search of its fine, light oils. Even the first use brings a radiant vision of the clear, flawless skin you want. *Salon Cold Cream (for dry and oily skins) $1.00.*

SALON COLD CREAM
Dorothy Gray

THROAT CREAM
Dorothy Gray

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For wrinkles—thorough stimulation and rich lubrication! Use Dorothy Gray Throat Cream lavishly. Its efficient emollients combat a tendency to flabbiness. Its Vitamin D is absorbed...benefits drying skin. To bring up local circulation, pat in cream briskly. Your reward will be a throat moulded in smoothness. *Throat Cream, with the single chin strap for contour, $2.00.*

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Dorothy Gray

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MAKE-UP BY DOROTHY GRAY SALONS... *Aureate Face Powder* for subtle heightening of golden skin tones. *Sunset Lipstick* for dramatic complement. *Blue Eye-shadow* setting off the same clear note in the eyes. Lashes polished in *Blue Lashique.*

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The After Dinner Liqueur of the Continent

To best enjoy Apry's exquisite bouquet and delicious taste, always serve in small or large snifter glasses.

80 PROOF

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MARIE BRIZARD
SINCE 1755—FRENCH LIQUEURS OF WORLD FAME

IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
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STETSON

THE GREATEST NAME IN SHOES

British Blucher in black and brown calf. Styles 1096, 1097

Not so many years ago the barker stood on Main Street and bellowed these words: "Step right up, Ladies & Gentlemen. Try on the finest shoes in the world for the least money! Here's a pair that makes walking seem like flying. We have all kinds—shoes for Church-going, schooling and working—and some that will do for all three. Step up, folks!"

Advertising is different today. Convention demands a certain subtlety. But we *can* tell you that everything that barker said is true about Stetson Shoes. Try them and you'll find wearing shoes is not a habit but a pleasure. You'll particularly like the style illustrated. Prices start at $10.50. Write for an illustrated folder to the Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Mass.

The Sound and The Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-176

PURITAN'S PROGRESS

I beg you not to send any more of your paper, as I don't like it. 1934 was very good. 1935 was good, 1936 was not so good. I dare not think of 1937. But when you print same thing like the old ones, just drop me a line, will you?

Yours truly,
Kristianstad, Sweden GOSTA EKLUND

BRONX CHEER

I have been a reader of your magazine for the past few years. During this time I have seen it undergo an amazing change. From a magazine that was really fit to be read by a real he-man, it has become a publication which can be read without batting an eyelash. Your cartoons especially have undergone a change. They used to be readable, but now a man can't get any kick what-so-ever out of them. They're cleaner than a minister's joke! To put it mildly they're putrid. The cartoons were the thing that brought your magazine its great popularity and now they are detracting from it.

What has brought about this undesirable change?

You call ESQUIRE "The Magazine for Men," but at the rate you are going it will soon be a magazine fit for women and children only!

Hoping that there will be change in the near future, I remain,

Yours truly,
The Bronx, N. Y. ARNOLD OLEESKY

THINKS DOS PASSOS OPAQUE

In a community where the more shapely virgins are, no pun intended, such impregnable fortresses of chastity that the males suffer, perforce, from sexual malnutrition, ESQUIRE provides us gents with—are you there, Mr. Ellis?—a sort of libidinal outlet. I should like to acknowledge gratefully this debt; and, if I may be allowed, indulge, this time, not so much the incurable appetite to see my name in print as a passion to annotate.

Beginning at the top, congratulations on the circumspect patience and finesse it must have taken to bag the wily George Jean Nathan and lead him, apparently quite tamed, into your fold. He is, indisputably, the most literate of the dramatic critics—they than whom none is (thank you Mr. Mencken) more the embodiment of the ineffective. For no good reason, the flawless eccentricity of his English reminds me of that most dignified absurdity of all syntax, the fascinating Latin vocative: *Mensa, O Table!* For all his verbal exactitude, however, one feels that his bayonet sarcasms would be more to the point if he himself had ever shown any conspicuous talent for the writing of good, or even successful, plays. I doubt if Nathan could even write a bad play—which has a technique all its own. (I have mastered it thoroughly.) Of course, he is quite free to retort, logically enough I suppose, that one need not know how to make a rose to smell one and so it is with plays. Contrast with his chronic peevishness, that defence of the incurably timid, the good nature of Burton Rascoe, who, in his estimate of books, much harder things than plays to appraise, realizes that it is as much a mark of clever criticism to recognize merit as to indicate defect.

It is unfortunate that Havelock Ellis and Dr. Adler feel obliged to pull their punches. The dulcet articles they write for ESQUIRE lack entirely the unsugared candour which characterizes their scientific brochures less dependent on editorial subsidy; and suggest nothing so much as the decorous sermonizing of *What A Young Boy Ought To Know*—that charming book which young gaffers used to hold in one hand and disobey with the other.

Coming to fiction, they say that every man has at least one good book in him—with the possible exception of Ernest Hemingway. But I don't hold with that. I like Hemingway and his quaint preoccupation with fish and viscera. There's only one word for Mr. Hemingway—CUTE. I like Dos Passos, even, I flatter my penetration, at his most elaborately opaque. I like Jesse Stuart. I like Morley Callaghan. I hate the Spring—including F. Scott Fitzgerald; any of his work published in the last ten years has been, as far as his early alleged genius is concerned, quite posthumous. Perhaps, while he is growing up, he should eat more of the leafy vegetables. By the way, examining the recent stories of Manuel Komroff, I suspect that *A Bird In The Head* was not fiction but autobiography!

With the conspicuous exception of Paul Webb, who is comical as all Hell and never stales, your humor is pretty repetitious. Still, I like Petty's drawings; they have a sort of waxen perfection—like false teeth. And, for his effective economy of detail in presenting situations really amusing, I like Hoff. It seems unjust that Bundy's jokes aren't funnier. He certainly works hard at them!

This short paragraph I dedicate to George Grosz. There is an altogether unique, if rather disquieting, accuracy of suggestion about his cancerous-looking paintings. I should like to see him illustrate one of the more unpleasant numbers of the *American Medical Journal.*

Not altogether incidentally, I myself have on hand a sheaf of original stories which I might be persuaded to part with at a price. They are up your alley like a raped she-cat. In that, they present, to the layman, no decipherable plot; and would lend themselves beautifully to those curiously inept subheadings with which you obscure further titles already enigmatic to the point of Gertrude Stein. Conceding to the popular demand for diminutives, I have also, again no pun intended, thrown up the scaffolding of a novelETTE—suitable for reading in small apartments. For its completion, an editorial advance is necessary to finance the patient filigree of descriptive detail. (As Gene O'Neill, in his trilogical moments, often says to me, pun intended, "Man does not live by brood alone.") Would you care to get in on this?

I notice that, in an attempt to make them appear exhaustively representative, your selection of letters to print is a matter of nothing subtler than their geographical origin. As far as I can discover, Nova Scotia (where, to be utterly irrelevant, it is never discrediting a popular song, *June in January*) has not yet been heard from. Perhaps it is ordained that I shall be chosen to correct the omission.

As a final favor, please do not label my letter with some glib inadequacy like "Thinks Dos Passos Obscure." I trust that, here and there, affecting my usual inimitable whimsey, I have not been too Goddamned coy. No kidding, ESQUIRE is a swell magazine.

Yours sincerely,
ERNEST REDMOND BUCKLER
Bridgetown, N. S.

COCKS MUST CROW

Methinks these Latins do protest too much. Let's hear no more about their crow and clutch.
Los Angeles, Calif. DONNA NORRIDGE

SMILE, SUH

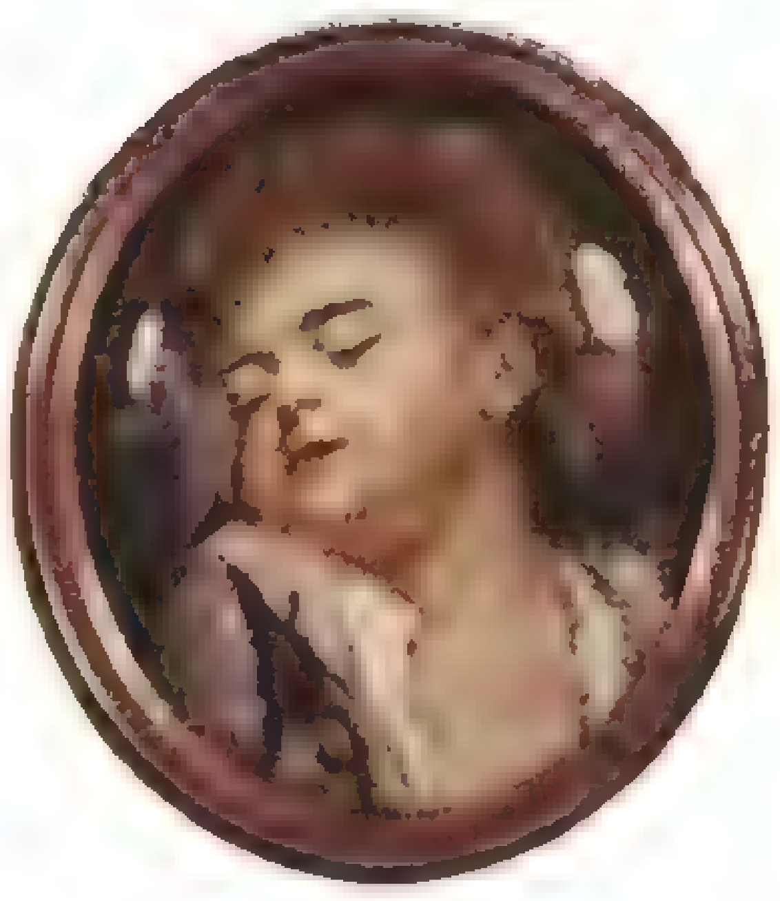
George Jean Nathan's statement in his article in your December number that Gypsy Rose Lee is a granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee is preposterous.

I hope you will publish this out of consideration for your Southern subscribers after learning that Mr. Nathan was not serious.

Virginian,
R. G. RENNOLDS, *Subscriber*
Richmond, Va.

Continued on page 180

CARNETS DE BAL



A
Portfolio
from
the Morgan Collection
of the Metropolitan
Museum of Art
in New York

The Fragonard miniature in the panel above serves as introduction to sixteen pages of full color reproductions of *Carnets de Bal*, those exquisitely jeweled and engraved dance-program cases that are little miracles of the eighteenth century goldsmiths' art. This portfolio alone contains as many color plates, and as fine, as you would be likely to encounter in the average $3.50 book, and certainly is itself well worth the 35c price of the February issue of CORONET in which it appears. Yet this is just one of the many beautiful features in the February issue of the only de luxe pocket-size magazine, CORONET. Others, to name only a few, are eleven pages of the inimitable elephant drawings of Heinrich Kley, fifty-six unforgettable photographs, and a splendid collection of modern paintings. "Infinite riches in a little room." 35c.

DAVID A. SMART, *Publisher*, ESQUIRE and CORONET
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-176-178

SUCCESS STORY

This letter has a two-fold purpose and has all the earmarks of Advice to the Lovelorn or What Every Young Girl Should Know.

In the first place, I wish to explain to the staff of Esquire why I am not accepting its kind invitation to send three more subscriptions of that superb magazine to the same three gentlemen to whom I gleefully gave it last Christmas. In the second place, and in so elucidating the "first place" this follows quite nicely, I wish to advise American spinsterhood on an infallible procedure. I trust I make myself clear . . . viz and to wit:

All three of the aforesaid receivers of a year's subscription to Esquire, sent by ME, promptly asked for my hand in marriage. And herein lie the conclusions: 1. I accepted by far the finest of them; 2. Ladies, it's an easy way.

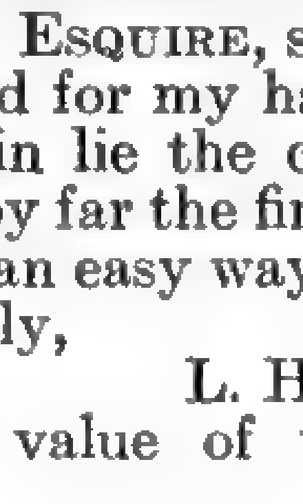
Yours truly,

Baltimore, Md. L. H. J.

P.S. The advertising value of this must be terrific.

ADD BEDTIME STORIES

You will recall the article in a recent copy of Esquire titled *You Can't Sleep With Women*. After reading the article through the thought came to me that perhaps you would be interested in enlarging your scope on the subject. The article as it appeared was sufficiently interesting but almost amazingly incomplete. I realize of course that you were probably space limited and that the general headings included a good many out side types but after attending a girl's college I am well aware of more personal female sleeping peculiarities by both actual experience with them and by word relay.



Without any more ramble—shall I get on to the additions I have to make? I would supplement three more main headings, the first of which is particularly annoying in the season coming.

1. Our *Foot Conscious* Mates—how many of these there are is hard to state and the degree of contempt we hold for them is certainly something. Of the three sub-topics under this, number one is probably the least exhausting and is called *Toe Wigglers*. How I hate to sense that continuous wiggle at the foot of the bed—a circular twist and jerk and much discomfort and success is won. The large toe is actually sufficiently hidden by the one next to it and they are ready to continue till all five members of the same foot are finally piled up in domino-fashion and you think at last you can unlax, when only to your fearful expectation your partner has begun working on the other foot. There just "ain't" no justice!

Feet coolers and *feet warmers* at any time are exasperating but we lose every sense of self control and completely forgetting we are gentlemen or ladies, we are apt to shout madly during this particular season. Can you think of anything more devilish than a clear through draft not missing one part of you, starting at the foot of the bed when your beloved mate has his or her feet protruding from under the covers? Visualize yourself cozily snuggled in between the warm covers any of these frosty nights—a full moon and a special clear, still, cold night, an icy breeze licking your face and you in a half sleepy doze when puff-whizz-and brrrr, a blast of coldness, air-conditioning the bed to the extent that our modern icebox movies would be put to shame. Your dear (grrrrr) partner's feet were just too warm and are now visible in the moonlight room like two short stove pipes sticking straight up and bare in what you figure a sub-zero breeze. If you doubt my word at the almost unbelievable discomfort afforded you by this little trick, just stand a ruler straight at the foot of your bed some night, allowing just a speck of air to enter and you have only a fraction of an idea what the real thing is like.

Feet *warmer-uppers* are of course more common and need only a slight introduction. Their cleverness and artistry holds them back supposedly quietly sleeping or some still preparing for bed till you are nice and warm and snug. Their approach is like the splashing caused by a heavy man into a pool on a cool and breezy early spring or fall day—you know the kind of a day when only our bolder associates plunge in undaunted—a day on which you are apt to count to a hundred before actually making up your mind that you really want to go in. Your back and legs are a magnet for their icy feet—Oh! what a patience trying lot these are.

The second main classification is the *Borer* or *Underminer*. This type is closely allied to the Incher or Roller but differs from those in so much as the Underminer almost actually endangers the life of their partner. Relative size of the two people concerned is of course a point of definite consideration. If the performer is smaller than the victim, the performer may be cured of his or her antics rather suddenly as their tactics cause them to bore down underneath their partner, and should the partner be a heavy individual, life for the other may be snuffed out at any time. Sorta' the same idea of the elephant and the flea. One slip and poof—the borer is down and under for the count. It works in favor of the other side too. Should the borer be large, may God bless his partner! To be raised off one's resting place in the clear stillness of the night is not to be laughed at. Sort of an Alley-oop idea and out of bed you land—every ounce of sleep gone in the old frame and your heart running competition to that of a hyperthyroid's when you realize the narrow escape you had from the corner of the dresser. Perhaps this sort of thing turns innocent folks into Bed-Readers.

If you never have encountered a *Mouth-Smacker* in your travels, pray often that you never may. They don't even have the common courtesy to wait their foolery for you to be at least dozing—they start in the second that contact is made between them and the bed and continue during the entire night. If human endurance could survive and you were able to stay off exhaustion and finally sleep, you would hear this smacking (as if tasting) sound all night. It seems as though it's the feeling and understanding that their body has actually hit the bed that starts them off. If of a violent nature, save yourself the expense of throwing and risking breaking things—it does absolutely no good—I tried it! So—to bed, and may you be blessed with a sleepy, sleepable, sleeping partner.

Sincerely,

Wyomissing, Pa. Louise Eacher

DEAF *AND* DUMB

Out of the kindness of my heart I'm writing to make it quite clear to you, and especially to your readers whose ears are not so good, that Frank Scully's article in your September issue is just about 100% haywire.

Mr. Scully endeavors to point out that the deaf (by which he means the hard of hearing, as the organized tin-eared insist on being called) are not dumb. But his whole argument shows up plainly the one point on which people who've had rotten ears long enough are almost certain to be dumb; that point is their punk hearing.

Ma Nature has furnished every half way decent specimen of a human being with a compensation mechanism, which is all set and ready to go if the poor creature should need it. The Old Girl thinks nothing of fixing people so that they can fool themselves if by so doing they are likely to serve her ends any better.

Now the compensation mechanism of the hard of hearing works to build a wall of false notions about them—notions to the effect that they've gained more in escaping the boring and annoying noises of Homo sapiens, and our so-called civilization, than they've lost by missing all the amusing and enlivening ones.

If we could never hope to hear decently again we should be glad to shelter our bruised egos behind such a wall. But within the last few years artificial ears have been developed which will do almost as much for bad hearing as glasses will do for poor eyesight.

Unfortunately many older people who've been deaf a long time, are so deeply entrenched behind the wall of delusion they themselves have built, that now, when they need its protection no longer, they continue to skulk behind it, and even write articles extolling its virtues. And if they do own a Sonotone, as Mr. Scully does, they never give the instrument a fair chance, half because childish resentment against their infirmity makes them fume at the artificial ear as though it were the summation of their handicaps, and half because they are so used to thinking crooked for compensation's sake that they've forgotten how to think straight.

I shouldn't crow, of course, for I was just lucky. I'd been deaf only six years when the Sonotone came out, so I hadn't yet succeeded in pulling the wool over my own eyes. And I was still in my twenties—young enough to be pliable. I got one of the first bone conduction instruments ever sold, and from then on I've worn one all day, every day, just as a person with poor eyesight wears glasses. That means I don't have to go scrambling into a pocket or a bag for the various pieces of my artificial ear whenever I want to use the thing, the way Mr. Scully, and so many other people do. Lord, it's not poison! I have it on me, where it belongs. All I have to do is turn the current off or on, and I do that absolutely automatically. The ear never discommodes me at all. I've climbed mountains (the kind on which you carry an ice axe), played tennis, and even used a sledge hammer, wearing it. I take it off, merely for its own protection, only to sleep, swim, or ski. One thing Frank Scully and Al Lewin and a lot of others I know need to learn is not to put their artificial ears to bed for the night until they put themselves to bed, and another is that it's as silly for them to be embarrassed if they stand beside another person wearing a Sonotone, as it would be to feel conspicuous because their neighbor had similar spectacles.

To say that my artificial ear remade my life is not enough; it resurrected me from the pit of the living dead. The instrument is capable of doing as much for about 90% of the 15,000,000 people in this country who have impaired hearing, and many of the remaining 10% can be helped by its air conduction brother.

So, Dear Reader, if you're deaf, don't be dumb. Before you add another bit of illusory plaster to your compensation wall take yourself down to the nearest League for the Hard of Hearing where you can try out various makes of instruments, or go to a Sonotone dealer. Find out if you're one of the many millions who can use a hearing aid. If you are you'd better thank Heaven, or whatever you want to thank, and go out and buy one at once. Put it on, don't put it in your pocket. Probably you'll need your pocket for a very stupid pride, that keeps you from wanting to wear a visible confession of your infirmity. In this connection, remember that you confess your infirmity every time you say "What," and that nothing could be more absurd than to go on not hearing when you could perfectly well hear. If you want a soupy reason, it's not only bad for you, it's selfish; it's extremely hard on your family always to have to treat you with special consideration. If you want a practical reason, you'll get on better, no matter who you are or what you do, if you hear better.

You must not only put the ear on, you must learn to use it. I said learn. If your hearing could miraculously be restored you'd have to re-learn how to distinguish significant sounds, and disregard unimportant ones in exactly the same way—only you'd *have* to do it, because there'd be no current to turn off. You must do the same with the artificial ear, and not be bothered by the fact that all sounds seem unduly noisy at first. I've encountered that seeming noisiness each time I've had an improved Sonotone, only to find it vanishes shortly, as soon as I'm used to hearing that much more clearly. Only huge crowds at public banquets, and blaring radios may continue to be trying on account of the fact that the ear seems to exaggerate crowd noises and radio noises more than the individual voice one wants to follow. But one can stand these once in a while, and even enjoy oneself in the process. I know, because I've done it.

Some of your friends, who've known you when you really couldn't hear, may continue to shout at you. That will annoy you, but you can gently remind them it's not necessary to scream, and if they prove incorrigible (few do) you can always turn the current off. Soon you'll notice that people no longer strain their vocal cords for your benefit, and even that some new acquaintances don't appear to know you're deaf at all.

And it won't be so awfully long before you'll begin to notice something else—something which would seem to indicate that existence really does have a few of those rosy tints you only pretended to see in it before.

Really and Truly Sincerely Yours,

Alice Wright

O TEMPORA! O SOPHOMORES!

This letter will inform you that I am no longer a reader of your magazine. Hereafter, I shall refuse to pick up my roommate's copy and attempt to wade through the mass of drivel with which you pad out your glorified advertising catalog. When I want to look at ads I can use Sears Roebuck's estimable product to better advantage (not the use it is put to in the hinterlands) without having to look at the same monotonous selection of cartoons every month whose only discernible difference is in the wording of the subtitles. As for the fiction it certainly is not of sufficient merit to justify perusal, although its shallowness is on a level with the rest of your magazine. What good authors that contribute to your pages must dash off their pieces in an off moment and send them in, confident in the knowledge that, dazzled by their reputations, you will lack courage or intelligence enough to reject them. The articles I admit are occasionally of interest, but by the time I arrive at one of these rara avis I am too disgusted to really enjoy it.

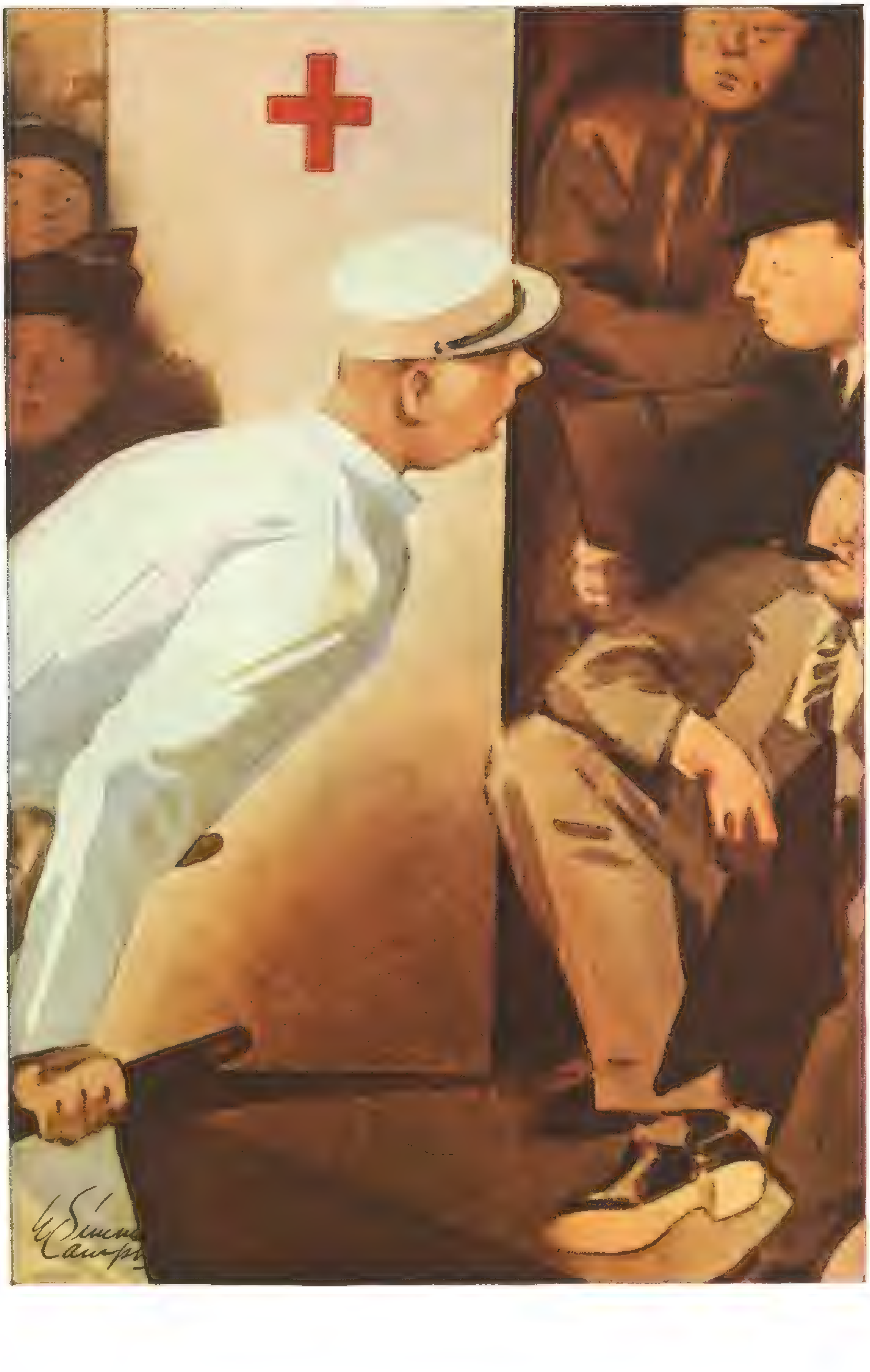
To sum my opinions up in a few words about all you have, excepting the already mentioned voluminous ads, is a gilt edged burlesque, and tho I am hardly a patron of this part of our theatre I consider the fare at Minsky's to be superior to yours both in quality and the honesty with which it is presented, with no attempt at subterfuge.

Far from being alone in my statements here I have found concurrence from other readers or former readers of Esquire whom I have spoken to, and unless you consider us all a group of congenital idiots you should admit that there is more than a grain of truth in our opinions. However, I do not hold much hope of your early demise, as there are so many people ready to read your "manna for the Masses," possibly for its mild aphrodisiacal qualities that you will never lack a bountiful sucker list. The effect of a shot of Scotch would surpass that which I get from a dozen copies of Esq.

In other words, gentlemen, to put it bluntly for your pseudo-intellect, I am distinctly displeased with your excuse for a magazine, and having unburdened this from my chest consider myself divorced from any association with Esquire for all time to come.

Disgustedly yours,

Ann Arbor, Mich. Thomas Bernard



"One of you lawyers will have to get out and make room for the patient"

Reunion After Adversity

Continued from page 60

high angle as though he were a gun turret—"the fact is, Winslow, the scheme of things is now somewhat different. We couldn't quite swing it after we had Harry. We fell back on the older generation, out in Westport, my parents-in-law. In fact that's where I am now. The grandchild's the bond, you see, they're crazy about him. I wish you could have a look at him." Morton's face cleared, "He's a swell kid. More fight and pluck to him. And eats like his old man." Morton lowered his knife and fork at the thought. "You'll never know, Winslow, what that kid's been to me these years. You know I haven't got much out of them. Oh hell . . ."

"Do you remember Pret Bonnington?" he digressed, "Pret that had so much money and married that girl, you know, who'd been on the stage in Chicago? She got him broke in three years. Anyway he spent it, he didn't lose it. Havana, Honolulu—they took Rhoda and me on a party one night. It's the last time I tasted champagne. And you know," Morton squinted up his eyes, "that girl was a stinger. I took a fellow up there to call one night: and on the way up I gave him a pointer. I said to him 'Don't be surprised if she comes up to you first thing you come in the room and' "—Morton leaned forward.

"We'll have some roquefort," Fred told the waiter.

"—And she did," Morton's whisper broke into a boisterous laugh, "first shot as he came in the room. Pret didn't seem to mind either. Pret got to where he worked in a drug store; quite a slump for the Bonningtons."

"Tough break," said Winslow.

"And then someone else died, aunt I think, and he got rid of his wife. His head's above water once more. Did you ever see Rawlins, by the way—he's a big shot in Washington now. Started high and went higher. One of the bright boys."

"Yes, I ran him up once."

"—Once, so did I. For a quick blessing. Offices in the top of the Chrysler building: the Imperial View all day. Did you see him long?"

"Cordial but fleeting I'm afraid, Morton, but then Rawlins prospered."

"Prospered: he was born that way. You know who his old man was don't you: all he had to do was grow up. You still paint, I suppose?" A shade of anxiety crept into Morton's voice.

"Yes, I still paint."

"How's Elizabeth?" As though this had anything to do with it.

"We split up, I thought you knew—that is, I thought everybody knew." As Winslow said it he heard the still-loving-her quality in his own voice that now sounded hollow, like a mould of an emotion from which the contents had melted away. He wondered if it had always sounded as hollow as this. No; it was just that it was now out of date; he must put away this feeling (an outworn habit) and the tone of voice that went with it.

"No, you don't say," Morton's forehead rumpled in sympathy.

"Come on, eat your cheese and we'll have some more beer—it isn't as bad as all that these days," Winslow laughed.

"No, but I'm sorry old man, I always liked Elizabeth," said Morton.

"I did myself."

"Though she never liked me very much, did she?"

"She only saw you once." Winslow remembered.

"I believe I broke something," Morton grinned.

"Perhaps you did, you are rather headlong you know. Actually we were dashing to go out that night."

"Most people are." Morton frowned again, but this time the sympathy was inward.

"Maybe I can tell you about myself and Rhoda." Morton put the cheese under pressure until the cracker snapped in his fingers. "You didn't ask about her. It's rather odd just at present, the way we are."

"You never gave me a chance, old man," Winslow hastened, or should he have said frankly he had avoided the mutual question.

"After all it's just the times," Morton almost pleaded. "You see I'm not making my salt, and that's a fact, and Rhoda—clever girl that she is—has her job. She's a marvelous, resourceful girl. I wish you could see something of her. You never really knew Rhoda did you?"

"Well just that evening. She's a stunning creature," Winslow lied; and yet she was to Morton. Winslow remembered the little dark eyes and too enamel teeth, the whirl of platinum curls.

"Yes, isn't she." Morton expanded in gratitude. "Well you see I lost my job in the spring. Advertising's not what it used to be," he reached for a formula. "It took me about two months hoofing around town to realize I was out of work. Then we went out to her family at Westport: the Lewises. It's great for the boy out there.

"That's one thing, Harry's thriving. I'm glad not to have him in town." Morton grew emphatic, "I wish you could see that boy, Winslow. His grandparents spoil him no end. He has more toys. He has the biggest room in the house. My father-in-law is comfortably off. Nothing extra. But snug. They go to Florida next month.

"Harry goes with them. It's going to be swell for him, on a beach all winter, under the palms . . ." he waved his hand with satisfaction like a real estate agent. "When I see him again he'll be brown as a berry.

"But to get back to this fall. It came time to go to town. Rhoda still had her job, you know—she commuted all summer. But that couldn't go on. It was hard enough for her in the summer time. Of course I did all I could out there. I cut the grass; I painted everything; I drove Ma and Dad-in-law all over creation. They got rid of the chauffeur and the wop yard man they used to have, so I didn't feel so bad. I felt I was helping.

"Well when it came time to go back to town you could hardly expect Rhoda to take a place big enough to keep an elephant like me could you?" Morton laughed, "and then Harry was better off where he was, so she just took a room.

"It was the logical thing, Winslow. It's a very nice place not far from here," Morton explained. "Room and bath in a sort of an apartment hotel. Cheery and comfortable. Sometimes, Winslow, I wonder how I'd feel if Rhoda was down and out and dependent on a useless devil like me." Morton was carving a design in the table cloth with the handle of a knife.

"Well, there is Rhoda. And there am I out at Westport with Harry. Of course now that Rhoda isn't with me, I don't park my great self all over them you understand.

"I've moved into the room over the garage that's been empty ever since I shoved the chauffeur to the wall last summer. I'm freer there; and I haven't so much to do when it's out of season for the garden and the lawnmower. Though I tend to the furnace and chauffeur 'em, and Sunday nights I cook supper. Just something light.

"One time they were discussing my driving them to Florida. I almost went, Winslow. Can't you see me with my toes in the sand all winter? On the beach with Harry. But it wouldn't quite do, you know, with Rhoda working in town here. It *is* embarrassing for me. But what can I do? They feel bad about it at home. Rhoda's mother feels it particularly. You'd think I could do something for myself, wouldn't you?

"Rhoda used to come out week ends through October. But it was hard for her. She has to save her strength."

"And then you can run in town for the night, I suppose?" Winslow queried.

"Well, yes and no," Morton brooded, "all those little jaunts cost money, you understand. And then there's this complication. In Rhoda's new job—she has a new job, I didn't tell you. The girl gets on; she's amazing, Winslow. Well in her new job she thinks it's better if they don't know she's married. She's a private secretary, you know. And after all I'm not much of a landscape background for that, now am I?" Morton spread his arms to demonstrate his uncouthness. "So I can't always be popping in on Miss Lewis, can I?" He laughed. "It's quite a joke Rhoda and I have over it at times, pretending we aren't married."

"She's Miss Lewis at the place where she lives?" Winslow couldn't help asking.

Morton nodded. "Not but what I don't spend the night in town on occasion. It's a modern sort of place; they don't mind your business too much. But of course Rhoda doesn't like to abuse the privilege. You don't like to make your wife conspicuous." Morton grew serious. "And then what is there to do, now that I'm on my uppers?

"Occasionally Rhoda takes me to a movie. And I tell her about Harry. She's keen about that boy: she hates not to see him. She has two photographs of him in her trunk, Winslow. Of course she doesn't keep them out under the circumstances. I wish I had a snapshot of him to show you." Morton rummaged in his pocketbook with a look of habitual disappointment. The waiter obtruded the check.

"Let's split this, I can't let you do this," Morton said.

"No that's all right, I brought you here."

"Then we'll match for it. I haven't flipped a coin for a long while."

This brought back the round face of the younger Morton, always matching for it; always looking carefully under his fat hand to find the coin on the wrong side.

"That's a bad habit," Winslow stood up.

"You're snug enough these days," Morton was beating his hat into shape. "You're not broke? You know, sometimes when I think that both my wife and boy are getting the best of everything that I couldn't swing for 'em just now, I think how lucky I am. If Harry wasn't fed and warm, and Rhoda wasn't well-dressed to the last hair, I don't know what I'd do, Winslow. I'd commit a crime. I'd smash through the plate glass." Morton made a gesture of violence and collided with a woman in a black coat with a Persian lamb collar. He took off his hat and begged her pardon.

"Now where are you really going?" asked Winslow.

"Oh nowhere," Morton heaved up his shoulders, "you know, I'm wondering where I can live in town for next to nothing. Of course I can still bunk in the garage at Westport after the old folks go south. I can watch out for the place and see it isn't robbed. But it means keeping the water on, that's the trouble. It would be more convenient for them to shut the whole place up good and proper. It's pretty much of an imposition my loafing on Dad that way. You see how I feel."

"I wouldn't let that fret you."

"You know what I wish," Morton, half-laughing, looked up at the hard blue sky. A crumpled newspaper was flying its capricious

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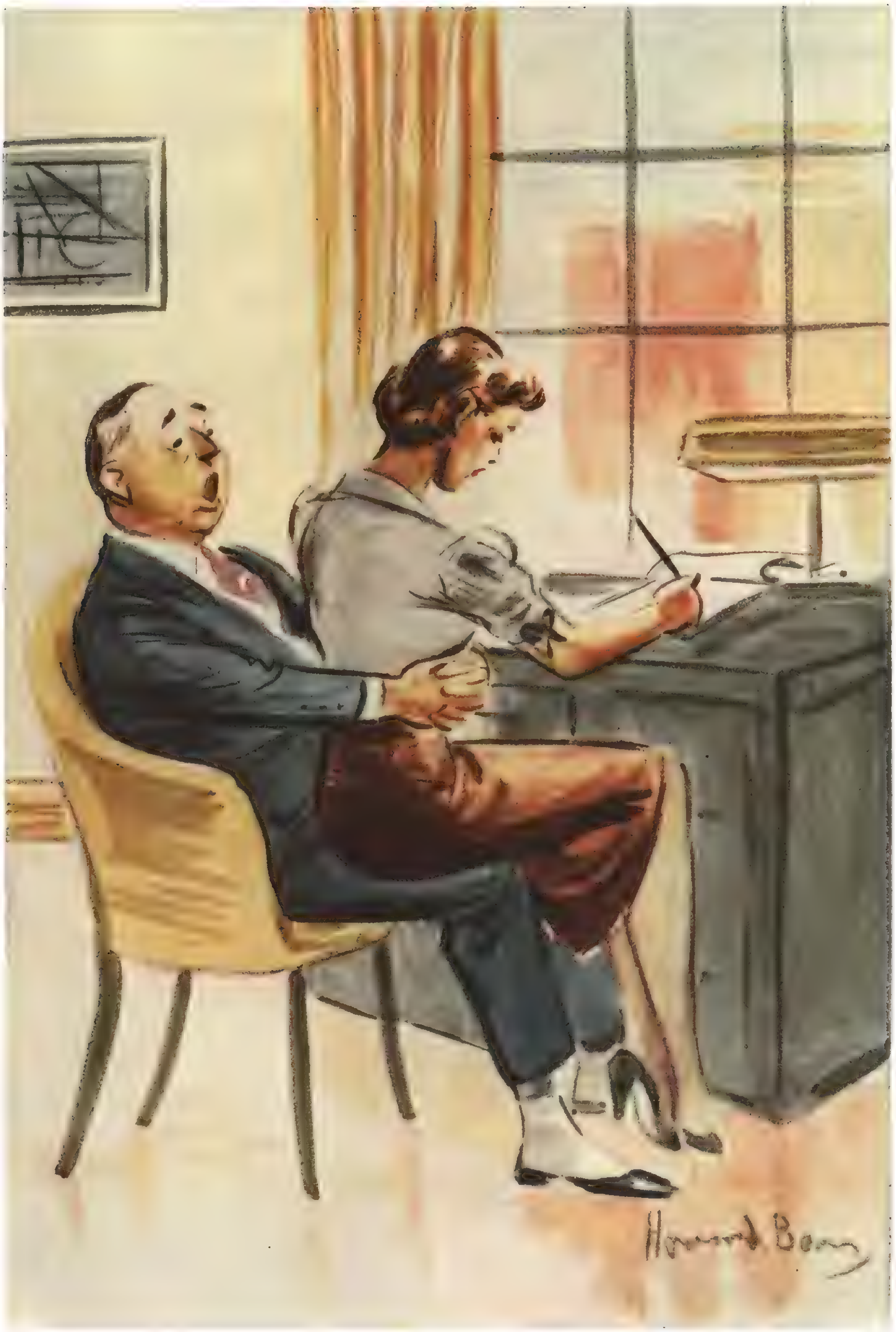


"and furthermore—in my new capacity as general manager I shall insist on the strictest discipline among the employees!"

Reunion After Adversity

Continued from pages 60-182

way high over head. "I'd like a blizzard."

"A blizzard?"

"Yes a blizzard. I may be a hell of an advertising man, but I'm a whale of a shoveller. You ought to see me, Winslow." The green and orange coat peeled back from his expanding chest. "I'd love it, Winslow. You ought to see me shovel.

"But you know what I really wish," Morton took Fred's arm as they drifted along again. "I wish you would come and have supper with Rhoda and me tonight."

"I can't do it, old man, I'm on a train to Virginia at five. I can't afford to stick around town myself."

"But you see," Morton went on disregarding, "I don't keep up with the people Rhoda and I used to know. How can I? She goes out with them of course. She's right here in town. You remember Bill Parks? He got married. He's doing rather nicely. We used to go there. But the fact is, I've dropped out. A chap like me ought to drop clean out, and go—and go to Alaska," Morton confided. "But then there's Harry. You didn't have any, by the way, old man?"

"No, we didn't."

"To be really honest with you, I don't see Rhoda too often now," Morton blurted. "I have to let her know a long time ahead, not to interfere with her plans. And this may seem a funny thing to say, but I believe if Rhoda thought I still had a friend or two it might help. You might have let a word drop here and a word there. Advertise me." Morton caught Winslow's eye. "Nothing direct. Build me up in the course of an evening. Women prick up their ears at that don't you think? Any rate it's been great to see you."

Morton put out his hearty hand. "You remember Jack Stokes? I ran into him once, just like this." Then he turned away and wandered up to a show window.

Winslow saw him gazing at a stiff figure behind the glass who wore aluminum hair above a hatchet face. A black fox hung above black broadcloth. Morton's red neck bulged over his collar. His orange and green coat stretched over his shoulders like sacking.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 104

acutely in Conrad. But, going down a winding dirt road, there were hewn rail fences on both sides of the road. There were glorious depleted magnolias, which is not a very peculiar circumstance, because magnolias are depleted about twelve days after they blossom in the spring and this was in early November.

(I lived in the South, by the way, eighteen years of my life and I was never made conscious of magnolias until I read about them in a novel by Stark Young, a Texan, who probably never saw a magnolia tree until he was in his forties nor saw anything but mesquite and tumble-weeds in the early part of his life.)

There were also some of the barest, most wretched homes it is possible to see anywhere, tumbledown shacks, with Castoria signs bolstering up one side of them. But, to the left, maybe, there might be, and there frequently was, an estate that flabbergasted these eyes which are used to the apparent hallucinations which meet the eye when one motors around Westchester or Long Island in the East or around the region between Chicago and Milwaukee or the region around Burlingame and Santa Barbara, California, or the region around Lynchburg, Virginia. Here were elaborate houses in the Georgian style, modestly and unpretentiously in wood rather than in the more blatant and obsolescent medieval quarry-stone and mortar but to the scale of Windsor Castle or, in some cases, of the battlements of Carcassonne. Outside there would be a swimming pool, a private golf course, magnolias enough to supply fifty popular Southern novels of the old, vanished, days, motor cars in numbers to delight the souls of the American Automobile Manufacturers' Association, lads and lassies in tennis shorts gathering around the open-air bar shaded by a colored canopy (yes, the month was November, but there the air was warm and only once did I see them gathering to ride to hounds and then they all looked very sweaty and uncomfortable), and, spread out, quaintly preserved in their original state, were the slave cabins.

These were neat, white-washed, clean, picturesque, eight by ten in dimension, usually, like the slave quarters of that great apostle of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello . . . The difference is that, at Monticello, since it is now a museum, the slave quarters are used as store-rooms or they are left vacant. In the vast pseudo-feudal Kentucky estates they do not make these modern mistakes of economy. That's where the workers of the land, the cultivators of the magnolias, the sweet old family retainers of *Gone With the Wind* live. Of course, there have been some changes in the old massa's Big House (the old massa is usually from New York or Detroit and wants an Old Kaintuck background) . . .

Ah, it is beautiful in that Blue Grass region of Kentucky, with its waving grass (where they haven't enough sense to cut it for fodder) which really *is* blue if you are in a sentimental mood after a few shots of Bourbon, and with its rills and woodlands and rivulets and whatnot, and after you have been in that paradise a few hours, you have only two hopes left in your life, viz., that you had enough money to settle down in this beauty to live out your years or that you could be sure that you could reach the next gas station before your car stopped dead for lack of gas.

Do I jest? All right, have your way; but I was sixty miles from Greenup; night was falling fast; we were sent by a friendly-looking practical joker onto a dead-end dirt road; we had to back up, turn round, and bump-bump back.

A mile and half out of Greenup I drove into a garage station for some gas and asked the attendant if he knew where I could find Jesse Stuart. He knew Jess (they all called him "Jess"); they all knew him. But they didn't know where I might find him—he lived out on a farm about four miles from Greenup. I drove into Greenup and there was only one drug store there, so far as I could see. I went in and pestered around as a boy does when he is in there to buy something he thinks he shouldn't, and, after picking out six post-cards (they were two for five), I plunked down my fifteen cents and asked the pleasant-looking, rather handsome looking, grey-locked, black-haired, smooth-faced, middle-aged man in charge, if he could tell me where I might find Jesse Stuart.

This was the man who had give Jesse Stuart some stamps on credit to send a story to Esquire. He was also the man who had made Jesse Stuart aware that such a magazine as Esquire existed. Jesse hadn't heard of more than five or six magazines and he had sent his short stories to all of them and got most of them right back: they had kept some of his poems. The druggist had mentioned Esquire because it was a magazine that for nearly three years had sold out so quickly: he was always stuck with several copies of those magazines Jesse knew about, no matter how he tried to figure his sales. He couldn't get enough of those Esquires so he thought maybe Jesse might have better luck if he sent a story he thought was all right that had been sent to the magazines Jesse knew about to Esquire. So he got the address of the magazine from the fellow he knew who had bought the last copy. But Jesse didn't have any money then to shoot out another manuscript on "spec." But he was a gambler at heart and asked the druggist if he would give him enough postage stamps to send out the manuscript on credit.

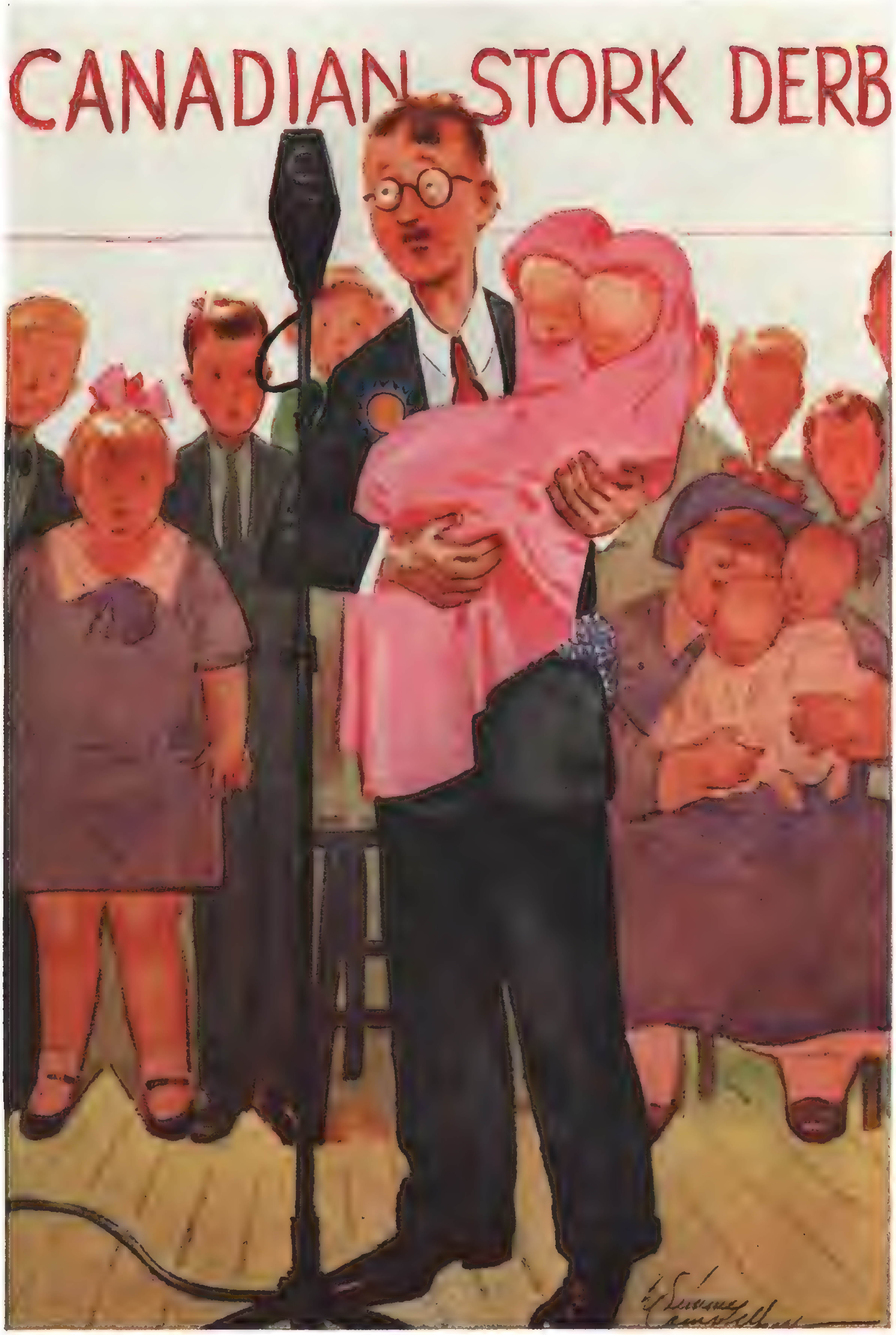
The druggist gave me explicit directions how to find Jesse. Jesse was boarding with some people (I am sorry I can't remember the name: they and their descendants have owned that particular plot of land for about three hundred years, so Jesse told me, but the name as I vaguely recall it, among so many, is one my family or families is connected with). It is a nice old mansion, something like you read about—but not here. Those there were three amiable young men in shirt sleeves, and a young woman, who did their best to put me at my ease and to tell me (what I wasn't interested to know, how Jess writes his poems and short stories: he makes a nuisance of himself—I knew that—he strides around in his room and keeps people awake, he is a nut if there ever was one, but he is a nice fellow and he has got something, for all that. That I knew, with all the trimmings. How to meet him, that was the question) . . . He had gone to a movie in Portsmouth, which is an Ohio town, very gay, cosmopolitan, across the river from Greenup if you go up the river some several miles.

I would be four hours trying to tell you how we finally managed to reach Jesse Stuart. Portsmouth has more movie theaters than the Bronx. They would not allow any paging in any of them. We had to try standing sentinel at each of them—some of them we should like to have gone into—waiting for a bird about whose looks we had only a vague notion. There was a lad like one of the pleasantest characters out of an Erskine Caldwell novel, play, or short story. My heart did not bleed for him, because the sweetness of his countenance, the vibrancy of his spirit, the physical taughtness of his probably badly vitamin-fed body, did not restrain him from an expression of camaraderie in our plight. He was waiting for some farm people to come out, because he could drive a Ford, and he was to be their chauffeur home. He wanted to see the movie. So did we. He could not leave his post, he said, when we asked him, because he knew where the persons he sought were being entertained. We didn't. He declined a sandwich and a cup of coffee with us, because he had to stay at his post. But, as we passed the theater in the car, for the twentieth time, he saluted us and said, "I hope you find him."

We didn't. Just then. He had gone home more than an hour ago. We were policing the fronts of the two wrong theaters. The toll collector on the bridge between Kentucky and Ohio told me, "Oh, Jess? He went across here about an hour ago. Yes. Walking. You can't catch him now."

Nevertheless we did catch him. He had arrived home at his boarding house and was in a great state of rage, when I told him,

Continued on page 186


CANADIAN STORK DERB
E. Simms Campbell

"It was fun—and mamma was a great help"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 104-184

that I had not been permitted to page him in the Portsmouth theaters. He was going to bust the beezers of every manager of every movie show in Portsmouth. If he were earnest about this I shouldn't like to be the manager of a movie show in Portsmouth: he is six feet something and he weighs two hundred and something.

He poured out, torrentially, much of his life story. He and his brother are the only members of their family who are literate; he went to public school but never got an idea of going to high school until he was helping his father on a concrete mixer that was laying the first paved road through Greenup when he began envying the boys and girls in Greenup High School who didn't have to work; he saved his money to go through high school, working on his father's farm in the planting and reaping season; he wanted to go to Vanderbilt University when he saw a fellow he thought might be going somewhere in life who said he was a graduate of Vanderbilt; he walked all the way from Greenup, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee, to enroll in Vanderbilt and to pay his way took work as a janitor among three other janitors all of the other three being Negroes not students at the university. "You will understand, Mr. Rascoe, that I never knew about Negroes before, except in the way all Southerners do; but I came to know these men and like 'em, feel for them maybe more than for anybody on the campus. Those were hard days for me; I've got a big body and I tried to get along on one meal a day with this body of mine: you can't do that. And there was a girl I got to be mighty fond of—".

He told us about his girl troubles without seeming to know that he had any girl troubles, which I think is a blessed thing. He is having to beat them away with a stick because he can't understand why they act that way. Yet his stories show a deep sophistication, an easy sense of the facts of life. I am wondering if he was pulling my leg. Hazel and I were wondering about this after we motored away from Greenup and we recalled Jesse's story about the Spanish girl from Portsmouth whom he had met at a dance who wanted to go out to a cemetery after midnight and he told her he would take her out the next day when it was daylight and she could see things, and she laughed. He didn't know why she laughed.

I hope the lad never runs into Mabel Dodge Luhans.

Greenup is a modern village, with a paved highway running through it, chain stores and filling stations, very like any other Southern or Middle Western village; and the county high school where Jesse is principal is an up-to-date structure. Yet the hill country a few miles to the south of the school is populated by people drawn by Paul Webb. They still speak an Elizabethan or at least a Jacobin English; they are illiterates of the same Scots stock that emigrated to this country nearly three centuries ago. Theirs is an aristocracy of blood uninfiltrated and consanguineous and their governing ideas are the governing ideas of an aristocracy everywhere. These ideas are: (1) We are the best people and all others are furriners, (2) the rule of might is the only sensible rule, (3) leadership goes to the man who can show he is the leader by whipping the next best man, (4) education is nonsense, (5) all ideas of change are new-fangled and should be resisted by force.

These, you will see, are the essential ideas of the entrenched ones, the aristocrats, the Tories everywhere. They are the ideas of the British ruling class; they are the ideas of the Americans who emulate and envy them; they were the ideas Hitler was able to sell to the Thyssens and the other industrialists for the support of his dictatorship. Hitler was able to give force to the first of these ideas by open persecution of the minority groups of Jews and Catholics. The word "aristocrat" comes from a Greek compound meaning "the rule of the best" (forgive me for being at once both elementary and pedantic). But it is an axiom of nature for all people to believe they are of the best. The more insensitive they are, the more brutal and egotistic, the least likely are they to have any doubts about this. In Dale Carnegie's helpful and curious book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (Simon & Schuster, $2), there is related a story that is much to my point. "Two Gun" Crowley, a very rat of a racketeer, gunman and rugged individualist, who shot a policeman merely for asking for a look at his driver's license, was finally captured after a desperate battle in New York, and, after trial, sentenced to death. Mr. Carnegie points out that Crowley not only had no remorse on his way to the electric chair; he even thought he was a victim of bourgeois ideas in a bourgeois society. He did not reflect upon the number of people he had killed and think he was getting his just deserts. He said, "This is what I get for defending myself!"

Crowley was an aristocrat, through and through, in the usual acceptance of the term. Indeed, he was the supreme aristocrat. The rule he was able to enforce, for a while, was to his mind the best rule, because Crowley was not only *of* the best but the best.

Jesse Stuart, a queer sport (as biologists use the term, meaning a deviation from the species, a mutation) has to contend with the aristocrats of his own people because he has book learning. Among the aristocrats of his own people that is like saying he has made a pact with the devil and is going to vote for Tilden in the next election. They abhor any such dangerous modern tendencies. They don't like the idea that the state has interfered and made the education of their children compulsory, that is to say, not educated, but able to read, write and figure. They don't like to see their children showing off and taking on airs at little dramatic performances and school pageants which Jesse Stuart is at such pains to inaugurate, drill and manage.

So they (*used to*) come down from the hills, some of the he-men, the Hitlers, the Mussolinis, the Stalins among Paul Webb's imagined people and sit back at the school pageants and try to bust up the show as soon as it got started. Jesse showed me two broken knuckle bones on his right hand. He had had to clean out about twelve aristocrats before one of his shows could go on. The leader of these aristocrats bethought himself of the law of the Philistines after he came to. He lodged a complaint against Jesse for assault and battery. In this case the legal phrasing of the warrant was a model of understatement. Jesse didn't merely assault and batter the bastard; he beat the living hell out of him. Jesse was cleared of the charges and since then he has had no trouble with the hillbillies.

Jesse is a volcano of energy, pouring out pages and pages of manuscript, like Thomas Wolfe. But, unlike Wolfe, he doesn't send all the pages to his publisher. He prunes, selects, weeds out, revises, sometimes rewriting the same story a dozen times before he is satisfied with it or rewriting the same story a dozen times and remaining unsatisfied with it, putting it aside. He works his farm in farming season and teaches school in the short school season (the season is short because the children work on the farms); and his farm, like all farms, pays poorly even when it pays at all. When he sold his first story to ESQUIRE will remain, he says, one of the most memorable events in his life. "Even if I never sell another story to ESQUIRE, Mr. Rascoe," he said fervently, "I'll always love and feel grateful to that magazine. I was so broke and discouraged you can't imagine how broke and discouraged I was. Selling that story gave me new hope and ambition."

It was nearing three in the morning when Jesse followed us down to the car and stood by waving as we made our way down the gullied country road to the main highway and thence into Portsmouth. Our conclusion was that here was a natural born writer, produced as by a miracle out of the illiterates of backwoods Kentucky, who would make his mark indeliby in the literature of the day and that here was one of the most refreshing, unspoiled, sweet-natured youngsters that we had ever met.

Among the new books I especially recommend:

The Hundred Years ($3) by Philip Guedalla. Guedalla is heir to the mantle of Lytton Strachey, who in turn inherited the mantle of Gibbon, as a historian who is able to survey a whole era with comprehensiveness, a point of view and a knack for witty and graceful phrasing. The hundred years are the years from the beginning of Victoria's reign in 1837 to the present. Unfortunately the book was finished too early to end with the story of the abdication of Edward VIII. What a chance for Guedalla's wit that episode offered!

The Human Comedy ($3) by James Harvey Robinson. The posthumous book by the author of *The Mind in the Making*. It is a history of the development of ideas, with an ever-present eye to the use we can make of the past. Deep scholarship, lightly carried, and an urbane style make this book profitable and enjoyable reading.

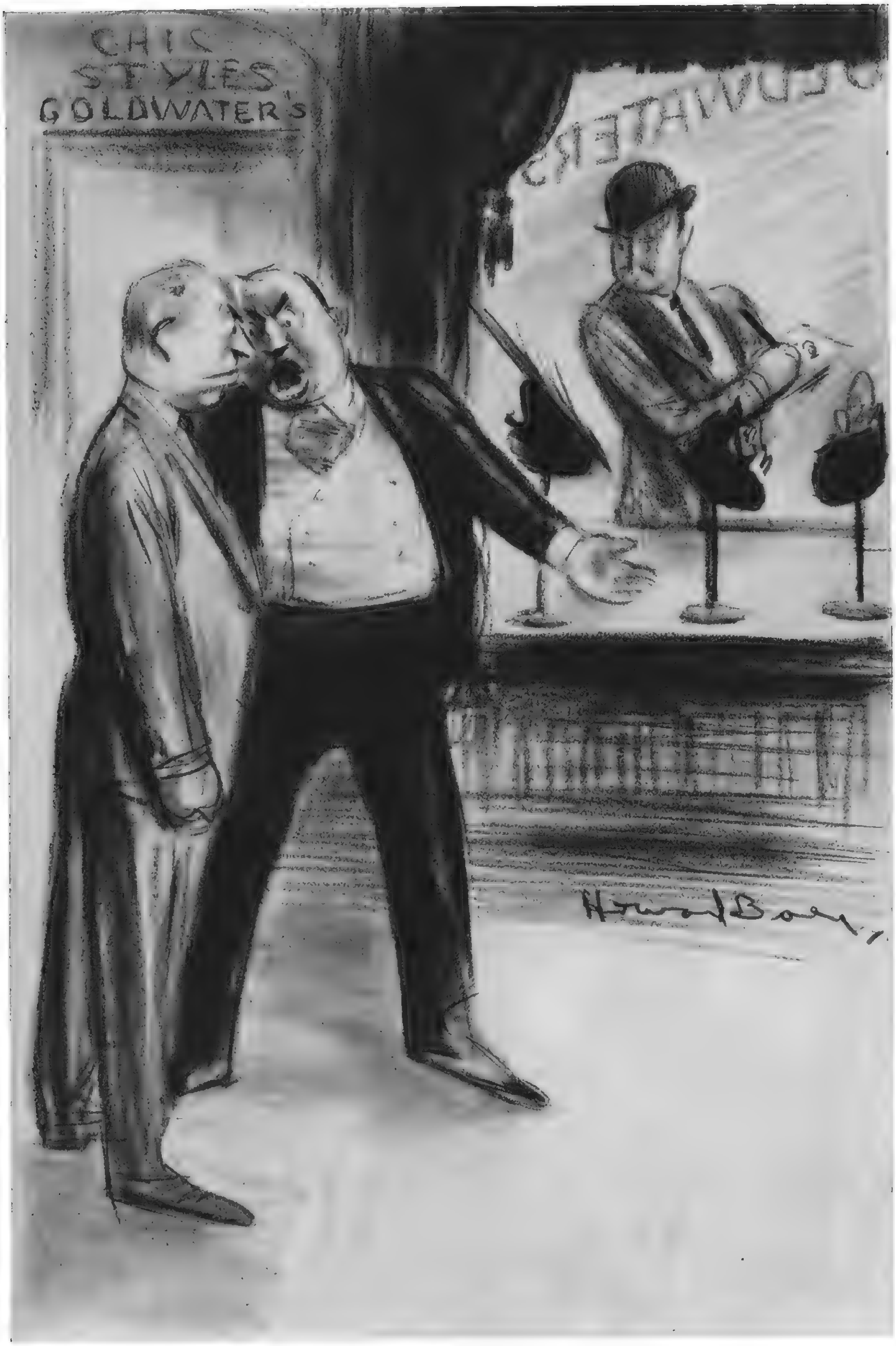
The Old Bunch ($2.50) by Meyer Levin. This is a huge but absorbing novel of what happened to a group of high school boys and girls after they started out in life. It is unlike James T. Farrell's saga of boyhood in Chicago in that Levin's boys and girls are not slum children but normal products of comfortable middle-class homes, and their histories are not all tragic, though varied. Of this novel I hope to speak later.

Naked to Laughter ($2) by Dorothy McCleary. Miss McCleary is a fine craftsman who knows how to manage her material and she can create character. This is the story of a small-town milliner, a stolid Dane with whom she fell in love and of a traveling salesman. But the real interest lies in the lively and sympathetic delineation of Ruby Shreve, the milliner, and of her emotional conflict brought about by her thoughts of what she ought to be and what she was.

Sport Shots ($3) by Dr. Paul Wolff. These Leica camera action pictures from sports events all over the world contain some of the most superb photographs that have ever delighted my eyes. There is an introduction by the world famous photographer telling how he got the pictures and complete technical data about how each picture was shot.

St. Helena ($5) Octave Aubry. A dramatically written story of Napoleon's last days in exile. In exile Napoleon was a childish egotist, very foolish but very human. Aubry is sympathetic but his historical conscience is so great that this is no eulogy but a tragi-comedy of disintegration.

Arouse and Beware ($2.50) by MacKinlay Kantor. This is a much better novel than the lukewarm reviews I have seen would lead you to believe. It is not a panorama like *Long Remember* but an intense and poetic story of the strange emotional life of three escaping prisoners.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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 111

are identical: woman, who wants peace, loving man who "must fight." The films even have a meeting point in the chase-over-the-roof-top scenes, so identical that they might have been interchanged. And yet the films are like two streets running in different directions, happening to intersect at the point of the identical scene. Between them there is all the difference between art and artifice. *The Plough and the Stars* has its source in a work of art; as long as it retains the framework of that art—and the film does more than that—it cannot be classed with movie-movies. *Beloved Enemy* is a superior Hollywood movie, but no matter how good, it does not become the same kind of thing as *The Plough and the Stars;* there is in it no hint of the actual life of Dublin; it is a rebellion in a vacuum: almost like one of those concoctions about mythical kingdoms.

For *Beloved Enemy* you take as boy the romantic, devilish young Irishman who leads the underground rebels, the Robin Hoods who ambush British munitions trucks. You take as girl the daughter of a British statesman sent to Dublin to solve the "situation." The story then follows the romantic notion that the fate of individuals can alter the fate of nations. Because of his love for the English girl, the Irish leader becomes more tractable, he listens to her pleas for peace, and is influenced toward accepting England's compromise offer. *Parnell* will be something of the same type: a leader's love affair turning the fate of a nation. The people, of course, do not exist in such a story, except as some vague background. In effect it follows the glamour principle: only generals, millionaires' sons and daughters, kings, and princesses, and the people they marry, are interesting enough to be heroes or heroines.

For *The Plough and the Stars* you have as hero and heroine a newly married couple; Jack Clitheroe has been active in the rebellion but on marrying has promised his wife Nora to give up all that. They run a boarding house, the other characters of the story are their roomers: Fluther, the Covey, Bessie Burgess, the widow Maggie Gogan, the consumptive little girl Mollser—a whole group of ordinary folk. The play is by this time a classic, and too well-known to need detailing here. I want simply to point out that the action is not given over to showing how the fate of a people may depend on a leader's personal life, but to showing how the leader's personal life, as well as the personal lives of those indifferent to the history in which they live, is dependent upon the flow of all those historical forces.

This art is to show how the sum of all these wills and characters, of all these passions and indifferences, is balanced in a common flow toward a historical event.

There has been a little too much cutting in the film. O'Casey's play makes a point of Nora's slight superiority over her tenants, of their jealousy over her better clothes, and even in this point, cut out of the movie, there is meaning. The Irish rebellion was basically over a matter of taxes; Nora and Jack Clitheroe had a little more money than their tenants and were nearer to an understanding of taxes. Even so, the socialist Covey, aloof to the rebellion in principle, is drawn far enough into the emotion of the battle to call it "our fight." He does not see it however as a social revolution. O'Casey, as an honest artist, presented every side of the story, and thereby *The Plough and the Stars* becomes an authentic document, instead of a mere movie about a romance in battle.

In production, *Beloved Enemy* is quite good, but again it is another kind of work from what is presented in *The Plough and the Stars*, which is the legitimate successor to *The Informer*. John Ford, the director who even made an actor out of Victor MacLaglen in *The Informer*, had an easier task with Barbara Stanwyck, who has always shown marks of intelligence. Both she and Preston Foster prove themselves worthy of appearing with the Abbey players, and that's full praise. The players have, of course, practically grown into their parts as O'Casey's characters; Barry Fitzgerald's Fluther, particularly, is a perfect creation.

The same group that worked on *The Informer* produced *The Plough and the Stars*, and while this picture may not win as much popular acclaim, I think it must be conceded as in many ways a superior achievement, for the task was much more complex. *The Informer* was a straight and simple story, a unified piece of action which did not have to enlighten the complex motivations of the situation in which it was set. It was a two-people story of betrayal, true in war circumstances anywhere. The picture needed only to establish that there was a war circumstance. But *The Plough and the Stars* has to hold together the patterns of several people with diametrically opposed motives; in the end it brings them together into a common human sympathy, huddled in a single room, in a common danger. Dudley Nichols, who has made an excellent adaptation, and Cliff Reid and Robert Sisk, producers for RKO, have seen fit to give the story a "happier" ending. A month ago, in reviewing *Winterset* I went at some length into the theory that a "happy" or "sad" ending had little to do with the art of a story, concluding that a positive rather than a negative close was, to my mind, more fitting for themes illustrating man's fight for what he sees as justice. Oddly enough, in the case of these two films, it is the lesser work of art, *Beloved Enemy*, which has the tragic ending.

The most immediately important thing about *The Plough and the Stars* is the intimate horror with which it projects war upon a city occupied by civilians. The stage-play could never fully show this horror.

WE REDS

While upon the subject of a revolution that had so little to do with what is today commonly understood by revolution, it might be well to touch upon revolt as it affects Hollywood.

Mr. James Cagney's first picture since his battle with Warner Brothers has appeared, and it is appropriately named *Great Guy*. It is common gossip in movie circles that the industry is out to "break Cagney" not only because he put up a terrific court battle on the salary question, but because he, like President Roosevelt, is what California calls "a red." Now I can speak with some understanding on that question, as a lot of folks have been writing to this magazine lately suggesting that "that communist Levin" be fired.

It is very easy to become a letter-writer's communist. The only people who object to the inclusion of such illustrious folks as Cagney, Levin, and Roosevelt in their ranks seem to be the roll-callers of the Communist Party. They, however, are in the minority.

It is common knowledge now that President Roosevelt's campaign was directed and financed from Moscow, and a good job they did of it too. I get my movie reviews in mimeographed form from the same place, they are even so clever as to have English translators over there so I don't have to go to any trouble at all. As to Mr. Cagney, he tipped his hand several years ago when, along with such communists as the judge who sentenced Tom Mooney, he joined in the movement toward getting Mr. Mooney a new trial.

To speak up for Tom Mooney is enough for Hollywood. Shortly afterward Mr. Cagney, who was working on an old contract, demanded a raise. He also wanted to work in fewer and better pictures. It will be recalled that Mr. Cagney has often expressed his desire to appear in such plays as those of Mr. O'Casey. Maybe that proved him a dangerous Red, too. Howbeit, Mr. Cagney had to go to court: he won his case, was freed of his contract, but found that there was not much enthusiastic bidding for his services. The movie-makers let each other understand that anyone who could beat them in court was a dangerous Red.

There was, however, a new company forming, the Grand National, chiefly interested in producing class B pictures for the double bills. They wanted at least one big name, and they got Cagney. *Great Guy* is his first picture with the new company, and his first picture since "the trouble." Cagney himself is as good as ever, and in general the film is not bad. All that's wrong is that it lacks the sharp slick expert construction of the more expensive Hollywood products. It simply smacks of a second-rate studio. Mr. Cagney does not deserve this, and his public should be indignant that movie politics has put him into such a position.

In theme, *Great Guy* is worthy and even a little more honest than the run of racketeer-exposure films. It deals with the bureau of weights and measures of a large city; Cagney's job is to see that groceries and markets and gas stations don't short-weight their customers. And the neat little devices he exposes are instructive. Particularly the lead weight that falls out of the rear end of a chicken. The film has some touches of humor, such as the scene in the cafeteria line, that suggest a field far more valid than the smart-crack gag style typical of Cagney's earlier pictures. It wants better pacing, better direction, and a fuller mounting. It would be worth Grand National's while to see that Cagney gets these in future pictures. If there is such a thing as an American type, in acting, Cagney still comes closest to it.

As to revolution in Hollywood, I understand that a few more daring steps have been made. When I was there last summer, I was invited with great secrecy to a gathering at the home of a high-salaried movie personage. This gathering consisted of Hollywood's *avant garde*—the real bloody revolutionary liberals who were almost ready to go so far as to say that Tom Mooney ought to get a new hearing. The meeting was for the purpose of planning the release of a film in which Tom Mooney speaks in his own defense. I should point out that the newsreels of this country are all controlled by Moscow because the newsreels have shown Tom Mooney pleading for a new hearing.

Well, I had to promise not to tell who was at that gathering as such persons might suffer the fate of other Hollywood Reds. I am going to violate my blood-signed oath, however, in one instance. I think the person I am going to name won't suffer because he is his own boss. Charles Chaplin was there. Of course we all know that Mr. Chaplin's last movie, *Modern Times*, was actually a picturization of the Communist Manifesto; the fact that it grossed over four million dollars and was at the top of the list as the most profitable picture of the year only proves the diabolic cunning of the Moscow propagandists.

Since that time, a few Hollywood celebrities have gone so far as to contribute money openly to the striking Salinas lettuce-pickers, and now I understand that they are going to free Tom Mooney again. I only hope they take warning from such ex-communists as Mr. Cagney and myself, and let innocent people remain in jail. ##

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It Wasn't Breach of Promise

Continued from page 103

her. The letters were signed: "From your husband, Budd."

Within the month, however, Budd complained that Julia was seeing too much of her other boy friends, Miller and Humphrey. Julia said if he did not like it he knew what he could do. Budd knew. He stopped seeing her.

After four weeks, Julia gave in. She wrote Budd that if he were good to her she would not go out with Miller and Humphrey any more. She asked him to take her to dances occasionally and signed the letter: "Your wife."

Magnanimously Budd took Julia back, the girl secretly continued to see Miller and Humphrey behind her true lover's back, and everybody was happy until Budd surprised Julia and Miller on the night of August fifth.

Budd testified at the trial that when he arrived: "Julia met me at the door, and said, 'You think you are smart.' I says, 'What's the matter, are you sore?' She says, 'Yes; come out to the car and we'll talk it over.' We went out in the car and she told me she wasn't going to marry me. She said she was going to marry Miller because he would be good to her and take her to dances. She said all I thought of was work and that she was tired and liked to be loved up occasionally, and I didn't love her up only once or twice a week, and that wasn't enough. So I told her if she wanted to marry me to call me up the next day. Told her if she wanted to get married on the 7th, to call me up on the 6th. Was home all day on the 6th but wasn't called up. No telephone to my place on August 7th. . . ."

A sympathetic jury of Iowa farmers awarded Julia $3500 but the verdict was set aside on appeal. The learned judges read Julia's version of her heartbreak and said nuts. A girl who is true to three boy friends can hardly be engaged to one.

Asa (Massachusetts) had a narrow escape. He met Anna in Boston where she had come to forget the horror of her first marriage. Her lately divorced husband, she told Asa, had been a beast. He scolded her. He laid heavy hands on her. It had been horrible.

Asa's stout New England heart was touched. He begged Anna to let him help heal the raw wounds of her past—to set forth upon a new and happy future as his wife.

Anna accepted overwhelmed. Ah, what madly happy days of courtship followed after that. The lovers held hands on the Commons, they visited the Museum, they walked along the moonlit lanes of the Public Gardens—until the black morning when Asa learned that Anna had lied to him. Anna's husband had not beaten her. No. She had beaten *him,* chased him out of the house with a carving knife and sworn at his relatives. Disillusioned, Asa put the wicked woman forever out of his life.

But Anna's heart ached and an indignant jury offered her $40,000 to soothe it. However, the court said that that was all a sad mistake, because although a fiancée is under no duty to boast about the sweetness of her disposition, yet, if she undertakes to do so, she must not exaggerate.

Babe (Pennsylvania) never had a chance. She was too indiscreet to make twelve jurymen believe that Jimmy promised to marry her. She considered it fun to tempt rich men into compromising positions and then let her mother walk in and scare them into signing checks.

Grace (Rhode Island) never had a chance either. The new year had hardly been welcomed into Providence, R. I., when Grace applied for a job in Edwin's office. She proved to be not only an efficient secretary, but a girl who understood Edwin better than his wife, as well. On April 15—it was a Sunday—she and Edwin went to a camp in Smithfield for the day. There, under the pines and hemlocks, Edwin asked Grace to marry him and Grace said yes.

Beautiful? Yes. Yet Grace could not collect a cent when Edwin jilted her because the fond promises of a married man are worthless in a breach of promise court. For when a man promises to marry a girl he is also promising to divorce his wife and the courts will not make him pay damages for refusing to do *that.* And even if he does divorce his wife, the courts will not help the girl who induced him to "wreck the sacred marriage contract upon which the foundation of our civilization is built." But this does not mean that married men may go about deceiving innocent girls with impunity, because if the poor maid did not know that the cad was married, then all rules are off and the jury may go wild.

And so it goes. Nellie could not have been engaged to William because he was too polite—he always called her Miss Nellie; Oscar promised to marry Eleanor only if she became pregnant, and that was an immoral way to do things; Jonathan forgot to show up at the church, but he never said that he was *not* going to marry Grace; Cecilia had an affair with another man and never told Roland about it; Rose refused to give up her bootlegging and the judge said Joe would have been a dolt to marry her; Dora refused to live under the same roof with George's daughter by his first wife; Richard called on Mary and bought her presents but only because he was on the make for her; and, Edward, in the contract which Caroline made him sign, promised to marry her "at his request" and he never requested her.

No. When a man deserts a girl in the shadow of the altar it is not always breach of promise. Sometimes it is just tough luck. ⧺

Rendezvous with Self

Continued from page 46

face lit up with such fraternal goodwill I wanted to insult him.

"You want to look out," I whispered. "The heeby jeebies have got you. They'll be taking you away soon."

In a tone that maddened me, because he meant no offense, he said, "We're on the same journey, my friend."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. You don't mind if I sit here, do you?"

"Sit here if you want. I'm reading the paper," I said. It was a pleasure to see him looking such a wreck. I was delighted to be able to sit there turning the pages of my paper slowly, never looking up at him while his voice droned on, patient, friendly, yet dead. Surely anybody else in the world would have been humiliated sitting there like that. But he said suddenly, "Do you mind letting me have the comics?"

"Here, take them," I said, letting him pull them away from me.

"I thought I might as well be doing something while I waited for you," he said.

Alarmed, I finished my paper almost at once and said, "Sorry, I have to go."

"Let's walk along to the corner together," he said.

Then I tried a new tactic with him as we walked along the street together on that dark and windy October afternoon. He was so contented that I decided to mock him. I began by asking him questions about himself and he told me he really hadn't been happy for some years. He didn't make much more than enough to live and besides his wife wasn't very sympathetic to his work. On the nights when he wanted to drink and be surrounded by jovial companions and talk about his work and about art, literature and the drama, his wife, a matter-of-fact woman, wanted to go out with the ladies and play bridge, and it was a game he couldn't stand.

"How about you? Does your wife play bridge?" he asked.

"She can't stand the game," I jeered at him.

"Maybe my wife and I got married too young. Sometimes I feel that she doesn't really love me at all. How about your wife?"

Full of gratitude to my wife for giving me another chance to widen the gulf between this man and me, I said crisply, "It's entirely different with us, thank you." Then I started to laugh openly, showing him plainly I had been mocking him with my pretended interest in his wretched affairs. Chuckling, I left him standing on the corner, that puzzled yet overwhelming smile of goodwill still on his weak and puffy face.

I didn't see him again for a month. There were nights when I had some terrible experiences and I grew afraid for my wife and myself. I let them put me in the nursing home.

The first weeks were hard, terrifying, yet fascinating. I had a little room to myself and when I was normal and quiet I had the freedom of the house and the grounds, and I had some good conversations with the male nurses. Sometimes they locked me in. The door leading to the corridor had bars on it.

In the morning I often had the feeling that I floated out of my body at night and had had remarkably interesting encounters in space with friends who were dear to me. Even now, the quality of those remembered experiences is still interesting because they seem to have enlarged the borders of reality for me.

Then one morning one of the nurses said to me, "We have a patient just across the corridor who knows you."

"Who?" I said.

"A Mr. Lawson Wilks."

"How is he?"

"Very bad for the most part."

"Look here," I begged. "I don't want to see him at all, you understand?"

That he should be there making me hate him when I was getting better and looking forward to getting out of the place seemed pretty terrible. I refused to go to the door to look across the corridor. I knew he was standing there looking across at my room and I had a truly savage pleasure in never letting him see me.

During one very bad night, the last bad night I had, I felt the part of me that was truly me hovering around overhead, right up overhead from where I was, except, of course, that I wasn't confined at all. First thing I knew I was smiling at Lawson Wilks, who had joined me and we were having a very friendly and easy conversation about many simple things. We laughed a lot and liked each other and I was happier than I had been in years.

In the morning when I woke up I lay in the bed a long time remembering the night and growing, bit by bit, more puzzled. Then I couldn't help getting up and sneaking over to the door and peering at Lawson Wilks' room.

You can make what you want of this, but when I got to the door I saw Lawson Wilks standing there looking over at me, and when he saw me come at last to the door, he nodded his head in encouragement. His warm smile, so full of goodwill, seemed ever kindlier now. "You and me, we had a good time, didn't we?"

"Where? Where?" I said, with a little cracked smile.

Pointing his finger high over his head, he grinned and said, "You know where—last night."

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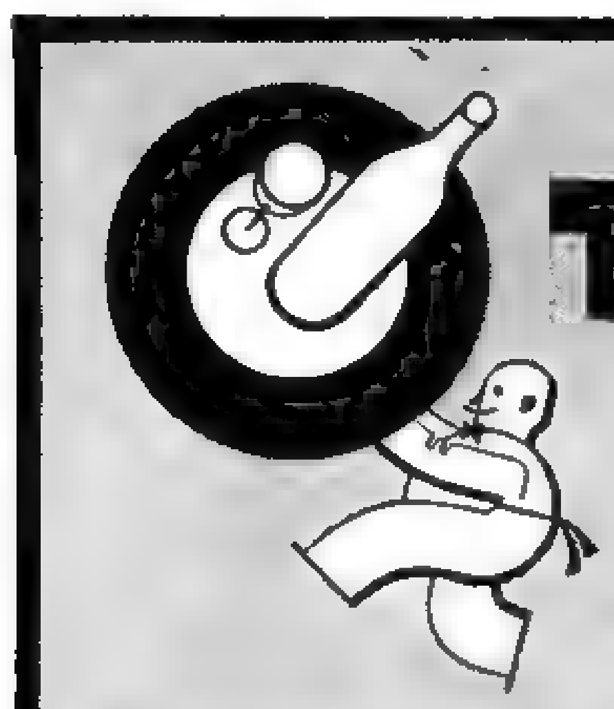

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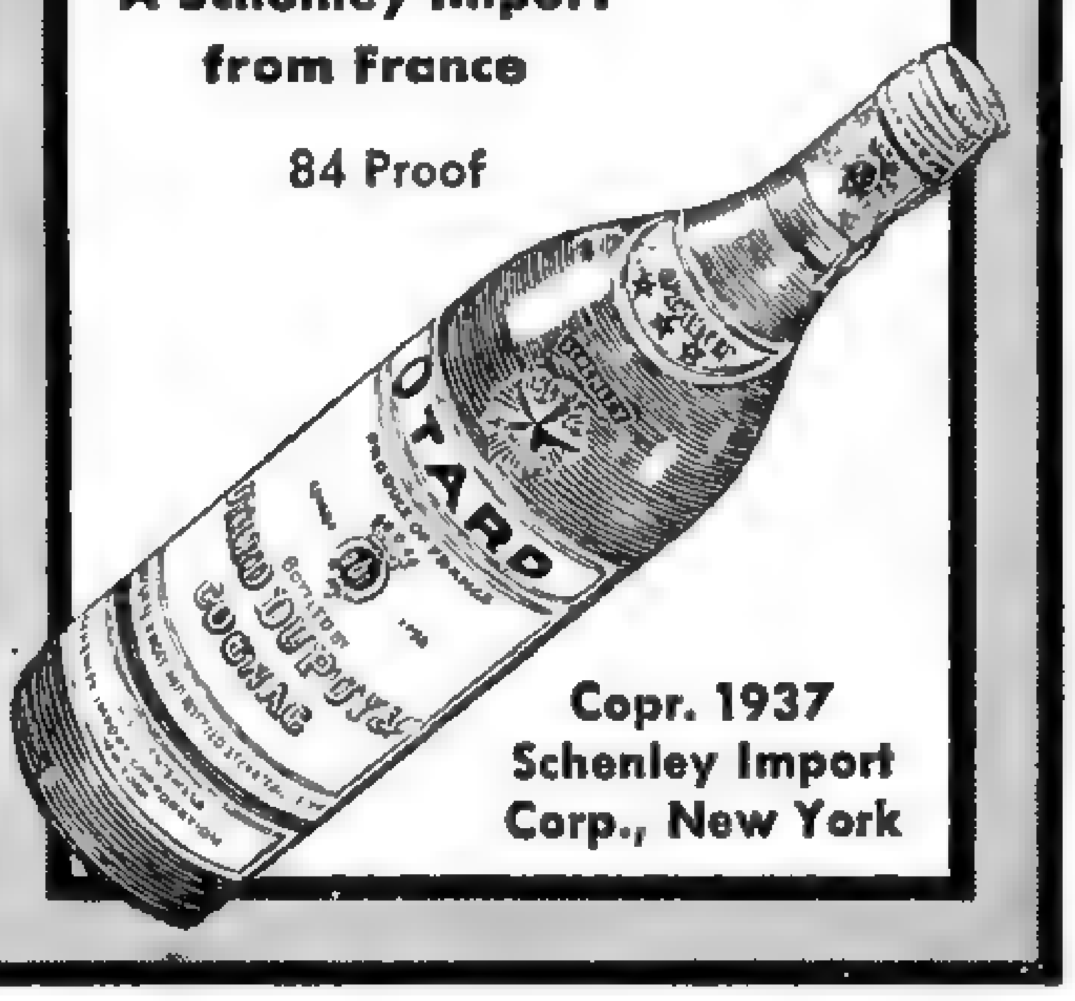

One of God's Oddlings

Continued from page 37

damn the stumps and the rocks when they made the plow handles kick him in the short ribs hard enough to crack a walnut.

"I hope they ain't no rough ground and rooty ground to plow in Heaven. If there is," says Pa, "a lot of us if we get there's goin to get into it with the Lord—A body's got to cuss when a plow handle jabs his ribs or punches him in the belly.

"Ain't no wonder so many men get their religion all over again atter they get through plowin the new ground."

"It's about time for beans, don't you think?"

"I told you I'd put you in the shade, son. You're goin to get weaker and wiser foolin with books. You can't take it like you use to take it. You, big as a skinned ox. Me, a old dried-up man. I can take it. But not like Pap."

The sun is behind the ridge. The place where the sun went down is redder than a sassafras leaf in October. It is red on the water-colored sky as brush pile just burned to the earth and the wind refreshin the embers. Finn comes around the hill plowin the earth where there is no sun now—where the earth is but a solid shadow.

"Gettin cool now," says Finn, "just the right time to plow land like this and this time o' the year. It's been so hot a body could hardly plow. But we've clumb up on it right sharply this evenin." Pa's eyes and Finn's eyes have a far-away eagle look in them.

Pa says: "Books has hurt your eyes. You are a oddlin. Books. Books." And Pa kicks a dry clod. Books are second-life. Books are dry as a clod. Man is made of a dry clod or a wet clod. Life was breathed into man and he become a livin soul as wind is breathed into the mule through his dry dusty nostrils and he becomes a mirey beast—sweaty, grimy—with white pretty beads of sweat drippin from his belly onto the dry-as-dust clod that is man.

"I never smoked or chawed terbacker till I was twenty-one years old.

"I was attendin a funeral—old Wilkes Thompson was buried that day—plow kicked him in the touchy parts and they brought him to the house on a sled. He was dead in two hours. Well, I helped dig his grave. I helped make a coffin for old Wilkes and I hauled him in it. Well, Red Callihan was there and he pulled out a twist and offered me a chaw. I told him I didn't chew terbacker nor smoke it. He called me a oddlin and I says to him, 'Red, give me that damn plug o' terbacker and I'll show you who's a oddlin around here.' I took a chaw and I been a terbacker worm ever since."

"Ma smoked when you married her," I says.

"Yes," says Pa, "she has smoked ever since she was a little tot—smoked ever since she used to light her grandma's pipe and she drawed the stem to see if it was lit and she got a taste o' the smoke and you know how it is. She's been smokin ever since. Pap never did remember the first chaw he ever chewed."

"Time to unhook the traces and take the mule to water," says Finn—"hear that whippoorwill! Boy, ain't we walked things here this evenin! Look how we've walked upon this hill."

"Yes," says Pa, "we've walked this work today. Look behind us. Look at the dead weeds. I like to look up the hill at the livin weeds. I want to lay 'em low. Tomorrow we'll do it. We'll walk out'n this knoll-piece tomorrow. Get the jug, Finn, and let's take a snort. My legs ain't what they used to be or I'd run down there and get that jug."

"I'll get it, Pa." Finn crosses the field with a fresh stride. Finn is not tired as Pa. He gets a jug from the spring. Here he comes back up the hill. His stride is slower up the hill than it was down. "If a body planted taters on this hill all he'd have to do is dig the bottom row and the rest would all run out."

"Lord, that looks good to me. Unstopper it, Finn. Get that cob out. Give me a snort. I'm thirsty as a dry goose."

"All right, Pa."

"Juggle—juggle—gurgle—gurgle—juggle—juggle—"

"Pa, you're dry as a chip. You're a dry clod of dirt soakin it all up, ain't you—"

"Plenty left."

Finn drinks and drinks. Finn is a pile of sand if Pa is a pile of sand and I can almost see it runnin out in the dry pile of sand and the sand turnin to the color of a shadow.

"Lord, that's good."

"Son, if me and you get to Heaven and they have a lot of new ground to plow there, what are we goin to do for spirits?"

"Do without," says Finn. "Don't think they'll be any terbacker raised there if old Brother Toady Leadingham is right. He said before a man got to Heaven he had to change the color of his spit."

"Cuts me and your Ma and you out."

"If anybody gets to Heaven," I says, "it'll be poor old Ma—Brother Leadingham's just got smoke in his eyes. It makes me mad to hear a preacher say a lot o' stuff like that and get off'n the Gospel when they's so much of it to preach."

"Time to go, boys—whippoorwills singin everywhere now. Hear em. It's time to get in and get a bite of supper." Pa puts his hoe by a hickory stump. I put my hoe beside of Pa's hoe.

"Stand that hoe up so it won't rust. Ain't you learned that yet?"

So I stand my hoe up. Pa starts down the hill. "I'm leadin old

Barnie in—he's worked so hard. He's worked harder 'n any of us. And he never gets no benefit of this terbacker. Just think o' it."

"Think o' it," says Pa. "That's all you know about it. You know when Mart Henson stuck over there on the Runyan Hill that time and started to put hay under his mules and set fire to it and his old woman stopped him. I went over there. Well, I said to Mart, 'Mart, I got one mule that I can hitch to that wagon and he'll fetch it out of there.' And Mart said to me, 'I'll bet you two tens and a five spot against your mule he can't!' 'That's a called bet,' I said to Mart. Well, I come back over to the house. I geared old Barnie up and took him over there. The first pop out'n the box and Barnie snapped that wooden singletree in two just like it was a holler milkweed. And I said to Mart then, 'Loan me one of your iron singletrees.' And Mart loaned it to me. He laughed and said, 'I guess that mule of yours will bend that double.' And I says, 'If the wagon don't move, he will.' And Mart laughed. Well, the first time old Barnie yanked on it he didn't shake it and the singletree didn't bend neither. And old Mart just haw-hawed and laughed and said, 'He's my mule.' So I remembered old Barnie and me is right good friends. When I used to buy sweet scrap Red Hoss terbacker to mix with my homemade I used to give old Barnie a little nibble now and then and he followed me all over the pasture for a nibble o' terbacker. Then I got to mixin his terbacker just like I did mine. What I chawed I give the same mixture to that Barnie mule. I knowed if I had a little Red Hoss scrap mixed with a little homemade and hold it out'n front of that mule, that he come out'n there or break a hamestring. So I says to Mart, 'Mart, give me a chaw o' Red Hoss.' He reached me the terbacker poke. I gets in front of the mule with that terbacker poke and of all pullin that I ever seed in my born days it was right there. I thought he'd strip the gears off'n his back. But he didn't. That wagon begin to move and right out'n there she come up out of that chug hole. And I give old Barnie the whole poke of Mart's terbacker. Lord, he got raw—pretended it was over the poke o' terbacker, but it was over the two tens and the five spot. I took my mule and the money and went home. That helped pay the last land note on our place.

"That mule just loves terbacker. He'd break a man up keepin him up in terbacker. I don't give him but a chaw every mornin. Ain't you seen him out followin me around the pasture?"

"Yes," I says—

"Well he was wantin terbacker."

"Well—I'm a suck-egg mule," says Finn, "I didn't believe a brute of any kind liked terbacker."

"W'y anybody when they get the taste of it will like it. Look at your Ma when she's a little tot she got the taste o' the smoke and she hid her pipe out a long time and smoked—even after she married me. I knowed it all the time. I caught her at it one day and I says to her, 'W'y Sall, bring your pipe on to the house. It's perfectly natural for you to like terbacker.' Finn there was slippin out in the brush at five and smokin. I knowed it. I never said a word. It's in the blood. Brutes like it when they get the taste. And you know the taste o' the devil is allus better n' his broth. So when you get a taste o' the terbacker it's better 'n the smoke."

Now we are down to the waterin hole. Barnie drinks and drinks. Finn gets on his belly and puts his head down to the waterin hole and drinks beside the mule.

"Tinnn-tinnn—tinnn—tinn—"

"That's Ma hittin the plow pint with the hammer and a-callin us to supper. We'd better hurry along," I says.

"Now someday," says Pa, "I don't care if you are a oddlin. God's got a lot o' oddlins, you know. Well, you'll go back to the weed. The weed that grows over there on that hill under that thin moonlight. The weed we've sweated in today. You'll go back to that. It's in your blood. Men come back to the waters o' the mountains, don't they, atter they've spent their boyhood days where they can drink them and hear them squall around like a panter at night. Well, you'll come back to the weed. Remember what I tell you if it don't come true. The Devil nor books nor nothin else can stop you from it. Not even Heaven. They'll be a pile o' 'em that don't go there if they have to change the color o' their spit."

Pa walks slowly up the path. Finn leads Barnie—Finn, the big tall barefooted thing. But old Finn can take it. He knows how to take it and keep goin. He's good when the day ended as when the day started. He does a day's work too. "I think I got that big green scorpion down there. The rock busted, but I turned him over."

Behind me, I see the moon come over the field. "The moon always shines pretty in Kentucky," Janey says.

I see the tobacco plants under the light of the moon. They are pretty under the light of the moon. The hill is clean of weeds. The dead oak trees are bigger than hoe handles against the sky. The stars are goose-eyes in the color of a dirty-drake's-back sky. The lizards must be asleep on the hoe-handle trees. Here is the well box and the big sassafras tree by the well box in our kitchen yard.

"I want a gourd of that water," says Finn.

"Biggest sassafras I ever saw in my life," says Pa. "I would a cut it when I built this house, but it's pintly bad luck to burn it and I didn't want it a-layin around the place here in the way." #

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Stuarts

Christ in Concrete

Continued from page 41

—yes, I can tell. They are tired but happy that today is Good Friday and we quit at three o'clock—" And he swelled in human ecstasy at the anticipation of food, drink, and the hairy flesh-tingling warmth of wife, and then, extravagant rest. In truth, they all felt as Snoutnose, although perhaps, with variations on the theme.

It was the Lean only, who had lived, and felt otherwise. His soul, accompanied with time, had shredded itself in the physical war to keep the physical alive. Perhaps he no longer had a soul, and the corpse continued from momentum. May he not be the Slave, working on from the birth of Man—He of whom it was said, "It was not for Him to reason?" And probably He, who, never asking, taking, nor vaunting, created God and the creatable? Nevertheless, there existed in the Lean a sense of oppression suffered, so vast, that the seas of time could never wash it away.

Geremio gazed about and was conscious of seeming to understand many things. He marveled at the strange feeling which permitted him to sense the familiarity of life. And yet—all appeared unreal, a dream pungent and nostalgic. Life, dream, reality, unreality, spiraling ever about each other. "Ha," he chuckled, "how and from where do these thoughts come?"

Snoutnose had his hand on the hopper latch and was awaiting the word from Geremio. "Did you say something, Master Geremio?"

"Why yes, Vincenz, I was thinking—funny! A—yes, what is the time—yes, that is what I was thinking."

"My American can of tomatoes says ten minutes from two o'clock. It won't be long now, Master Geremio."

Geremio smiled. "No, about an hour . . . and then, home."

"Oh, but first we stop at Mulberry Street, to buy their biggest eels, and the other finger-licking stuffs."

Geremio was looking far off, and for a moment happiness came to his heart without words, a warm hand stealing over. Snoutnose's words sang to him pleasantly, and he nodded.

"And Master Geremio, we ought really to buy the seafruits with the shells—you know, for the much needed steam they put into the—"

He flushed despite himself and continued. "It is true, I know it—especially the juicy clams . . . uhmn, my mouth waters like a pump."

Geremio drew on his unlit pipe and smiled acquiescence. The men around him were moving to their tasks silently, feeling of their fatigue, but absorbed in contemplations the very same as Snoutnose's. The noise of labor seemed not to be noise, and as Geremio looked about, life settled over him a gray concert—gray forms, atmosphere and gray notes. . . . Yet his off-tone world felt so near, and familiar.

"Five minutes from two," swished through Snoutnose's mustache.

Geremio automatically took out his watch, rewound, and set it. Sandino had done with the cables. The tone and movement of the scene seemed to Geremio strange, differently strange, and yet, a dream familiar from a timeless date. His hand went up in motion to Vincenzo.The molten stone gurgled low, and then with heightening rasp. His eyes followed the stone-cementy pudding, and to his ears there was no other sound than its flow. From over the roofs somewhere, the tinny voice of *Barney Google* whined its way, hooked into his consciousness and kept itself a revolving record beneath his skull-plate.

"Ah, yes, Barney Google, my son's wonderful radio machine . . . wonderful Paul." His train of thought quickly took in his family, home and hopes. And with hope came fear. Something within asked, "Is it not possible to breathe God's air without fear dominating with the pall of unemployment? And the terror of production for Boss, Boss and Job? To rebel is to lose all of the very little. To be obedient is to choke. Oh dear Lord, guide my path."

Just then, the floor lurched and swayed under his feet. The slipping of the underpinning below rumbled up through the undetermined floors.

Was he faint or dizzy? Was it part of the dreamy afternoon? He put his hands in front of him and stepped back, and looked up wildly. "No! No!"

The men poised stricken. Their throats wanted to cry out and scream but didn't dare. For a moment they were a petrified and straining pageant. Then the bottom of their world gave way. The building shuddered violently, her supports burst with the crackling slap of wooden gunfire. The floor vomited upward. Geremio clutched at the air and shrieked agonizingly. "Brothers, what have we done? Ahhhh-h children of ours!" With the speed of light, balance went sickeningly awry and frozen men went flying explosively. Job tore down upon them madly. Walls, floors, beams became whirling, solid, splintering waves crashing with detonations that ground man and material in bonds of death.

The strongly shaped body that slept with Annunziata nights and was perfect in all the limitless physical quantities, thudded as a worthless sack amongst the giant debris that crushed fragile flesh and bone with centrifugal intensity.

Darkness blotted out his terror and the resistless form twisted, catapulted insanely in its directionless flight, and shot down neatly and deliberately between the empty wooden forms of a foundation wall pilaster in upright position, his blue swollen face pressed against the form and his arms outstretched, caught securely through the meat by the thin round bars of reinforcing steel.

The huge concrete hopper that was sustained by an independent structure of thick timber, wavered a breath or so, its heavy concrete rolling uneasily until a great sixteen-inch wall caught it squarely with all the terrific verdict of its dead weight and impelled it downward through joists, beams and masonry until it stopped short, arrested by two girders, an arm's length above Geremio's head; the gray concrete gushing from the hopper mouth, and sealing up the mute figure.

Giacomo had been thrown clear of the building and dropped six floors to the street gutter, where he lay writhing.

The Lean had evinced no emotion. When the walls descended, he did not move. He lowered his head. One minute later he was hanging in mid-air, his chin on his chest, his eyes tearing loose from their sockets, a green foam bubbling from his mouth and his body spasming,suspended by the shreds left of his mashed arms pinned between a wall and a girder.

A two-by-four hooked little Joe Chiappa up under the back of his jumper and swung him around in a circle to meet a careening I-beam. In the flash that he lifted his frozen cherubic face, its shearing edge sliced through the top of his skull.

When Snoutnose cried beseechingly, "Saint Michael!" blackness enveloped him. He came to in a world of horror. A steady stream, warm, thick, and sickening as hot wine bathed his face and clogged his nose, mouth, and eyes. The nauseous syrup that pumped over his face, clotted his mustache red and drained into his mouth. He gulped for air, and swallowed the rich liquid scarlet. As he breathed, the pain shocked him to oppressive semi-consciousness. The air was wormingly alive with cries, screams, moans and dust, and his crushed chest seared him with a thousand fires. He couldn't see, nor breathe enough to cry. His right hand moved to his face and wiped at the gelatinizing substance, but it kept coming on, and a heart-breaking moan wavered about him, not far. He wiped his eyes in subconscious despair. Where was he? What kind of a dream was he having? Perhaps he wouldn't wake up in time for work, and then what? But how queer; his stomach beating him, his chest on fire, he sees nothing but dull red, only one hand moving about, and a moaning in his face!

The sound and clamor of the rescue squads called to him from far off.

Ah, yes, he's dreaming in bed, and far out in the streets, engines are going to a fire. Oh poor devils! Suppose his house were on fire? With the children scattered about in the rooms he could not remember! He must do his utmost to break out of this dream! He's swimming under water, not able to raise his head and get to the air. He must get back to consciousness to save his children!

He swam frantically with his one right hand, and then felt a face beneath its touch. A face! It's Angelina alongside of him! Thank God, he's awake! He tapped her face. It moved. It felt cold, bristly, and wet. "It moves so. What is this?" His fingers slithered about grisly sharp bones and in a gluey, stringy, hollow mass, yielding as wet macaroni. Gray light brought sight, and hysteria punctured his heart. A girder lay across his chest, his right hand clutched a grotesque human mask, and suspended almost on top of him was the twitching, faceless body of Joe Chiappa. Vincenzo fainted with an inarticulate sigh. His fingers loosed and the bodyless-headless face dropped and fitted to the side of his face while the drippings above came slower and slower.

The rescue men cleaved grimly with pick and axe.

Geremio came to with a start . . . far from their efforts. His brain told him instantly what had happened and where he was. He shouted wildly. "Save me! Save me! I'm being buried alive!"

He paused exhausted. His genitals convulsed. The cold steel rod upon which they were impaled, froze his spine. He shouted louder and louder. "Save me! I am hurt badly! I can be saved I can—save me before it's too late!" But the cries went no farther than his own ears. The icy wet concrete reached his chin. His heart appalled. "In a few seconds I will be entombed. If I can only breathe, they will reach me. Surely, they will!" His face was quickly covered, its flesh yielding to the solid sharp-cut stones. "Air! Air!" screamed his lungs as he was completely sealed. Savagely, he bit into the wooden form pressed upon his mouth. An eighth of an inch of its surface splintered off. Oh, if he could only hold out long enough to bite even the smallest hole through to air! He must! There can be no other way! He is responsible for his family! He cannot leave them like this! He didn't want to die! This could not be the answer to life! He had bitten half way through when his teeth snapped off to the gums in the uneven conflict. The pressure of the concrete was such, and its effectiveness so thorough, that the wooden splinters, stumps of teeth, and blood never left the choking mouth.

Why couldn't he go any farther?

Air! Quick! He dug his lower jaw into the little hollowed space and gnashed in choking agonized fury. "Why doesn't it go through? Mother of Christ, why doesn't it give? Can there be a notch, or

Continued on page 196

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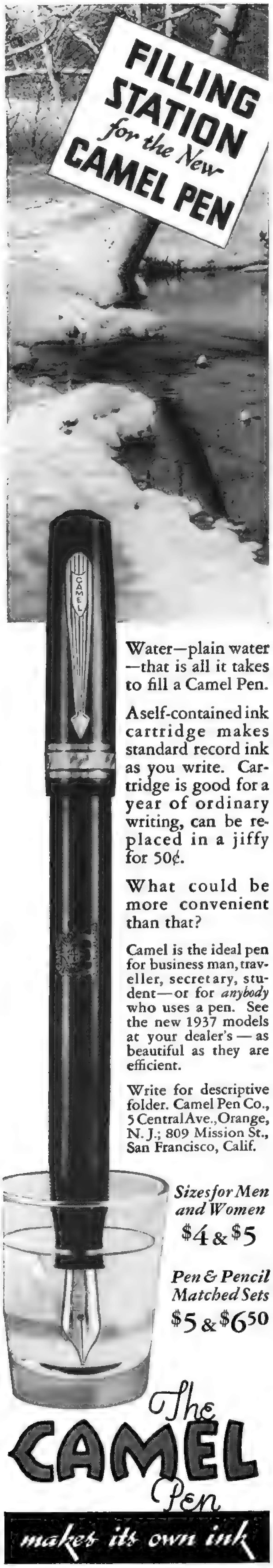

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Christ in Concrete

Continued from pages 41-195

two-by-four stud behind it? Sweet Jesu! No! No! Make it give. . . . Air! Air!"

He pushed the bone-bare jaw maniacally; it splintered, cracked, and a jagged fleshless edge cut through the form, opening a small hole to air. With a desperate burst the lung-prisoned air blew an opening through the shredded mouth and whistled back greedily a gasp of fresh air. He tried to breathe, but it was impossible. The heavy concrete was settling immutably and its rich cement-laden grout ran into his pierced face. His lungs would not expand and were crushing in tighter and tighter under the settling concrete.

"Mother mine—mother of Jesu—Annunziata—children of mine—dear, dear, for mercy, Jesu-Guiseppe e' Maria," his blue foamed tongue called. It then distorted in a shuddering coil and mad blood vomited forth. Chills and fire played through him and his tortured tongue stuttered, "Mercy, blessed Father—salvation, most kind Father—Savior—Savior of His children help me—adored Savior—I kiss Your feet eternally—you are my Lord—there is but one God—you are my God of infinite mercy—Hail Mary divine Virgin—our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy—name—our Father—my Father," and the agony excruciated with never-ending mount, "our Father—Jesu, Jesu, soon Jesu, hurry dear Jesu Jesu! Je-sssu. . . .!" His mangled voice trebled hideously, and hung in jerky whimperings.

The unfeeling concrete was drying fast, and shrinking into monolithic density. The pressure temporarily desensitized sensation; leaving him petrified, numb, and substanceless. Only the brain, remained miraculously alive.

"Can this be death? It is all too strangely clear. I see nothing nor feel nothing, my body and senses are no more, my mind speaks as it never did before. Am I or am I not Geremio? But I am Geremio! Can I be in the other world? I never was in any other world except the one I knew of; that of toil, hardship, prayer . . . of my wife who awaits with child for me, of my children and the first home I was to own. Where do I begin in this world? Where do I leave off? Why? I recall only a baffled life of cruelty from every direction. And hope was always as painful as fear, the fear of displeasing, displeasing the people and ideas whom I could never understand; laws, policemen, priests, bosses, and a rag with colors waving on a stick. I never did anything to these things. But what have I done with my life? Yes, my life! No one else's! Mine—mine—MINE—Geremio! It is clear. I was born hungry, and have always been hungry for freedom—life! I married and ran away to America so as not to kill and be killed in Tripoli for things they call, 'God and Country.' I've never known the freedom I wanted in my heart. There was always an arm upraised to hit at me. What have I done to them? I did not want to make them toil for me. I did not raise my arm to them. In my life I could never breathe, and now without air, my mind breathes clearly for me. Wait! There has been a terrible mistake! A cruel crime! The world is not right! Murderers! Thieves! You have hurt me and my kind, and have taken my life from me! I have long felt it—yes, yes, yes, they have cheated me with flags, signs and fear. . . . I say you can't take my life! I want to live! My life! To tell the cheated to rise and fight! Vincenz! Chiappa! Nick! Men! Do you hear me? We must follow the desires within us for the world has been taken from us; we, who made the world! Life!"

Feeling returned to the destroyed form.

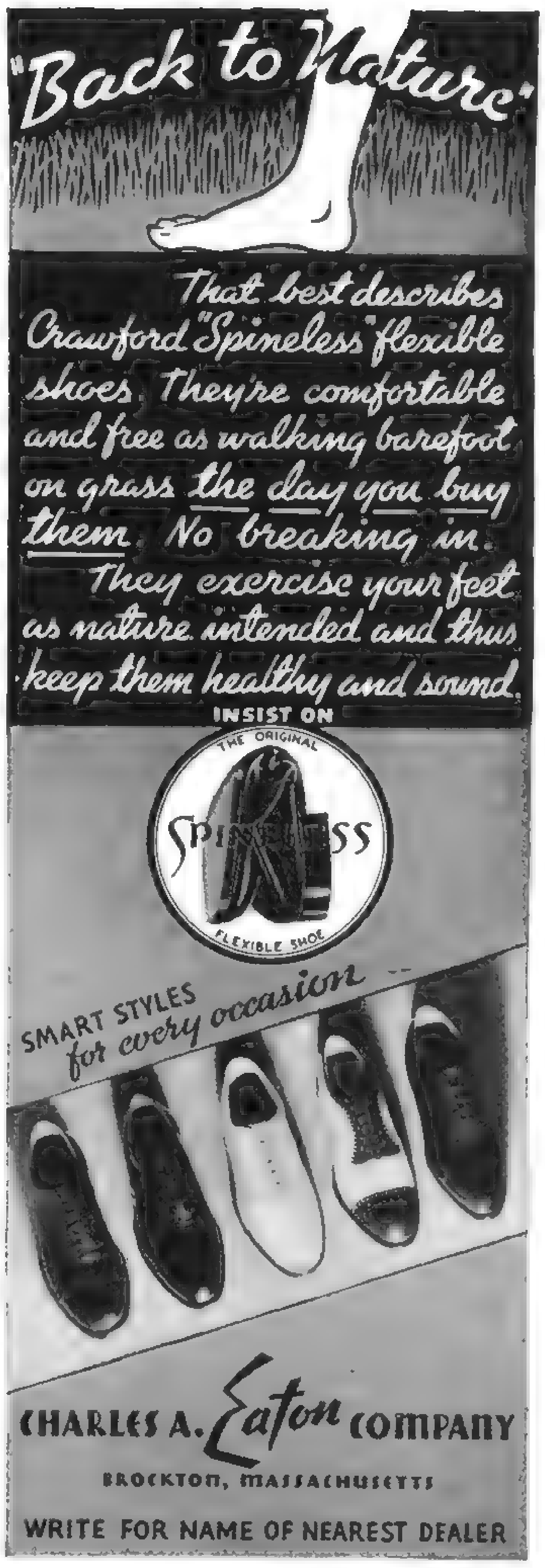
"Ahhh-h, I am not dead yet. I knew it—you have not done with me. Torture away! I cannot believe you, God and Country, no longer!" His body was fast breaking under the concrete's closing wrack. Blood vessels burst like mashed flower stems. He screamed. "Show yourself now, Jesu! Now is the time! Save me! Why don't you come! Are you there! I cannot stand it—ohhh, why do you let it happen—it is bestial—where are you! Hurry, hurry, hurry! You do not come! You make me suffer, and what have I done! Come, come—come now—now save me, save me now! Now, now, now! If you are God, save me!"

The stricken blood surged through a weltering maze of useless pipes and exploded forth from his squelched eyes and formless nose, ears and mouth, seeking life in the indifferent stone.

"Aie—aie, aie—devils and Saints—beasts! Where are you—quick, quick, it is death and I am cheated—cheat—ed! Do you hear, you whoring bastards who own the world? Ohhh-ohhhh aie-aie—hahahaha!" His bones cracked mutely and his sanity went sailing distorted in the limbo of the subconscious.

With the throbbing tones of an organ in the hollow background, the fighting brain disintegrated and the memories of a baffled lifetime sought outlet.

He moaned the simple songs of barefoot childhood, scenes flashed desperately on and off in disassociated reflex, and words and parts of words came pitifully high and low from his inaudible lips, the hysterical mind sang cringingly and breathlessly, "Jesu my Lord my God my all Jesu my Lord my God my all Jesu my Lord my God my all Jesu my Lord my God my all," and on as the whirling tempo screamed now far, now near, and came in soul-sickening waves as the concrete slowly contracted and squeezed his skull out of shape.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Advice to a Helpful Young Man

Continued from page 57

rented rooms, apartments, hotels or with their relatives, but always, somewhere there are mothers, aunts, wives, sweethearts, sisters, cousins or friends who are anxious to do heavy domestic service for these noble fellows, these paragons! "Housework is woman's work," they say, "and anyway, I love it."

This brings up an obvious falsehood. No woman really likes housework, or to be more exact, no human being likes it. Housework, like any other form of factory labor with long hours and poor pay, is a mean, sniveling occupation. Modern gadgetry has shortened it, but what remains is still as stupid and monotonous as ever.

Unfair as it is to let women go on thinking they were born to domestic service and the performance of dull and trivial chores, it is obviously to a man's interest to keep them thinking so.

And as long as society helps him maintain the pretty fiction that all women's work is dirty work, things will be fine. But once you start tacking down carpets, repainting the bathroom or clipping the hedge, there is no turning back.

So, my friend, think things over while there is still time. If you *can't* do something, nobody blames you. If you can—and *won't*, you are lazy, mean, ungrateful and shiftless.

Maybe things will be different after the revolution—but I doubt it. ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 101

as in the heat of passion. And Hamlet is certainly, as even a plumhead must appreciate, no mere Demon Barber of Fleet Street. His murder of Polonius directly follows the contemptuous animadversion, "How now! a rat?", followed in turn by the quizzical, "Dead, for a ducat, dead!", and the whole preceded by a brief colloquy with the Queen which resembles the give-and-take of a couple of crafty opposing lawyers. As for the duelling scene with Laertes, only the most obtuse reading of the text could direct Hamlet into a mood of fire. Its induction is one of generous apology and acceptance; its spirit is the spirit of play; there is a hint even of Hamlet's chill mockery; and only toward the very conclusion of the weapons' clash is there indication of the combatants' being incensed. Even then, Laertes permits himself a light and fancy simile (Laertes the inferior and therefore presumably the more indignant man), and Hamlet's control bursts its bounds only for the moment when, hearing of the poison plot from the dying Laertes, he stabs the King. Then, quickly, he becomes his unruffled self again and, even as he dies, quietly directs Horatio to "report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied."

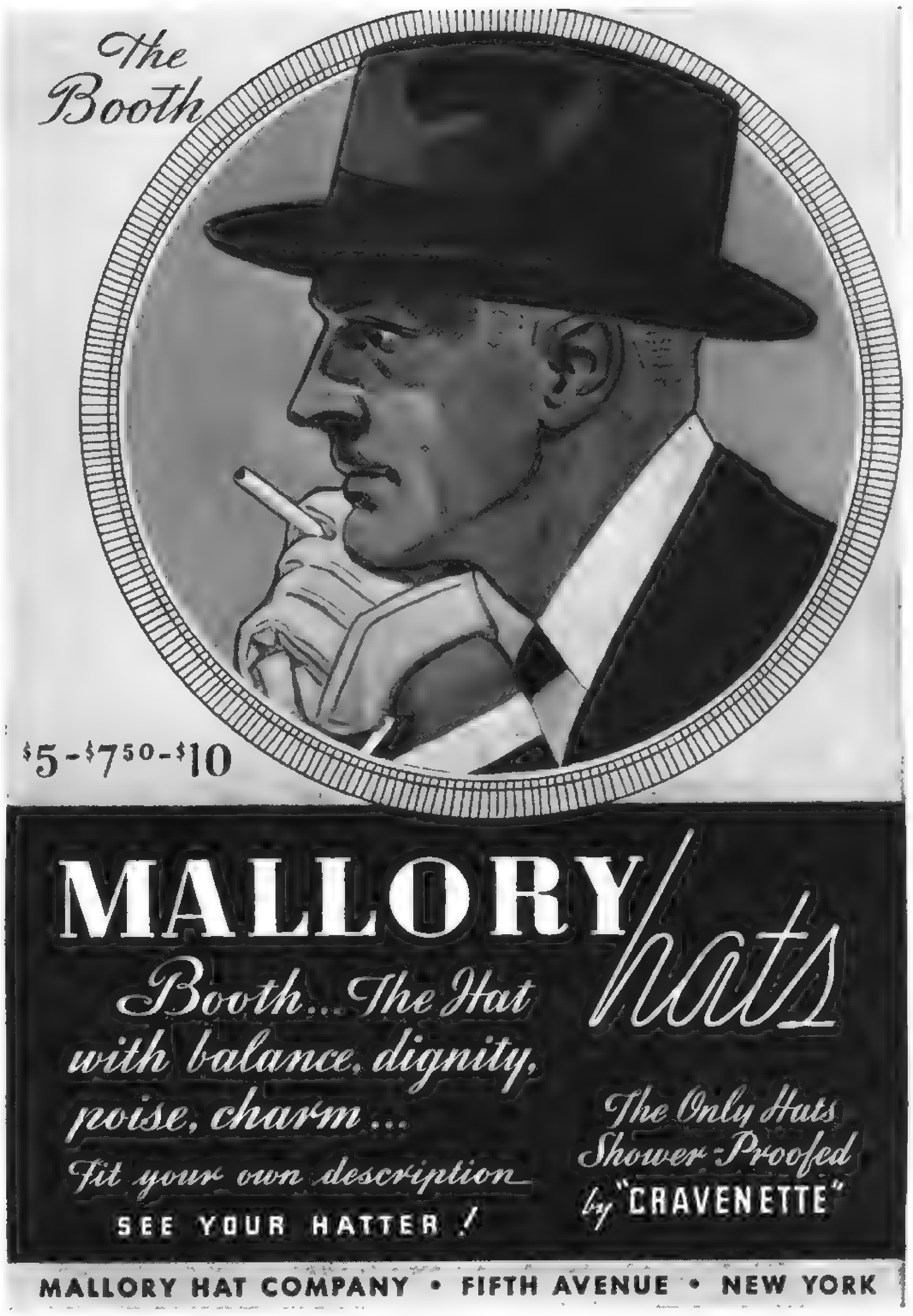
There is, of course, no one interpretation of the Hamlet rôle to satisfy everybody; several interpretations have a critical justification. But Howard's, in intelligent intention at least, had its merits, even if in stage execution it left much to be desired. Gielgud's interpretation aimed at the "fire" and completely missed it. The result was a gelded Hamlette. Howard's—and properly enough from this point of view—dismissed the idea of "fire" and the result was disappointing only because the actor failed to give to his audience a sufficient substitution of meditative and sub-emotional force.

But as I take it that you have all in the last few months had your fill of Hamlet discussions, let us heed Benvolio's injunction to stop in our tale and occupy the argument no longer.

Reference has been made to the three programs of short plays by Noel Coward and to the Gilbert Miller production of Wycherley's *The Country Wife*. The latter—so Nathan doesn't ever like anything, doesn't he?—is in every respect a picnic from start to finish. Its single note of ribaldry may wear a bit thin toward the end, but thin or not thin the play and its performance, along with its expert staging, constitute the major delight of the season up to the time of writing. That we have had to go back several centuries to find a play to provide this delight is a commentary on the dramatists who have been hanging around the lot recently. Wycherley's exhibit, I assume that you, being habitual naughty readers and picture-lookers, sufficiently know. If you don't, suffice it to say that it deals with a rake who, in order to rake unhindered in private gardens, gives out the news that he is a eunuch. Husbands receive the tidings with ill-concealed satisfaction, whereas their wives decline to put trust in and be discouraged by mere rumor. What happens needs no guessing. The company retailing the tale is an excellent one; Oliver Messel's settings and costumes are all that the imagination might wish for; and the evening is one to restore faith in the theatre. (Maybe the seventeenth century theatre.)

The Coward program, as noted, is critically a trivial affair but it is to be said for Mr. Coward that, except for the plays called *The Astonished Heart* and *Still Life*, he himself surely had in view no other aim than to provide his audiences with several evenings of light and facile drollery. It is therefore as unfair to criticize him for what he didn't try to do as it is to criticize as trivial a critic

Continued on page 198



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Drawn by Williams

don't they know the

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 101-197

who writes of trivial plays trivially. Some of Mr. Coward's little pieces, notably *Hands Across the Sea* and *Shadow Play*, offer good minor entertainment and their performance, like the performances of most of the other pieces, is absolutely first-rate, not only in the instance of Coward himself but certainly in that of Gertrude Lawrence who, unless my judgment of acting values misses its ancient and honorable astuteness, is by long odds the best of the English theatre's younger comediènnes as well as one of the best of the younger dramatic actresses on either the English or American stage. It would be hard going for the Coward program, as the first-night audiences observed, if she didn't have a hand in the proceedings. But that, too, Mr. Coward himself was generously honest enough to admit in an interview before his plays opened. So much for the lighter side of the bill. When it comes to the more serious side, Mr. Coward, as intimated, is hardly in the proper element. His knowledge, his experience and his emotional equipment are much too superficial for sober drama that essays to dig under life's sugar coating, and the plays he tries to confect have the air of being written in vanishing ink. Their impression is a fleeting one and the moment it goes nothing remains but a blank.

The Theatre Guild's second play of the season, *Prelude to Exile*, by William McNally, brought further evidence, if any was needed, of that organization's collapse in respect to manuscript judgment. Itself appreciating the fact, it promptly deferred the New York showing of the next play it had scheduled and rushed out into Broadway to persuade one of the younger producers to let it offer in its stead a play that he had picked for production. Of this, more anon. It is true that not many plays of merit have been available to the Guild or anyone else this year, but when one reflects that the Guild failed to do anything with *Daughters of Atreus*, which it had in its possession, and produced *And Stars Remain*, that Hollywood banana, in its place, that it put on this *Prelude To Exile* while it still has Roger Flud's *King of the Mountains* accumulating a two years' cover of dust, that it has imitatively, after Max Gordon's success of last year with *Pride and Prejudice*, gone in for a dramatization of *Jane Eyre*, and that it now has to rely upon the Lunt-Fontanne independent producing unit to find suitable scripts for its own use—when one reflects upon all this, and on, incidentally, considerably more, one speculates as to what the Guild's future has in store. One can almost hear its nightly prayer: Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord O'Neill to keep, If he should die before I wake, I pray the Lord—and Lee and Jake.

Prelude To Exile, which drew down upon the Guild's head a garland of raspberries, dealt with an unmistakably English actor named Wilfrid Lawson who was mysteriously alluded to by the other characters on the stage as Richard Wagner and who found in Eva Le Gallienne, whom they inscrutably referred to as Mathilde Wesendonck, the inspiration for the passionate motif of *Tristan*, which was duly played by someone off stage while Mr. Lawson vigorously pounded the keys of a piano on stage and while Miss Le Gallienne stood at stage center with a look theoretically registering love's ecstatic triumph but which suggested infinitely more an amalgam of the refrigerating plant at the Waldorf-Astoria and Marlene Dietrich thinking of her husband. The exhibit in general was simply another of those absurd biographical dramas of great composers, painters, sculptors and writers in which the hope is to conceal and atone for a lot of feeble and creaky dialogue by having it interrupted now and then by snatches of the composer's music (in this instance, the *Liebestod*, the *Pilgrims' Chorus* and the *Wedding March* from *Lohengrin*), by the display of a poor reproduction of the painter's or sculptor's masterpiece, or by a reading of the eminent literatus' best known poems or prose.

Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson* is an attempt to combine in one play all the elements of drama: comedy, satire, farce, fantasy, tragedy, music, choral singing, dance, pantomime, in short, everything, it would seem, but the scene in which the villain throws the heroine into the East River, in which a stagehand thereupon throws a sandbag with a loud thump into a big pail of water, causing a terrific splash, and in which the comic Irish policeman throws off his coat, issues a loud Begorra, dives into a concealed mattress, and beamingly comes up bearing the little beauty in his arms. It is, as you may thus appreciate, a big job that Mr. Green has undertaken and that he has not entirely succeeded at it is accordingly not to be held too much against him. Several of his scenes are very ably managed indeed; some of his irony is excellent; and his play, even at its weakest, has more juice in it than nine-tenths of the season's other more craftily weaved bolts of domestic and imported goods. What is more, its measured anti-war propaganda is a deal more effective than all the Fourteenth street thunders and Sherwood intellectual vaudevilles. It is, on the whole, a defective play; its separate parts have been too faultily orchestrated; but it remains in spots, nonetheless, one that is superior to many recent offerings in their sleek and empty entirety. #

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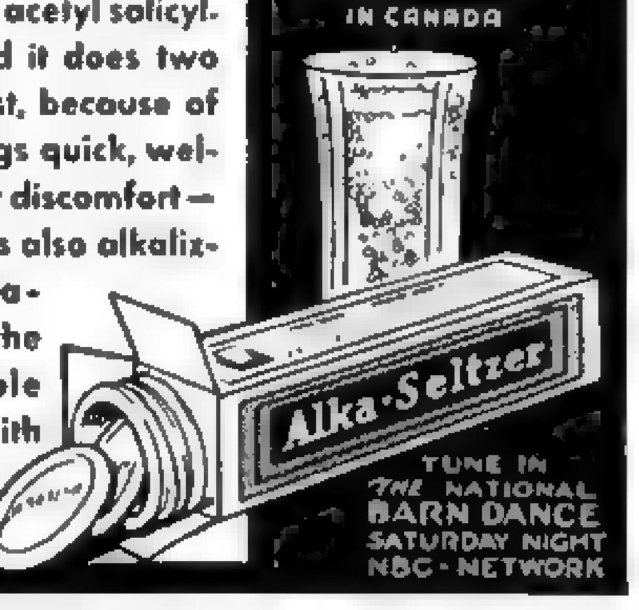

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Torso, the Tenth Muse

Continued from page 42

word. I remember a nice *Ax Murder* back in the '20's which was headed one day: FLAPPERS FLOCK TO SEE HACKER.

You may, of course, say that there are premeditated *Ax Murders*, but it is difficult to picture a murderer nursing some secret psychic wound, honing his bright blade and creeping up on his victim with the weapon concealed in a beaded reticule that formerly belonged to a grandaunt by marriage. *Ax Murder* is an act of impulse. Why, even I, quiet and inoffensive, on one of the very few occasions when I have had an ax in my soft, white hands, experienced an almost overpowering urge to swing it at the head of a party who was making game of my inexpert woodcraft. And once, when very young, I was digging a hole in the back yard with a hatchet. My younger brother was a spectator. He leaned over to see how deep the hole was. I continued to chop. But for the weakness of childish muscles, there might have been another *Ax Murder*. It might even happen to you, if you are given to digging holes with hatchets.

Well, anyway, when you see *Ax* in the headline (unless it refers to the Mayor getting rid of some drones in the administration), take my word for it that nothing at all has happened but an *Ax Murder*, and they're all pretty much alike, whether committed with axes, adzes, hatchets, hammers, brush hooks, mattocks, cleavers, maces, halberds, lochabers, tomahawks, francisces, glaives, pikes, machetes, scutches, bolos, kukris, krises, or any other chopping and cutting implement. No matter what its size or shape, within a day of the deed it will have metamorphosed into an ax. On looking back at that list I note *hammer*. It should not be there, in all strictness, but *Hammer Murders* are so like *Ax Murders* that for my purpose it may remain.

I chose an *Ax Murder* in presenting my point because an ax is so simple and definite. Nothing vague about it, as when a *blunt instrument* is used. There is somehow not much elan in a *blunt instrument* and, as in a prosaic shooting, such stale means to an end forces the newspapers to find some other way of classifying the story. Shooting is a nothing, and after a shooting, the act itself is thoroughly covered by the word *slain*. Then the murder must be listed by motive.

There is the *Bonus Murder*, result of the payment of the veterans' adjusted compensation, as the more conscience-stricken of the buddies prefer to call it. There is the *Gang Murder*, which by now has boiled down to a short among the classified ads. Nobody bothers to read about that kind of killing any more. Dull and unimaginative, racketeers only occasionally show a flash of advanced thinking, as when they cast a nuisance in concrete and drop him into the sea, or when they do things on such a splendid scale that the papers are able to call it a *Massacre*.

An *Election Murder* is another of the less interesting types, occurring in some Bloody Fifth Ward or other. The only good one that comes to mind is that in Pennsylvania a couple of years ago. A local Republican boss, infuriated by the temerity of the Democrats, caused several of them to be slain while marching in a pre-election parade. Since then the slaying of a Democrat has become a felony in Pennsylvania, punishable by several years in prison.

Honor Murders are usually accomplished with guns, too. You will expose yourself to annoyance by reading about these, because it is next to impossible to discover whose honor was sullied by whom, and who pays. There are two varieties. In one, a male avenges a sister, daughter or wife who has been robbed of her intangibles. In the other a female guns some rakehelly who has taken what little was left of her all. A note at the conclusion will explain why I am dismissing this subject so briefly.

There's no use going into shootings, as such. It is only in the surrounding details that any sort of interest lies. You will be drawn to the stories if the copyreader can find the slightest basis for a good headline, and I wouldn't be able to stop you then.

But consider some of the more esoteric ways of taking life. Even when some individualist decides to better the world, he falls, willy-nilly, into a category, and is filed away just as easily as if he had pulped someone with an unromantic piece of lead pipe.

Take a *Torch Murder*. This name is given to any killing in which flames are applied to the victim, either to effect death or *ex post facto*. If there is the slightest scent of smoke, the story will be slugged *Torch*, and you can be sure the story is the same every time, with variant slight circumstances. Most often the victim is a woman. The first-day story will describe her as well dressed, about 23, and, as far as can be determined from the charred debris, once beautiful. On the third day she will be discovered as a scrub-lady, age 47, with three husbands and a history of habitual intoxication. The headlines will cease to refer to her as *Beauty*. On the fourth day she will be mourned only in a short and on the fifth will be consigned to the overset. Dental work almost invariably is the identification medium. TEETH ONLY CLUE IN TORCH MURDER. Sometimes the victim is shot, sometimes bludgeoned, rarely poisoned, prior to cremation or attempt there-at. But in the main, the result is the same and unworthy of your attention. And

Continued on page 200

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Torso, the Tenth Muse

Continued from pages 42-199

don't be fooled if the head calls it *Pyre Murder.*

The *Torso Murder* is one that holds a fine fascination for some, but which becomes tiresomely familiar. (*Torso*, incidentally, would be a good name for the Muse of Murder.) In these cases a torso may be just a torso, or may be a decapitated body. If it really is a torso, the head will be found in a pond and the legs and arms, wrapped in a newspaper of last April 14, will be checked in a public locker until gamy. Sometimes the head is found in unexpected places. The most entertaining instance I can remember is when one was found to be the central factor in a boys' game of footer. But an interesting fillip in a *Torso Murder* is so infrequent that there is little return for the time spent reading about them.

Trunk and *Sack Murders* are almost alike and sadly lacking in verve. *Trunk Murder* victims are largely females, who are doubled up nude in the receptacle and either shipped to some distant point to disconcert the American Express Agency, or allowed to remain on the scene of the crime while the perpetrator flees. A *Trunk* murderer almost always is caught and in the majority of cases is a private or public bigamist who has mistakenly selected this manner of adjusting his status. *Sack Murder* victims usually are male and are found in rivers after the gases of dissolution have offset gravity. Their slayers are not as often apprehended.

Ritual Murder is another name that draws the eye, but the name seldom bears out its promise. The clues that at first appear to indicate the terrible rites of some dread cult usually turn out to be somewhat the same as those effects called accidentals by watercolorists. For instance, the victim, a lovely blonde $2 prostie, will be found with a cabalistic design engraved on her abdomen. This develops in the denouement to be merely a little whittling by her illiterate pimp, who did it idly while wondering which way to run. When you see *Ritual Murder*, you can be almost certain there is no Satanism behind it, and don't let *Cult Murder* draw you on either.

A *Maniac Murder* is one with an unusual amount of blood at the scene, or a job so hastily and crudely done that it is extra untidy. It might also mean that some reporter thinks the murderer must be mad, because that's not the way the reporter himself would have handled the butchery. Maniacs sometimes use axes, but more often their bare hands. They are partial to strangling, or garroting, as it is incorrectly called.

Not all *Stranglers* are maniacs, some of them having good and rational reasons for their anti-social conduct. Most normal persons, however, when irresistibly attracted to a young woman, stop short of strangling when they can obtain her favors by no other stratagem, if strangling might be called a stratagem. The bare-hand strangler is a person of strong emotions, and fingers. The beautiful victim, I believe, invites her own fate. Haven't your fingers ever itched? The strangler who uses some mechanical agent is more cautious but dumber, because he eventually will be trapped by the murder cord, providentially left with the body. The cord will have been taken from some very likely place and will be easily traced. YARD OF TWINE TIES STRANGLER TO DEATH CHAIR. Once in a while he will use his victim's stockings or intimate apparel. The corpse generally is found half-nude on a bed, occasionally in a bathtub and infrequently in a small, secluded wood. There is a doleful dearth of difference in stranglings and much time is wasted on them by murderers, police and readers.

Mercy Murders, while plucking at the heartstrings of the susceptible, also are growing rather to pattern. This diversion has become popular only in the last few years. Doctors long have been suspected of humanitarian slaying, for which they should be commended, if only they would admit the act. As it is, we can only admire them in silence, and privately wish they could extend their activity in certain directed channels. It is not felt proper for any person to steal away medical prerogative. Hence, the courts try *Mercy Murderers*, mostly women who have killed handicapped offspring. It should be said that the offspring often are as great a handicap to the murderers as to themselves. Poison is the standard method, with variations of smothering with pillows, casting down wells or drowning in washtubs.

Mass Murder is infrequent enough to be refreshing, but the term often is misapplied. In these days of loose interpretation of the news, a slayer may be called a *Mass Murderer* if his score is only two. I believe ten should be the minimum before the title is conferred. As for the separate killings in a *Mass Murder*, they are hackneyed. Bulk slayers always use the same method throughout the series. After the first killing there is no suspense. Buckets of blood soon overcome horror with surfeit.

Bomb Murders are crude. Sometimes the bombs are attached to automobile starters, sometimes planted under the porch, sometimes sent through the mails. The first is the most reliable; the second does no more than break a few windows and often is not a murder at all; the last almost always fails to harm anything but the Civil Service, which is well-nigh inexhaustible. The finality of the successful bombing also robs it of interest, except perhaps in

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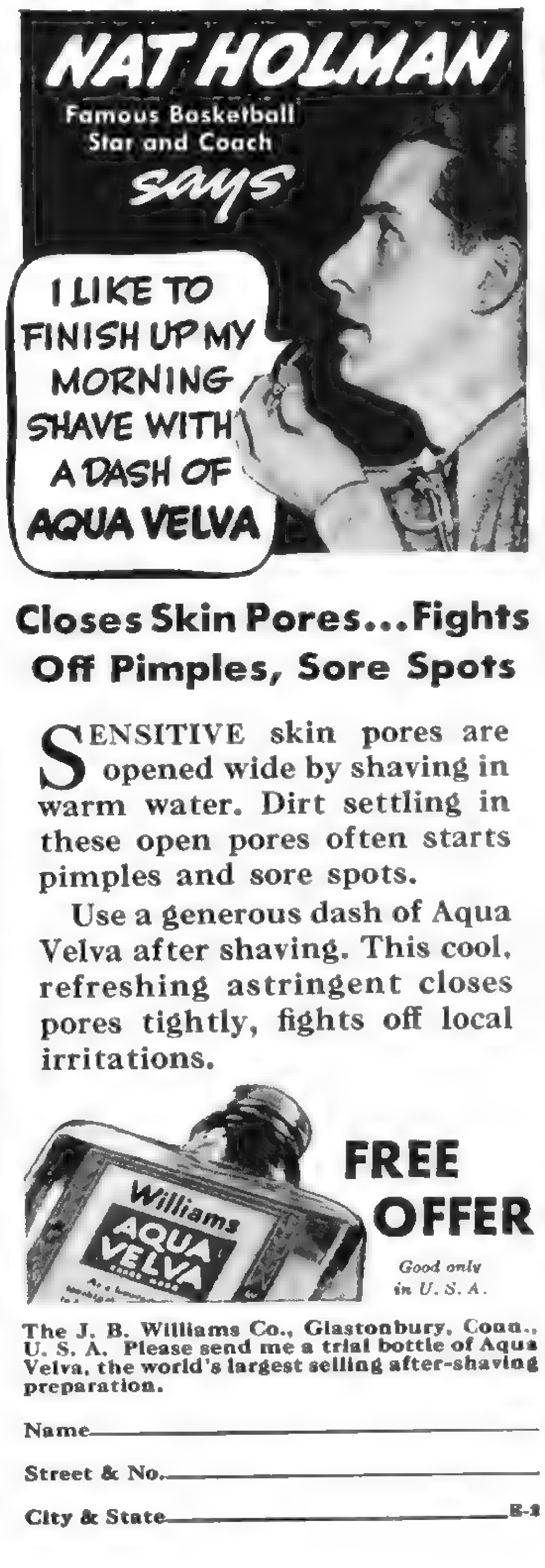

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the puzzle of piecing together the fragments to determine the number of victims. The blowing up of a man with two thumbs on each hand, a not uncommon *lusus naturae*, would furnish the authorities with a pretty problem.

Thrill Murders are a highly touted but empty form of entertainment. They are so called because no one, even the hedonistic slayer, can furnish a motive. It is possible that there is a modicum of excitement in murdering a fellow being, if done in a sporting manner, but most *Thrill Killers* exhibit an ungentlemanly disregard of cricket. They don't even catch the victim on the rise, but prefer to dispatch him, or her, sitting. Of course, they say afterward they just cut steaks off that little girl because it made them feel good, but that is a lame excuse, and to read about this type of slaughter is merely irritating. Avoid it.

An *American Tragedy Murder* is one on which the reader need spend no time at all. Even if he has never read Dreiser, he would be just as bored following the caddish Gillette's successors. The pattern is not frequent, but is so stereotyped that the papers have been able, in referring to it, to drop the *American* and call it the pleonastic *Tragedy Slaying.* If you are one of the carefree minority unfamiliar with the poltroon Chester's deed, an *American Tragedy* is one in which a man (husband or lover) drowns a woman (wife or unwanted sweetheart) because she is the insurmountable object between him and his true love. He is always caught and always pays with his life. I can see nothing typically American about any of this.

There are two outstanding features of *American Tragedies.* One is the plainness of the ladies involved, both victim and objective. They always wear glasses. The other is the juicy lubricity of the testimony. *American Tragedies* give copyreaders some of the finest moments of their bleakly barren lives. The reporters send a verbatim record of the proceedings. It doesn't get into the papers that way, but the copyreader sees and enjoys it all while editing, and feels the thrill of anticipation every time the wire copy says, like a torpedo on the track: "Watch it. Watch it." A couple of lines later there will be a slice of salaciousness that will bring a blush of guilty and vicarious pleasure to the copyreader's leathern cheeks. He elides the gobbet of lust, feeling sorry for the public which cannot be permitted to see such goings-on. I leer privily even now when I recall the letters of the late Bobby Edwards and his new love in the Pennsylvania *American Tragedy*—letters which, for reasons that cannot be mentioned here, caused the trial to be known to the working press as the "War of the Roses." But just pass on when you see *American Tragedy* in a headline, because they are all alike. And the papers won't let you in on the best of it anyway—the Sex.

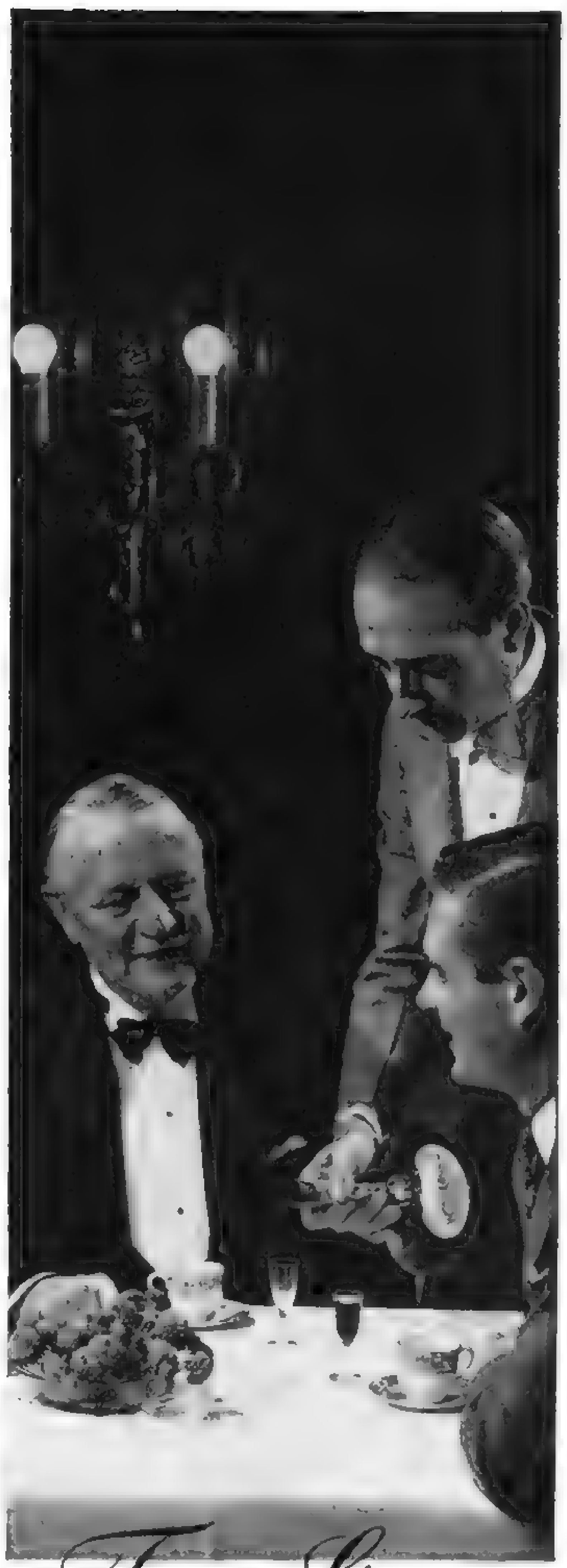
There are many other classifications, because man is ingenious. At widely spaced intervals a true genius rises from the ruck of workaday killers. Such was Mr. James of California, the *Snake Killer.* He tried to kill his fifth—or was it seventh?—wife by thrusting her foot into a box of hungry rattlesnakes. The serpents were purchased for him by an accommodating friend, who also assisted in holding the reluctant woman. The snake venom failed to take, so the dogged husband drowned the luckless bride in a fish pond. He was tried for drowning her, but those reptiles were too good for a California prosecutor to ignore, especially when he realized they were getting his name into the papers all over the country. Even in this case, which was brightened up considerably with a little incest, the printed reports grew monotonous as the district attorney worried the snakes to shreds. You will have noted that, although drowning was the agency, the case was called *Snake Murder* by almost all.

I can't begin to make a complete catalogue of all the types. There is *Torture Murder*, a gang specialty; *Germ Murder*, so far found chiefly in sensational fiction, but once in a while in life, as demonstrated by two diabolical Hindu gentlemen; *Gas Murder*, usually accompanied by the suicide of the slayer, which gives it a *Death Pact* rating; *Knife Murder*, see *Ax; Poison Murder*, repetitiously arsenical, and scores of minor subdivisions. Some are outdated. Nobody ever gets tied on a railroad track any more, or run through a log-dressing machine or shot with a curare-tipped arrow, but even if they did, the same warning holds true. Don't bother reading about it. It's a waste of time.

I hope I have shown that murder is a tedious and sordid business, a piddling trifle so ill-esteemed by its practitioners that they don't even take pains to be original. I hope you will see that, particularly in view of the gorgeous slaughter of the coming war, scattered murders here and there inevitably fit into my chart somewhere and are depressingly trite. Naturally, there are, pardon me, exceptions, but these merely, excuse me, prove the rule. I realize I have said nothing that will discourage the serious student of the art, nor will it cut down the homicide toll. But I will have been rewarded if only a few newspaper readers gravely digest my words and accept my suggestion, thus gaining more leisure in which, perhaps, they may be able to think up a really brilliant murder.

* * *

I have purposely avoided discussion of *Sex Murders*, knowing I would be powerless to stop anyone from reading those stories from beginning to end, including between the lines. #



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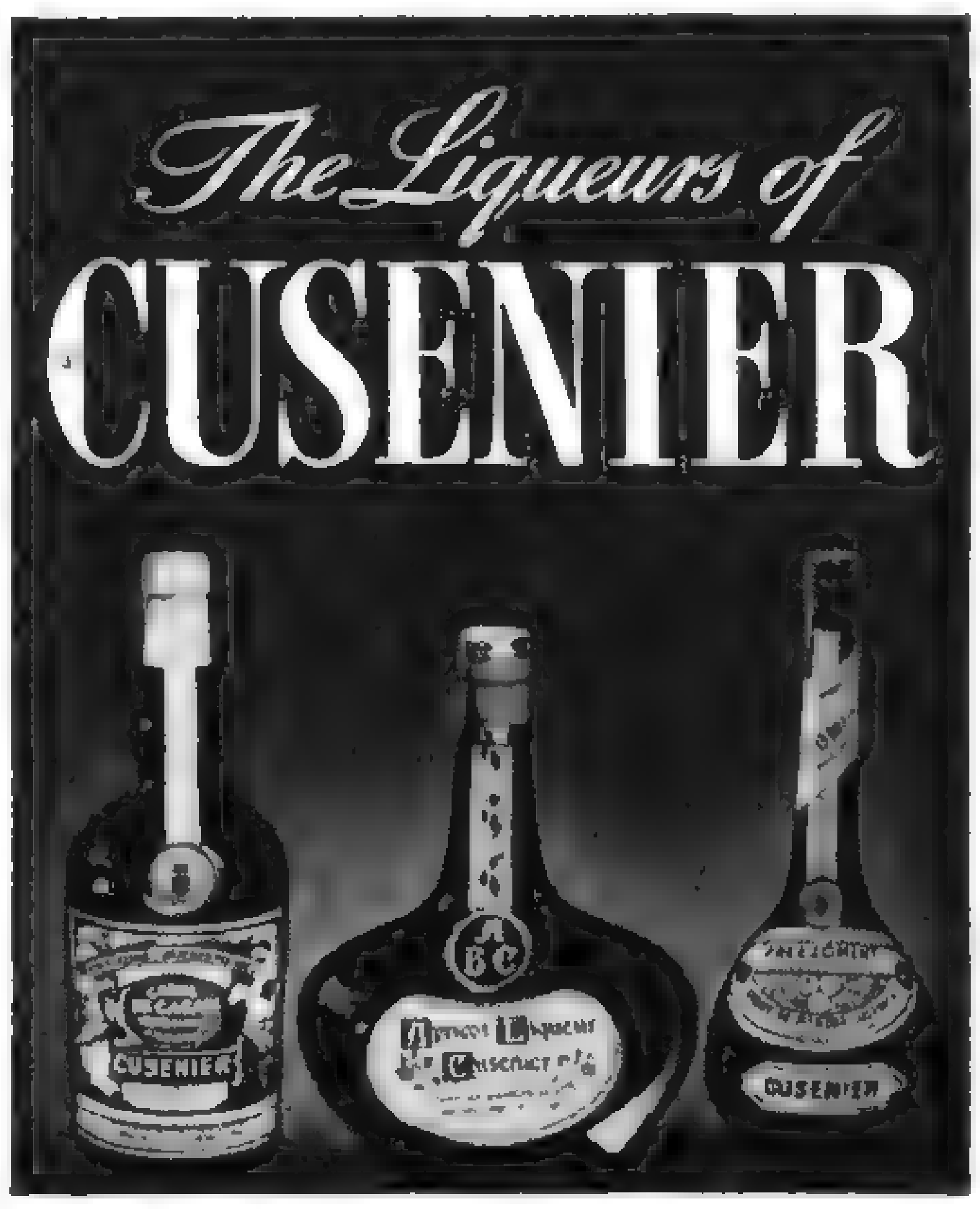

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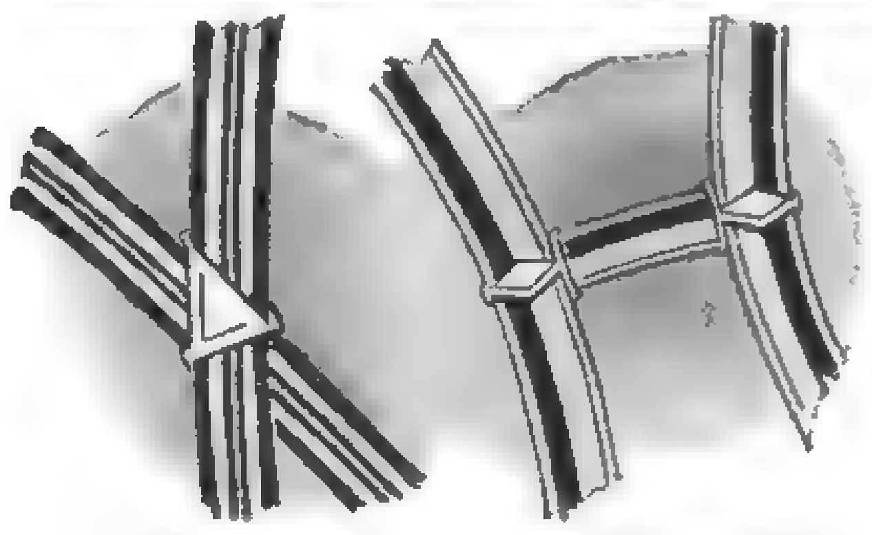

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Win with the Winners

Continued from page 45

assure profits.

(4) Horses are susceptible to the same type of factual analysis in terms of performance that is relied on by forecasters in other betting or non-betting sports.

(5) Wins (by a horse) are not the result of accident or of smart stable-tactics but rather of intrinsic and persistent quality (as shown by the fact that previous winners continued to win).

For many years, a few hundred million bettors have been endeavoring vainly to find a simple and fixed formula for selection of plays which would enable them to hold even with or possibly make a little money at their chosen pastime or business of betting on horses. Some legendary figures—Pittsburgh Phil, Chicago O'Brien, Riley Grannon, Bet-a-Million Gates, Arnold Rothstein (to name a few who functioned in the United States)—succeeded or are credited with having succeeded; but the mere existence of thirty to forty large race-courses in the country, paying taxes, paying salaries and dividends, paying for maintenance of plants and paying purses to horsemen, is proof, if proof were needed, that the public is losing money on horses. Only a minor percentage of tracks' revenues derives from admissions; most of their income results from their ten to twenty per cent "take and breakage" of money bet in the mutuels, which comes directly from the public's pockets.

It is a mere truism that the races are unbeaten and unbeatable, and no one can quarrel with the statement in relation to the general public's or the average player's chances for success. Yet only wilful blindness of the most stubborn sort, and preoccupation with stereotyped and fallacious modes of thought on horses, have concealed from players the facts that thoroughbreds win races because they have quality to win and that play on habitual winners must result in profit so long as the public persists in betting on the other kind. During the past months I have secured prices as long as ten to one against horses which were the only ones in their fields to have won a third of their starts in 1936 while running in the money half the time—this in conjunction with a percentage of winners in all races played approaching fifty and a resulting percentage-return of nearly fifty on total amounts bet.

To accomplish this is indeed to beat the races with a vengeance. Had such profits resulted from any personal horse-picking abilities of my own there would be no interest and no significance in the facts. But they did result merely and directly from the very simple and very common-sense procedure of refusing to play any horse which had not demonstrated winning-quality to the extent stated —by coming in first in at least one-third of his starts in 1936 and running in the money half the time. That is the A-B-C formula for selecting plays—and it works.

Of course a player sometimes comes across a one-third win, one-half money-horse, the only qualifying entrant in his race, which, as against the present field, is stepped up in point of basic class of opposition to an extent making him an apparently questionable hazard. A record made against $1500 platers will not support an inference of success against horses frequently entered at $2000, $2500 or more. But even stepped-up animals can be played without throwing the whole operation into the loss-column. The wise boys at the track and elsewhere will be down on something of less consistency that seems to be the class of the race, and more often than not the little horse with the superior winning-record against relatively inferior animals again will finish first and pay a lengthy price.

To select plays on the bare winning and money-records of the horses in the current year is to rely on figures in a sane and general sense but not to plunge into a maze of handicapping formulas having to do with weights, split-second times, track-conditions, present or recent form, workouts and what not. Any horse which can win a third of his starts is a good horse in his own class—indeed one of the best in his own class—and usually his trainer can be relied on to enter him against company where he belongs, not "over his head." Play on animals of the type cannot lead to loss unless the racing scheme of things suddenly turns upside down.

I am not publishing this article as an invitation to bet, rather as a suggestion that one bet sanely if at all. There is solid merit in the principle of selection stated, and equal merit, from the psychological angle, in the fact that a bettor using the method to detect sound plays will find only one or two a day, on an average, and will not be led to wager on too many horses for too slender reasons. Nor will he be led to bet nags too cheap to show any consistent standard of performance. Rarely will one find a very cheap horse which has won a third of his starts.

Some months before his death in 1935, "Liberal Tom" Kearney, the St. Louis betting commissioner, publicly stated that the only way to beat the races was to play winners—citing the case of Adobe Post, a horse which in the preceding year had won about twenty of fifty starts at good average prices. The only reward Tom got for his pains was to be hooted at in the racing press (on the query how to get the winners in advance of races) by a crowd of purblind turf-writers who certainly had experienced plenty of difficulty in locating winners for the public and themselves. Tom said something—but the smart boys lacked sense to grasp it.

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In CORONET for November, 1936, I printed an article under the title *Turf and Public* giving some figures on the enormous extent of race-play in the United States. I put the total amount bet annually at $2,000,000,000. In *Collyer's Eye and Baseball World*, a widely circulated sporting weekly, issue of October 31, these figures were denied and the probable total put at $5,000,000,000. In either case, and whichever estimate is correct, the amount runs into practically inconceivable astronomical magnitudes. In the same article I pointed out the very defective character of guidance offered to race-players by newspapers and other publications. In view of the present economic importance of racing and betting it would seem to be about time that something better were offered—and here it is.

If you must play, play winners. #

Escorts à la Carte

Continued from page 39

for every two hours thereafter. The Escort splits with me fifty-fifty. I have no difficulty collecting. My Escorts are gentlemen and I check up anyhow. The lady pays all expenses, taxi, dinner, drinks, tips, theatre tickets, supper, etc. If she wants to appear behind an ambush of orchids, we gladly order them sent to her with a sentimental card she can show to friends. Naturally she pays for the orchids, too.

I have a very nice Week-end Special, two full days and evenings for twenty-five dollars. We have several men who do nothing but week-ends and house parties. It is definitely understood, however, that such an Escort commits himself to nothing more intimate than dancing.

My Cruise Special is a great success. I charge a flat fee of one hundred dollars, plus all expenses. For only one hundred dollars a lady may have a delightful companion absolutely guaranteed never to look at another woman! A rejuvenating factor in itself. The Cruise plan works out beautifully. I am urging more of my boys to take their vacations in the winter instead of in the summer. Last winter a business man and his wife took one of my boys to Bermuda. The boy played golf with the husband in the morning, bridge with the wife in the afternoon (while the husband fished), and danced with the wife in the evening while the husband slept. They all three reported it an ideal arrangement.

Although I prefer American college boys, because of the demand, I did take on one bona fide Russian Prince. The Prince has been a gold mine! I rent him out, now, by the season. He was at Bar Harbor all summer and will be in Miami all winter. The Prince is scrupulously honest and has refused to marry three of our Clients.

My most popular Escort is a Yale man who was a life guard. The demand for him is terrific. He has been presented with a farm in Vermont, ruby cuff links, a Chrysler roadster and a saxaphone. I'm afraid he'll get rich and retire.

The clients are all different types, from lovely young girls visiting in New York with their mothers, to hawk-faced old ladies with the finesse of meat choppers. The boys hate the Frivolous Forties. They giggle, they want to dance every dance, particularly tangoes and rhumbas, they have a passion for pink taffeta, too much perfume and feathers. Business women never learn that there is a difference between efficiency and officiousness. They order the waiter, the orchestra leader and the Escort around like shrill Simon Legrees. The wallflower is very restful. She usually just sits. She doesn't talk much or dance much or drink much, but she smiles occasionally, sort of a pathetic little smile. Divorcées are always furiously determined to have fun, they dance, drink and eat with wild exuberance. They are desperately trying to prove to their ex-husbands they are having a wonderful time! It makes strenuous going for my boys.

I never divulge either the names of my clients or the names of the Escorts. I keep no books and my telephone numbers are in code. I have a secretary who has taken what amounts to a Masonic Oath and even she doesn't know all. We get an average of twenty-five calls a day. I've got plenty of shoes, a swallow car, star rubies and some damn good stocks.

Of course, the business has its drawbacks. I'm engaged to a swell girl and she gets mad as hell when the columnists say she hires me to take her out. I never go out myself, but when I see one of my boys with a really trick number I amble over to the table and get acquainted.

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Fireman Save My Child

Continued from page 52

Gordon. "*Honi soit—*"

"Nuts!" loud-mouthed Joe—"Do you think I believe any of that?" He was a bachelor. Then—"Christ, what's that?" From above sounded an ominous sustained knocking, and furious tapping on the steam-pipe— "Mike, we'll have to do something about that old hag," Jessie— "She called up before and was rude as she could be. We weren't making any noise. Threatened to call the police, actually—" "Hell with her," said Mike. He went on cutting the fool. "Why is this case here," he muttered. "Oh, very well then."

He returned from the bathroom with a turkish towel folded about his head— "And how did the respondent change towards you—" "What the hell is this?" loud-mouthed Joe demanded— "A sheik?" "I'll clear the court!" Mike thundered. "You dare address My Majesty's Lordship without saying—m'lud? And without woolsack? Why God damn you—the impudence! And to laugh, on top of that—why, you bitch's son! And you over there, bitch's daughter! All of you, I'll excoriate you! Knowing full well—Bitches' bastards all! Oh very well—*a nisi* I suppose—"

"I think I know what's in your mind, m'lud," Horace murmured. Mike—"How can you know what's in my mind? Oh very well, p'raps you do, after all, what's it matter? In the circumstances, *a nisi* I s'pose, with adultery—You were married to the respondent in this case? Very well, decree *nisi* I s'pose. With costs, I s'pose—"

They were all in stitches. He had only to glare, to mutter something, anything— "Objection sustained—" or "The respondent changed in his affections—" Without paying much attention he noticed that Jessie was very quiet. He didn't care, he wasn't particularly aiming at her, if it so happened— "Oh be damned, Joe Levy, I'm trying this case—" Rather enjoying it, he'd had a few more drinks and felt them—hardly thinking what he was saying he kept it up, cutting the fool, like an oracle seeming to wait, listening and—"With malice prepense — Oyez! Oyez! *Sauve qui peut—*"

"If that's supposed to be funny— Listen a minute!" and Joe Levy began telling a dirty joke. "As—for—you—Joe Levy, you can go to the A. & P. It's not supposed to be funny!" He glanced at Jessie, involuntarily—and if he could have been different he would have been only—it struck him as funny, he laughed himself. "You are all lost, all lost! Oh to the devil, bitches' bastards! *Sauve qui peut!*" Joe—"Does he mean me with that crack? What the hell's a *sove key pur* anyway?" Audrey—"It's not personal, it's just some French, sort of like 'Heaven help the hindmost'."

Jessie giggled her nervous giggle. She got up determinedly and seized Mike by the hair. Joe rushed in— He gave Joe a push in the face, grinned at Jessie— "What, is there adultery here? *Honi soit—*" She slapped him, several times— "*Sauve qui peut!*" he declaimed, taking it, looking round— But everybody was suddenly tense, nobody laughing any more. Jessie spoke with an effort —"I really should apologize I guess—but this crazy phrase business, to be bored in one's own home—" She went out to the kitchen.

The bell rang at the juncture and it was Gordon Sandler. "Your wife says not to be in any hurry, Bill—" The women were all flocking into the bathroom while the men, getting hold of the newspapers, seemed inclined to talk seriously, semi-seriously— "What do you think's going to happen in Spain?" someone— And Joe—"Oh, the same thing that's going to happen later, in France—" Except Mike who, keeping his towel on, punned at every opportunity.

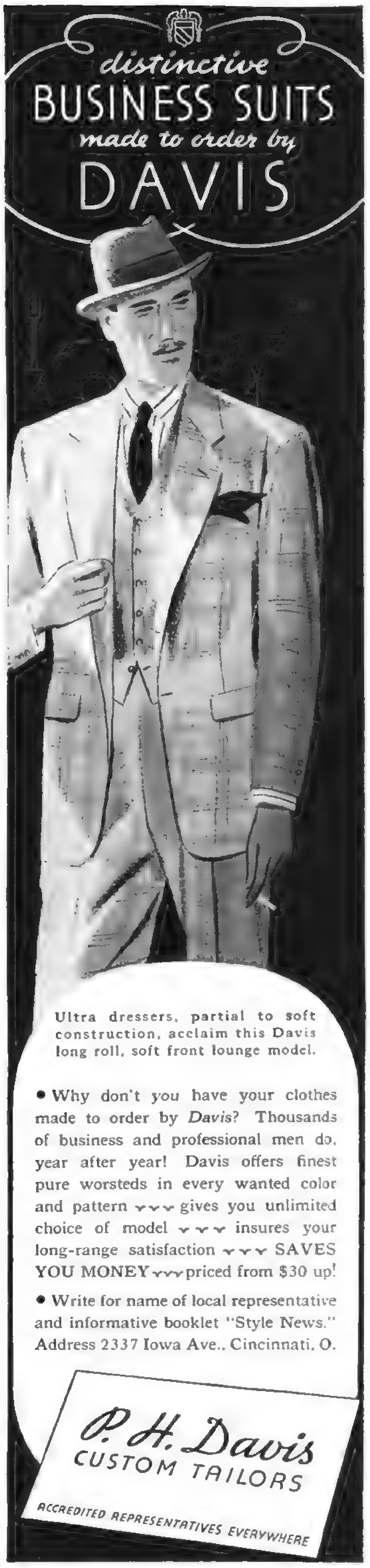
They were all fairly well informed and had radical views, Gordon Sandler for an engineer and Bill for an advertising man, the others, two or three of them with book houses or on magazines and Joe, like Horace and Mike, a newspaper man— Discussing the various countries— "In other words," said Mike, "Italy wants to muscle in, and Russia's stallin'—" "Oh, for God's sake, Mike!" Gordon— "It's impossible to talk to you any more!" "And England's bawlin', eh Horace?" was all the effect— "It's true though, what Gordon said," Horace said.

"Well, can you wonder!" Mike exclaimed. "It's too much for me, I confess—and furthermore nothing seems real, it's just news, copy. I'm too close to it, right there on the foreign desk, and as for what to believe, and what's going to happen—my God! We didn't even know for sure, right here, that Roosevelt would be reelected. So what's the use? It'll all be dirty water down the sewer—"

"Which is no excuse," Gordon argued, "for falling back on what Joe calls phrases, in place of thinking—" "Okay," Mike laughed, "I don't give a damn— Joe, you explain it, because, come right down to it, you're probably worse than I am. Anyway I'll not annoy you boys further, except to remark, *sauve qui peut!* and a cup of coffee—"

He sat there contentedly enough, eating sandwiches and drinking coffee, still feeling his liquor somewhat, and thinking—or at least some sort of process was going on within, the culmination of many things— Now and then he felt called upon to make a remark to Horace or the more appreciative Audrey. "Only nine million unemployed, latest figures reveal—*sauve qui peut—*" In all seriousness—

It was most pleasant, this voice



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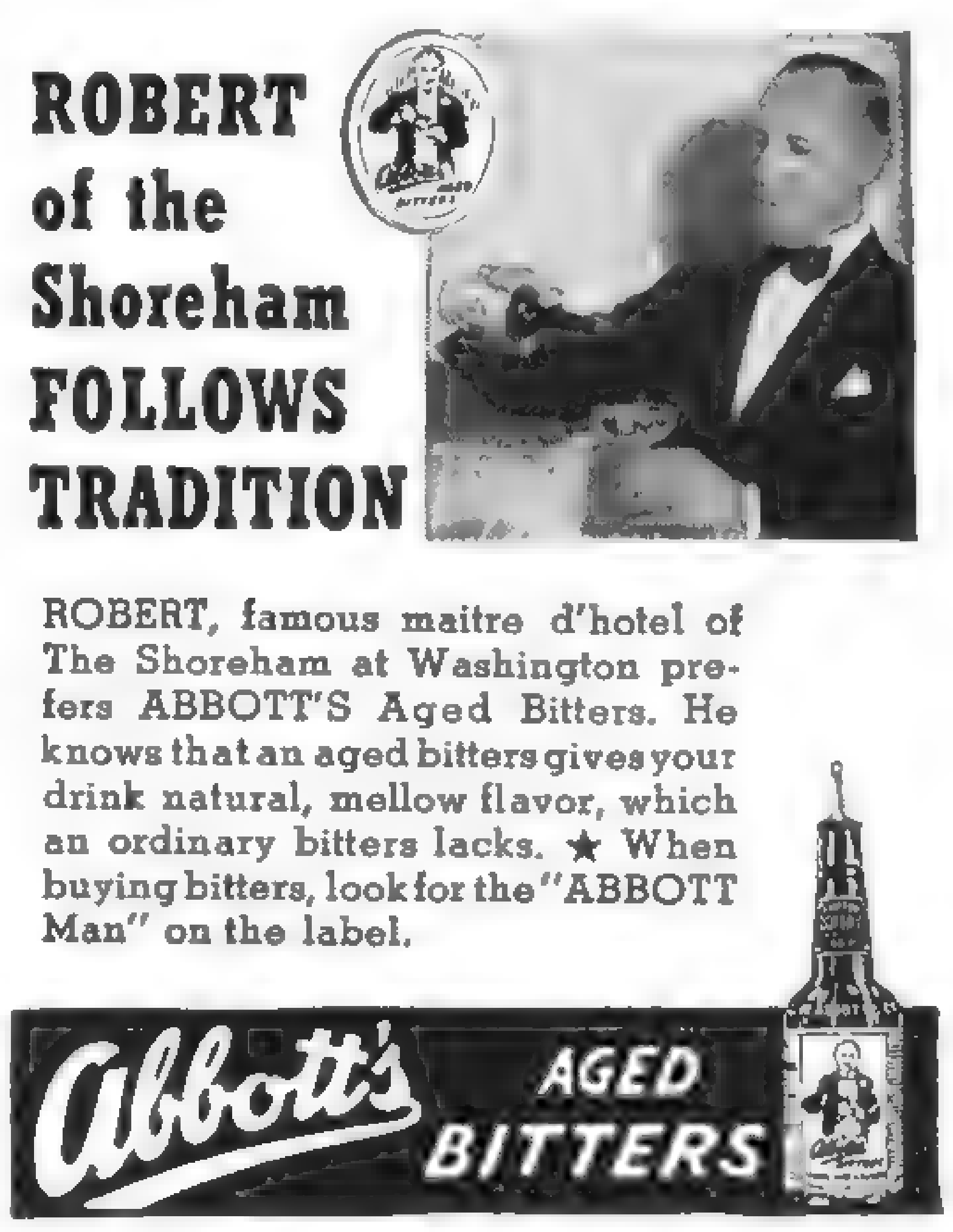

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going on within him that was sometimes silent and then spoke—

"Air bombs kill fifty-three in Madrid square—" Can't happen here, that sort of thing— Yes, regrettably I feel that I must agree with you—

And—"*Sauve qui peut*—"

Just how it started—but a few of the girls were pararding backwards and forwards, slipping off their dresses in the classic manner of the strip-tease— And everybody humming—

When I'm with you—doo-dle-ee
dee-dle-ee—
But wouldn't you rather say—
I love you—
Than say—Jack Robinson—

"Take it off!" loud-mouthed Joe—"Take it off!"

"Quiet, Joe," Mike reproved— "This is Sodom and Gomorrah— We'd have Sodomy and Gomorrism, had we animals— Ah—

"The strip-girl bares her bosom to the amber moon— Very nicely done, Lorraine, I enjoyed that, *sauve qui peut!*" Now let's all get together—da-da-da—

Boom! went the belly-dancers —Biff! Bang!

He withdrew with a phr-r-rt! announcing that he was going to play a game of strip-solitaire, not that he wanted anybody to go home and, as if just talking to himself— "Ego struggles versus libido—always, a pack of egos I see milling around me, very good egos as a general truth, true—but what is true, truth? There is no God oh God, is there—and as for science and that sort of thing well, I know not but I see no future there— And meanwhile—time—marches—on!

"Communism, yes! The people, yes! You will kiss me, yes? Ah, liquor we undeniably have again, and there is love, of a sort, eh Audrey? Yes, women, or men as the case may be, and children, happiness, of a sort—but for knaves and fools I say! Eh Roy? And you, George Smith, what say you? They can make you take it, but as I have always maintained and will maintain to the end—they can't make you like it! No, by God—with a *sauve qui peut!* Ah citizens, we must *sauve qui peut*— Everywhere I find revolutionary discontent abroad in the streets— What, fascistry! What is this, a Jesuit close? Now by God and by Jesus—"

On, and on, and *sauve qui peut* —though he was not so drunk as he sounded. The cards against him, he had his pants off when the bell rang. Ambled to the door —a blue uniform, brushed past—two of them— "What the— *Sauve qui peut!*"

Loud-mouthed Joe—"Cops! Cheesit, the place is pinched!" And *sauve qui peut* it was, dashing —darting—the bedroom, the kitchen, to the back stairs—

When Mike came in no one was there, only Joe, Audrey and Horace—and a strip-girl struggling with one of the cops— It was Gordon's wife, he remonstrating—

"What's this supposed to be—" the cop demanded.

"Officer, perhaps I can explain," Mike— "I was just going to bed— These are friends of mine, guests —except this man—" Joe— "whom I never saw before, until he crashed the party— You may take him, I'd like to get rid of him—"

"We've had two complaints, of the noise— Shut that radio off! Now what's been going on here?"

"Why nothing, officer, just a friendly gathering— I work at night, you understand it's just like two or three in the afternoon to me—" "Two or three nothing—" the cop— "It's half past four!" "Well officer, I'm sorry— It's Saturday night, we were having a little party, relaxing, having a friendly glass— Won't you have a friendly glass? Or a bite to eat, some coffee? I hope you'll overlook it this time, but if you feel you must—do your duty and enforce the law, whatever that is—why, go ahead, it's up to you— My name happens to be Michael Sullivan, a good Irish name—"

He steered them to the door finally. Coming back—ho-hum— "Where is everybody? Where's Jessie?" In the kitchen, in the niche beside the broom-closet he saw— "Excuse me," he said at first and— But her dress was stripped off her shoulders and—he looked on a moment— It struck him funny, a little, they were so oblivious, melting—

"Beat it, Mike," Bill said.

Then something flared up, he grabbed Bill by the shoulder and —sock!

Bill got himself together, straightened himself up— "Okay, Mike," he growled.

"Bill, if I had a gun—" Mike said hotly. He was trembling— "That is, if I had had a gun—" "Okay, Mike," was all Bill— "Blame it on the liquor," Mike said, getting control of himself. And Bill found the bravado to— "Okay— I'll see you tomorrow, Jessie— Goodnight!" He went out.

Jessie started then. She faced Mike— "You stinking cad! You —I could spit in your eye!" Her giggle was hysterical—tee-hee-hee! "Shut up," Mike told her quietly, fiercely— "and cut it out or I'll—" She broke away, flounced through to the bedroom and slammed the door.

Only Horace and Audrey were— "Stick around a while," Mike said. "Don't leave me alone. Please— That might have been a nasty bit of—news, in there just now, for someone to— The funny part of it is, if Bill only had a decent job—that's what's holding them up— Oh, he's got her, I've rather known it for some time, and frankly I don't care a damn! That's what makes her mad, she knows I don't! Oh, it'll work out of course, somehow, we have little Jessie to consider—"

He poured himself a big drink. "Have you ever realized how close you can come to murder? It all depends on circumstances—happens all the time you know, people like myself and you— You

Continued at top of page 206

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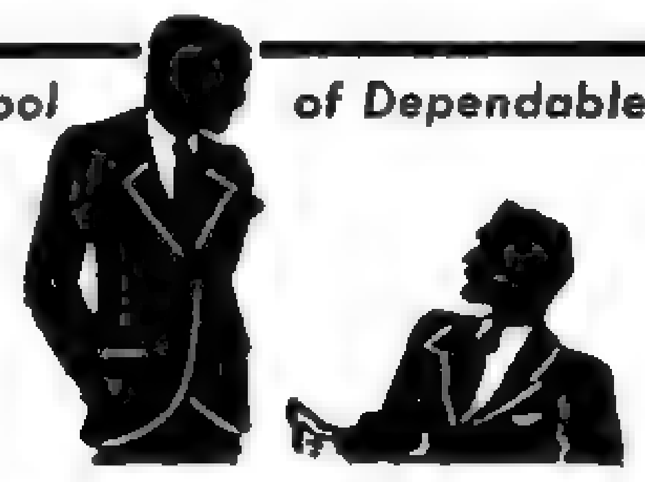

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Fireman Save My Child

Continued from pages 52-205

never know— My advice to you two is, never get married— Oh, stick around, I'm not going to bed for a long time yet!"

In the hall, waiting for the elevator Audrey remarked to Horace, "They used to be such a nice couple, when we first met them—" And Horace— "He's in a tough spot, old Mike—"

Mike on the davenport, in the midst of the glasses, the sandwiches and all manner of débris—the lights, he closed his eyes a moment and, slipping into some pit of blackness, this God-awful terror, familiar somehow but of what—he opened them again and—watched the ghastly, sickening dawn— He sat up, with a show of determination—

Another day, eh— Oh what good is it he thought, feeling his way—to be a man, to have a will—of some sort, intelligence, education, oh— The claustrophobia of this city, of this world— Great God, I'd rather be—

"Phrase-maker," he said aloud, listening to his voice— "Maker of phrases they call me— Oh, *sauve qui peut*," he said— "*Sauve qui peut*—"

The liquor was hitting him belatedly, overpowering— "I shouldn't have— Must be more careful in—future—" Rocking—he had to hold on and—fought—until, with a muttered *sauve qui peut*, subsided, weakly—

The Hero Had a Father

Continued from page 35

said. "They will think we are afraid of them." He turned to "Slim" and smiled, "Don't be scared, boy."

Some of Lindbergh's advisors warned him that his continued strictures against the causes of the War were ruining his career. He replied that his career would surely be ruined if he suppressed his honest convictions on the main issue of the day. Repeatedly he reiterated the statement he had first uttered in 1915, "Speculations and loans in foreign fields are likely to bring us into war. . . . The war-for-profit group has counterfeited patriotism." He said that some day history would vindicate his claims.

On primary day Lindbergh lost by only 49,000 votes out of a total of 350,000 ballots cast. Without any newspaper support, with a great proportion of his meetings broken up either by police or self-appointed vigilantes, with his campaign financed only by the contributions of farmers and workers, Lindbergh polled more than 150,000 votes.

Several times in later years he ran again for public office. He never was successful. In 1920 he even failed to win back his old seat in Congress. The super-patriots had stamped the brand of the traitor on him too deeply. In the public mind they had gouged the impression that Lindbergh was an enemy of his country. During his lifetime this unjustified mark was never completely erased. Today the people of Minnesota regard Lindbergh as a prophet. They have heard his prediction that the World War would not end war echoed ominously in the tramp of marching feet on almost every continent. But until Lindbergh's death in 1924, the stigma of disloyalty attached to his career. Those who excoriated him for his condemnation of the armament industry had done their job with *éclat*. By constant association of Lindbergh's name with such adjectives as "traitorous," "disloyal," and "seditious," they succeeded in convincing thousands of voters that the rangy, solemn-visaged Viking was actually a menace to American institutions.

As late as 1923—five years after the Armistice—Lindbergh was still looked upon as a "dangerous" and "subversive" character. That year he was a Farmer-Labor candidate for Senator, and traveled around the state in his son's first airplane, a creaky Government "Jenny." The tall lad leaned against the plane or tinkered with the motor while Lindbergh, Sr. addressed the picnic or meeting they had flown to attend. Dozens of times "Slim" listened to his father advocating minimum wage laws, public ownership of electric power, and collective bargaining for workers. He heard his father denounce the horror of war and the intolerance of the Ku Klux Klan, and more than once he picked up handbills warning the electorate to beware of the glib-tongued agitator, Charles A. Lindbergh.

The handbills didn't bother to add the "Sr." to Lindbergh's name. The enemies of the stubborn pacifist scarcely knew that he had a son. "Slim" was entirely inconspicuous so far as politics were concerned. Carburetors and spark plugs interested him more than taxation and war profits. In 1923 he had just attained his majority; at last he could vote for his father—that was about all citizenship meant to him then.

One afternoon following a speech in which the elder Lindbergh had been continually heckled and interrupted, the plane started to dip and falter while they were flying over an old farm. With difficulty "Slim" landed on the slope of a hill. Both father and son were shaken and jolted. "Slim" climbed out and examined the craft. He whistled as he picked up one of the cables fixed to the wings; it had been neatly severed with a wire-cutter.

Lindbergh told his boy that the chopped cable signified what it meant to champion an unpopular cause. "Slim" nodded gravely,

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then trudged to the farmhouse to get tools to repair the damage.

Charles A. Lindbergh was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in January of 1859. He was only a year old when his father, August Lindbergh, resigned his seat in the Rickstag, the Swedish parliament, and immigrated to the United States.

Liberalism in the Lindbergh family did not originate with Charles. It was part of his legacy. August Lindbergh's principal achievement in the Rickstag had been the passage of a law outlawing the whipping-post. He had been horrified by the spectacle of bleeding backs and groaning men in the public square of every Swedish village.

In America—just at the outbreak of the Civil War—August Lindbergh and his family trekked by prairie schooner from St. Louis to Melrose, Minnesota. There they settled near other pioneers from the Scandinavian Peninsula.

Adversity dealt them an early blow. Hauling a giant log to the mill to be sliced into boards, August slipped and fell into the grinding fury of the circular saw. His left arm was cut off at the shoulder and his side was gashed and scarred. It was three days before a doctor could be brought from St. Cloud. Charles applied cold water from the well to the terrible wound in his father's shoulder to stop the flow of blood.

August Lindbergh's son learned the meaning of nerve and courage from that incident. Two generations later a surgeon told Congressman Lindbergh he had to undergo a dangerous abdominal operation but would be unable to take an anesthetic. Lindbergh sent for his friend, Lynn Haines, and talked over the banking situation with him during the entire operation, which lasted almost two hours.

August sent his son to law school at the University of Michigan, and after graduation Charles got a job as a legal clerk for a bank. One day he was dispatched to foreclose on a farmer who had failed to meet the payment on a chattel mortgage. The farmer had several children, and Charles suggested that he sell his team to take care of the payment. The young lawyer helped him get a good price for the horses, and the next day he turned over the money to his employer.

The banker was furious. "I didn't tell you to go out and collect the money," he stormed. "I wanted the goods and farm. Just for this you're fired!"

Charles looked at him. "All right," he replied.

Lindbergh entered private practice. He began to occupy a leading rôle in the farmers' co-operative movement, and he wrote numerous essays on the banking and currency situation. Everyone in the county knew him as "C.A." —a tall, serious young man with stubborn resistance to any opposition to his ideas. Perhaps this obstinacy was the reason for his estrangement from Evangeline Land after they had had a son, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., in 1902.

Four years after the birth of his boy, Lindbergh was elected to Congress. He served there for a decade. Reviewing those ten years in the hurly-burly of Washington politics, Senator Lundeen recently stated, "In eighty years of Minnesota history many Congressmen and Senators have come to Washington from the North Star State. The most able and distinguished of them all was Charles A. Lindbergh."

Lindbergh arrived on Capitol Hill with the customary high hopes of the idealist in politics. Within a month he saw himself and the other newcomers shackled by the wainropes of the stilted procedure in the House. After two years of this parliamentary run-around—in which he spoke only when the party whips generously allotted him five or six minutes time—Lindbergh's friend Haines asked him if his faith in the people was as firm as ever.

"Yes," he answered, "and my pity has increased a thousandfold."

There was a sad-eyed young Congressman from Nebraska in whom Lindbergh found a fellow spirit. Together, he and George Norris formed the spearhead of the insurrection which stripped "Uncle Joe" Cannon of his autocratic powers as Speaker of the House. Lindbergh's friends warned him that incurring the displeasure of the grumpy little Speaker was political suicide. He disregarded their admonitions and with Norris held the floor against the most crushing political juggernaut ever to roll along the aisle of the lower chamber.

When the Democrats substituted the tyranny of the caucus for the Republicans' tyranny of the Speakership, Lindbergh and Norris again assailed the majority and were deprived of their choice committee assignments. Several Minnesota newspapermen commented that "C.A." Lindbergh was apparently inviting political martyrdom at the earliest possible moment. He even refused to employ the time-honored methods of patronage. When the postmaster of Little Falls died, Lindbergh had the right to choose his successor. Instead, he left the decision to a referendum of the voters. Here was a solar plexus smash to the bulwark of party politics. Partisans in all sections of the country condemned this Minnesota upstart who threatened the very foundations of the spoils system. A few commendatory letters from Civil Service advocates were the mete of Lindbergh's reward for his innovation.

In the House Lindbergh was the perennial objector. He wrote doggerel poetry satirizing the Republican tariff, and he introduced a motion to impeach the members of Wilson's Federal Reserve Board. He brought down upon his head the wrath of virtually every news-

Continued on page 208

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO HAVE MY EGGS WELL DONE ?
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"AS different as day and night!" That is how men everywhere describe the thrill of shaving with a *Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor.*

There's a reason! The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade *are made for each other.* Designed by the same engineers, produced in the same factory, they match each other, just as one part of your watch matches another. No wonder they give such clean, smooth shaves!

No other blade in the world is made as the Gillette Blade is made. It is diamond-tested for hardness, "X-Rayed" for hidden flaws, measured for sharpness by a beam of light—the edges are so keen they cannot be seen by the human eye.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades from your dealer today. See what it means in shaving comfort to use the blade that was especially made for your razor!

Reputable dealers never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

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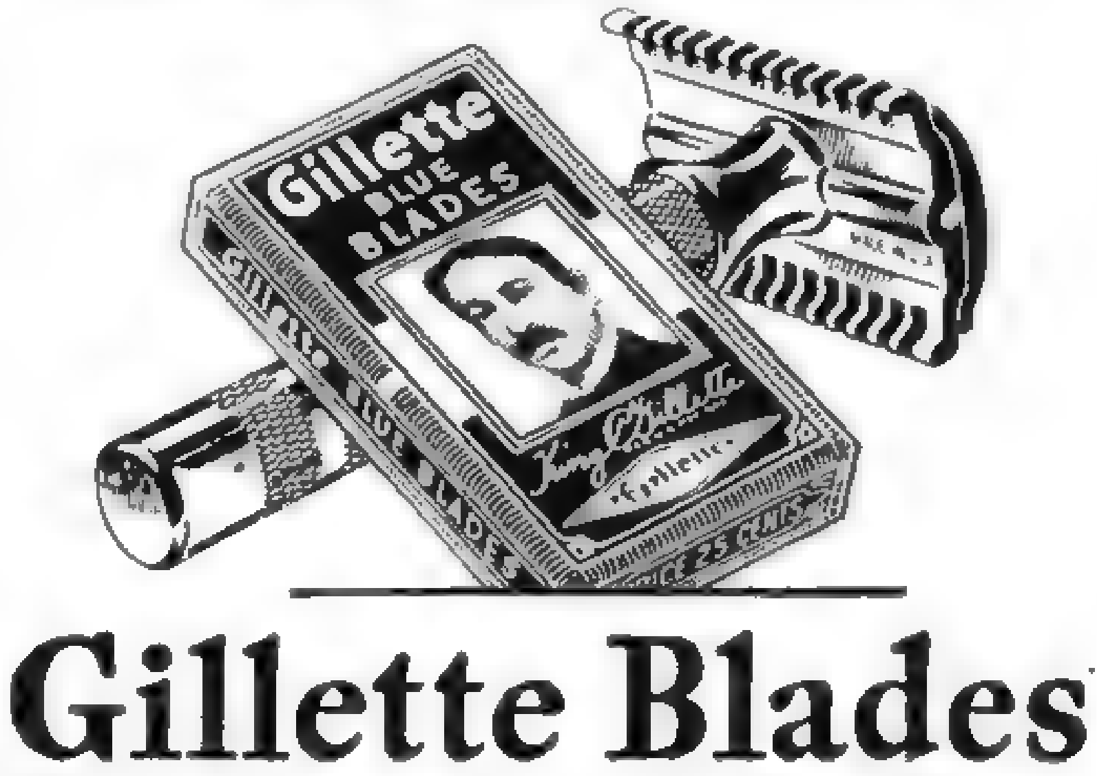

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

SIMPLE
ROLLS RAZOR
COMPACT
CROSS SECTION
The Rolls blade—heavy Sheffield steel, hollow-ground to a scalpel-sharp shaving edge.

You expect superlative performance from any "best of its kind." But the best razor on the market is unique in giving it to you at an actual saving in dollars and cents. The self-honing, self-stropping Rolls blade is permanent, you see. *Ever figure out how much* you *spend on razor blades each month?*

HERE'S
your key to a fine
NEW WORLD

This modern safety razor—the Rolls—*opens* a new world to you. Gone, the chore of scraping. Instead, the easy glide of streamlined steel . . . whisking away every vestige of a beard . . . effortlessly . . . magically! The Rolls blade is the secret . . . heavy, hollow-ground Sheffield steel fashioned to a thread-thin shaving edge —and *kept* that way by the simple built-into-the-case stropping mechanism. A single Rolls shave will give you an entirely new conception of shaving comfort. And a single Rolls Razor will live up to that conception year after year . . . the rest of your life! The razor . . . $10; Rolls rich-lathering Shaving Soap . . . in permanent bowls, $1; . . . refill cakes, 60c. Send for booklet No. 3.

Look into the economy of one blade which lasts as long as you are willing to strop and hone it.

ROLLS RAZOR, INC.
305 East 45th Street New York

The Hero Had a Father

Continued from pages 35-207

paper in America when he spoke for hours against including paper and wood pulp on the free tariff list between the United States and Canada. He was instrumental in voicing the demands of the Populists, and he joined with Norris, La Follette, and a Boston lawyer named Louis Dembitz Brandeis in organizing the Republican Progressive League. At the same time that Brandeis was writing his articles on "Other People's Money" in *Harper's Weekly*, Lindbergh published a book, *Banking and Currency and the Money Trust.* Several Congressmen commented on the simlarity of the conclusions reached by the scholarly Jewish lawyer and the blunt-spoken Viking from Minnesota.

Private banking was Lindbergh's *bête noir.* The currency question was almost a phobia with him. He sailed so fiercely into every banking proposal of the majority that a conservative Republican said if Charley Lindbergh had been on earth when the plan of salvation was offered, he would have moved to amend it. These single-handed forays against Wall Street earned the Lindbergh the title of the "Lone Fighter." His attacks on the banks took him into the deepest waters of radicalism yet ventured in Congress; he even went beyond the depths braved by La Follette and Norris. On one occasion Lindbergh actually turned his back on Capitalism and endorsed the principles of Debs: "Not many of those who criticize Socialists know the first principles of Socialism. Socialism and Socialists are libeled and slandered by the false and by the ignorant only, for no one who has studied Socialism can for a single moment question that it has a program whereby, if it could be followed out and put into execution, this world would be cleared of much of its misery and degradation."

Lindbergh uttered these words in an era in which Socialism was in as great disrepute as Communism is now. Socialism was the target of every red-hunt. Socialists were suspected of arson, rape, and murder. Over their champagne and *hors d'oeuvres* the gay blades of Washington society talked in shocked tones of "that wild man from Minnesota." Lindbergh was regarded as a fanatic. Yet there were people who listened to his interminable discussions of the money issue, and open-minded editors read the articles written by himself and Brandeis. At last the Pujo Resolution passed the House, and a calm little lawyer named Samuel Untermyer put Morgan, Carnegie, and Rockefeller on the stand and pried them loose from the innermost secrets of American finance. While the masters of banking were being subjected to Untermyer's verbal inquisition, Norris declared on the floor of Congress, "When the true history of Congressional action on the so-called 'Money Trust' is written, it will be found that the Gentleman from Minnesota (Mr. Lindbergh) is entitled to more credit than any other Member."

Charles, Jr. watched many of his father's outnumbered attacks on the fortresses of industry and banking. Frequently he accompanied his father on trips of investigation and inquiry. He was twelve years old when the Congressman took him on a canoe journey through the headwaters of the Mississippi to observe the damage done to farm lands by a faulty reservoir system. Father and son lived in a pup tent and cooked their meals over an open fire. After the outing Lindbergh said his boy had "good stuff" in him.

Lindbergh was not content to learn things by hearsay. He donned dilapidated clothes to visit the slums of New York and Chicago; he wanted to see for himself the conditions in the tenements and rookeries. He told his colleagues that there were people in the nation's greatest cities living in more filth and dirt than did the livestock on his farm back in Minnesota.

Few Congressmen worked harder than Lindbergh. He tried to read every bill—a task made impossible by the deluge of laws poured into the hopper at each session. He used to get to his office at five in the morning, just when the buglers at the Washington Army cantonment were blowing reveille. The Congressman put Charles to work in a corner of his office addressing franked envelopes. One day a clerk suggested that the boy adopt a more efficient method of copying the names he was writing. Charles wheeled on him, "You can't tell me what to do! You're just working here for my father."

From across the room the Congressman looked up. "There isn't anyone in this office working for anyone else. We are all working here together. Don't forget that, son."

Lindbergh had more political enemies than anyone in the House, except possibly George Norris. Yet he was personally popular. Even the Corinthian pillars in the temple of New England conservatism liked the solemn Swede who loped through the halls with his equally somber son scampering to keep pace with him. There was one stalwart of party regularity who constantly objected whenever a Member sought unanimous consent to be absent. Lindbergh told this Representative he wanted permission to be away for several days. The objector thought a moment. "I have to be consistent about this, 'C.A.,' " he said. "But I'll tell you what to do. I am going to luncheon today at 12:30. That will be the time for you to make your request of the Chair."

Lindbergh was also popular in his district. Five times he was

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Here's the Way to Joyful Relief in 1 Hour

WHENEVER you have overindulged in food or drink, do this quick, and that "morning after" head will be gone before you realize it. Simply mix ⅕ of a glass of Pluto Water with ⅘ of a glass of hot water. Drink—and excess poisons in the intestinal tract will be carried away in one hour, or less. When this happens, you will feel like a "new man." Pluto Water is a non-habit-forming saline mineral water—bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. Get either the 25c or 50c size, which contains three times as much, from your druggist. Have a bottle handy. An effective way to end a "morning after" head.

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Every variety of trees and plants known to the south, including a sizeable pecan grove. Two guest homes, servants' house, aviary and stables.

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elected to the House. He knew thousands of voters by their first names. He would stride into the general store in a little village, seat himself on a cracker box, munch a handful of crumbs from the hardtack barrel, and proceed to talk for an hour on the money question. When he finally departed, he had added ten or twelve firm friends to his list of adherents. His constituency was composed largely of farmers, and he knew he could depend on them. On one occasion he was re-elected without opposition. In 1912—the year of Wilson's triumph—he overwhelmed his Democratic adversary by a more than two-to-one margin.

Everyone in Minnesota said that "C.A." was certain to be either a Senator or the Governor. But they ventured their predictions without taking into consideration the holocaust just beyond the horizon.

The World War changed the course of many people's lives—yet no fortunes were changed more swiftly than those of the Lindbergh family. As early as 1915 the Congressman warned, "Each loan brings us a little nearer to the brink of the maelstrom." To those who pooh-poohed his fears, he said, "It is my belief we are going in as soon as the country can be sufficiently propagandized into the war mania." He prophesied that the time was not distant when the advocates of peace would be "stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned men . . . The whole nation, pulpit and all, will take up the war cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth, and presently such mouths will cease to open."

Two years later in the city of Duluth every hall was denied to Lindbergh. He could not even speak on a street-corner. He was almost a culprit because he expressed his honest convictions on the causes motivating America's entrance into the War. From a potential governor or senator, he was reduced to an ex-Congressman suspected of disloyalty and sedition. He was shunned in the streets, and several times a trolley car emptied of passengers when he boarded it. Who wanted to ride with a Hun? In one address Lindbergh said, "To seek to apply 'national honor' with no thought of existing conditions and without view of the general welfare is weakness instead of strength, foolhardy instead of brave, traitorous rather than patriotic." But the voters had a different opinion, and Lindbergh's political career was washed away in a torrent of hatred and abuse. A devoted minority always clung to him, but he died still regarded by many as a traitor to his country. "Slim" Lindbergh's father did not live to see his prophecies come true.

He predicted that the War would culminate in an orgy of militarism and destruction—but he did not live to see Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini transform Europe into an armed camp.

He predicted the War would result in economic disaster—but he did not live to see the crash and panic of 1929.

He predicted the War would not make the world safe for democracy—but he did not live to see the aftermath of the great struggle result in less democracy than there ever was in the world before. There were a lot of other things this rangy Viking liberal never lived to see.

He did not see his demands for minimum wages and collective bargaining become the platform of a President re-elected by the most overwhelming vote in the history of the Republic.

He did not see his demands for strict neutrality—voiced as early as 1915—whipped into law and passed with the decisive approval of the people of his adopted country.

He did not see his boy fly the Atlantic and become the idol and hero of those who had scorned him as a "traitor" and "Bolshevik."

He lived ahead of his time . . .

"C.A.'s" advocacies have not always been the advocacies of his son. Several years ago Colonel Lindbergh appeared before a Senate Committee and protested the taking of the air-mail contracts from private companies, although "C.A." had continually claimed all transportation should be a public enterprise.

Colonel Lindbergh has found his associates among the families high in industry and banking and commerce—not among the Swedish farmers and shopkeepers who were his father's friends.

No one will ever know what Congressman Lindbergh would say to this. He died while his boy was still a struggling mechanic and novice aviator.

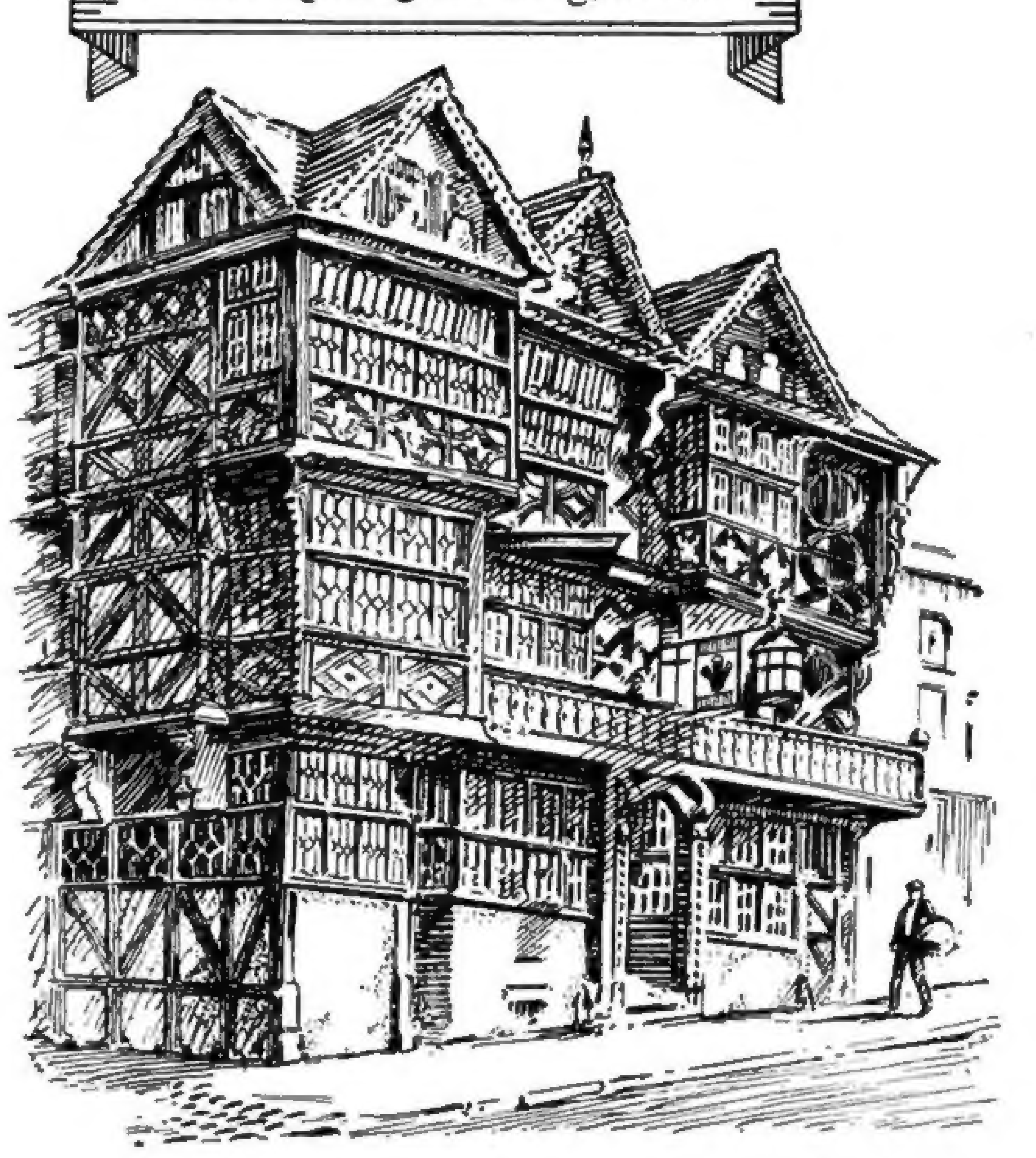
Yet last year in Nazi Germany, where he was inspecting the vast military machine of Hitler and Goering, there glimmered through Colonel Lindbergh's personality a gleam of his father's militant pacifism.

The great flier deplored the use of aerial science as a weapon of war, rather than as an instrument of peace. He condemned the martial spirit engendered in Europe, and he denounced the start of a madcap and barbaric armament race. The speech was so enlightened that Hitler refused to recognize Colonel Lindbergh at the Olympic Games.

An aged farmer in Minnesota, reading the Colonel's remarks, looked up from his newspaper and pushed back his glasses. "You know," he said slowly, " 'Slim' sure sounded like 'C.A.' when he told those Nazi war-lords where to head in at."

The Lone Eagle has been praised by kings and extolled by diplomats. But maybe that compliment was about the best of all. #

Old English Inns



The Feathers
Ludlow

England has many pleasing surprises for those who have an affection for her social intimacies, and not the least are her inns and hostelries, where good cheer and choice Ale are obtainable. Among the most picturesque is the "Feathers," at Ludlow, which has remained almost unaltered for 400 years.

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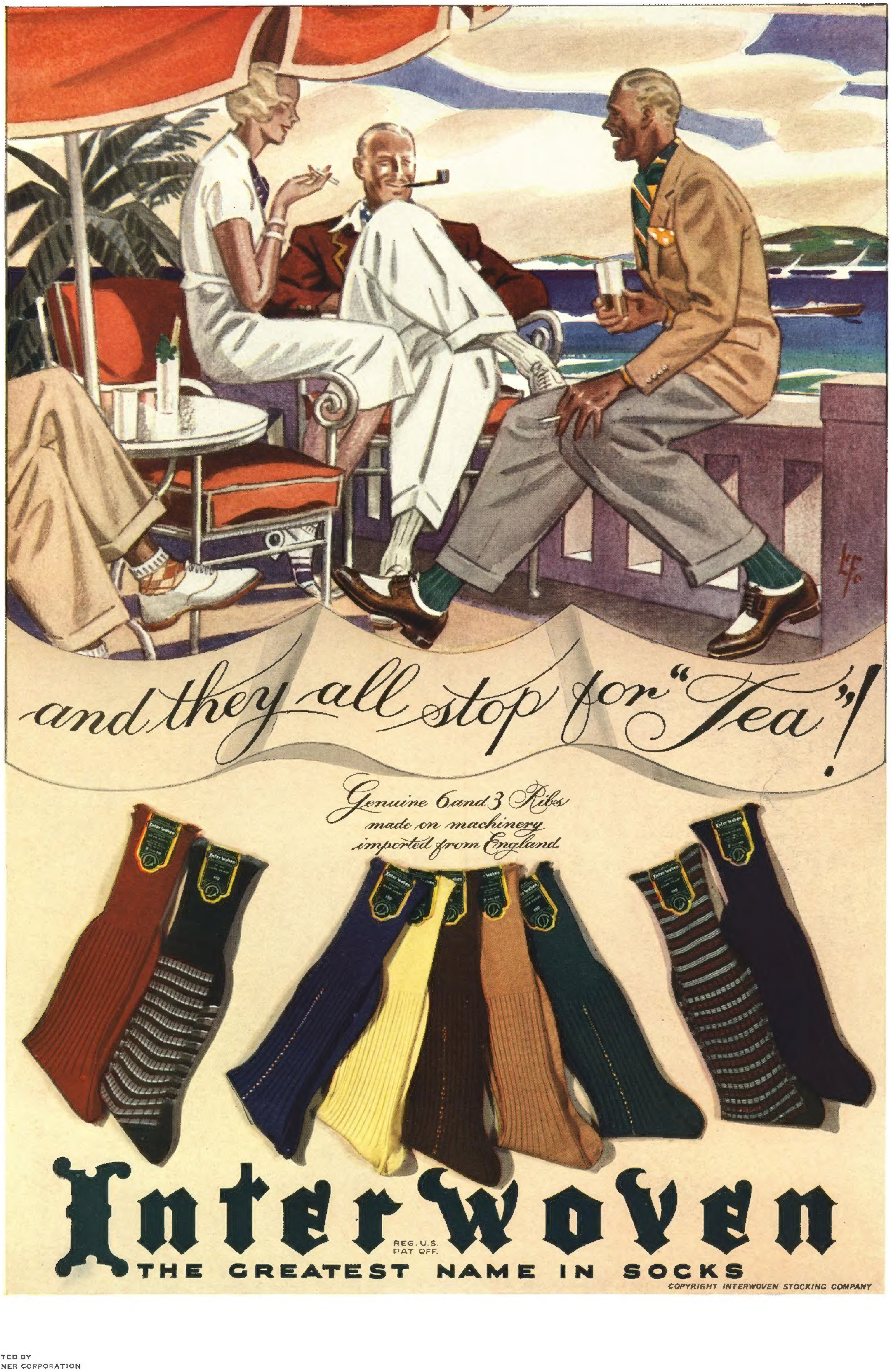
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